May 19, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar

Eugene Mihaesco

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the sun.
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with heart.
(Shown: Sheila,
an Irish beauty.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE AMERICAN CLOCK—A play by Arthur Miller, set during the Depression. The cast of fifteen will portray more than fifty characters. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. Previews through Saturday, May 17, after which it will open at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, and move to Broadway in early fall. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—A potpourri of dance numbers from Broadway musicals of the past ("Walking Happy," "Bye Bye Birdie," and "The Sound of Music," among others). (Harkness House, 4 E. 75th St. Wednesday through Friday, May 14-16, at 7:45; Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 20-22, at 7:45. For information about tickets, call 879-5750.)

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—Two plays in repertory. The American première of Gorky's **BARBARIANS**, a turn-of-the-century comedy about a couple of engineers who come to a small provincial town to build a railroad. The play is only fair, but the performance is admirable. Sheila Allen, Roxanne Hart, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. The new translation is by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/28/80.) Wednesday through Friday, May 14-16, at 8; Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, May 18, at 2. . . . ¶ A revival of Rachel Crothers' 1911 play **HE & SHE**, with Gerry Bamman and Marti Maraden at the head of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, at 8 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BARNUM—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BENT—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Raul Julia, Roy Scheider, and Caroline Lagerfelt (who has taken over Blythe Danner's role). Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BLACKSTONE!—Magic and illusion by Harry Blackstone, Jr., and a troupe of thirty, which includes a disappearing 6,500-pound elephant. Previews through Sunday, May 18. Opens officially on Monday, May 19. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, May 20, at 8; opening night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LE CENTRE INTERNATIONAL DE CRÉATIONS THÉÂTRALES—The prodigious theatrical imagination of the English director Peter Brook is here on display as his Paris-based, international company presents four plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), **L'OS** and Alfred Jarry's **UBU**: Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **THE IK** (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"): Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS** (in English): Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 5 and 8. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 18.)

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4:30 and Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES AND DREAMS—A play by Lavonne Mueller. Preview Wednesday, May 14. Opens officially on Thursday, May 15, at 6:30. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—Opening performances of a festival of eleven one-act plays, running through Saturday, June 7. "On the Fritzz," by Lewis Black and Grace McKeaney; "An Arrangement of Convenience," by Rosemary Frisino Toohey; and "Landscape With Waitress," by Robert Pine. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 7:30; Sunday, May 18, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Friday, May 20-23, at 7:30.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1946 Irving Berlin musical **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are

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easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

Heartbreak House—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Frank Hamilton, Louise Troy, Michael Lipton, and David Sabin. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

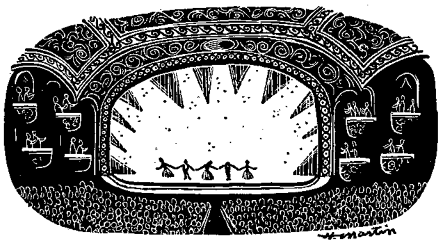
A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 18: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 21-25: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Mecca—A play by Ted Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 581-1810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



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Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—Ntozake Shange's adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's play is set in the Southwest during the Reconstruction. With music by William Elliott and lyrics by Louisa Rose. The cast includes Gloria Foster (in the title role), Morgan Freeman, Robert Christian, and Hattie Winston. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Musical Chairs—A musical about theatre audiences, with music and lyrics by Tom Savage, and a book by Barry Berg, Ken Donnelly, and Mr. Savage. Lee Meredith, Ron Holgate, Brandon Maggart, and Patti Karr head the cast. Directed by Rudy Tronto. Opens Wednesday, May 14. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Anne Twomey is tall and slender and, in her role as a possibly murderous hooker, riveting. A courtroom melodrama by Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—Barbara Feldon and Michael Miller as a married couple breaking up after twenty years, in a new comedy by Jack Zeman. (5/5/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speakeasy—A musical entertainment set in the twenties, conceived by Et Rocklin. With a cast of five. Previews Wednesday, May 14. Opens officially on Thursday, May 15, at 7:30. (Frank's Place Theatre, 41 E. 58th St. 752-6538. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

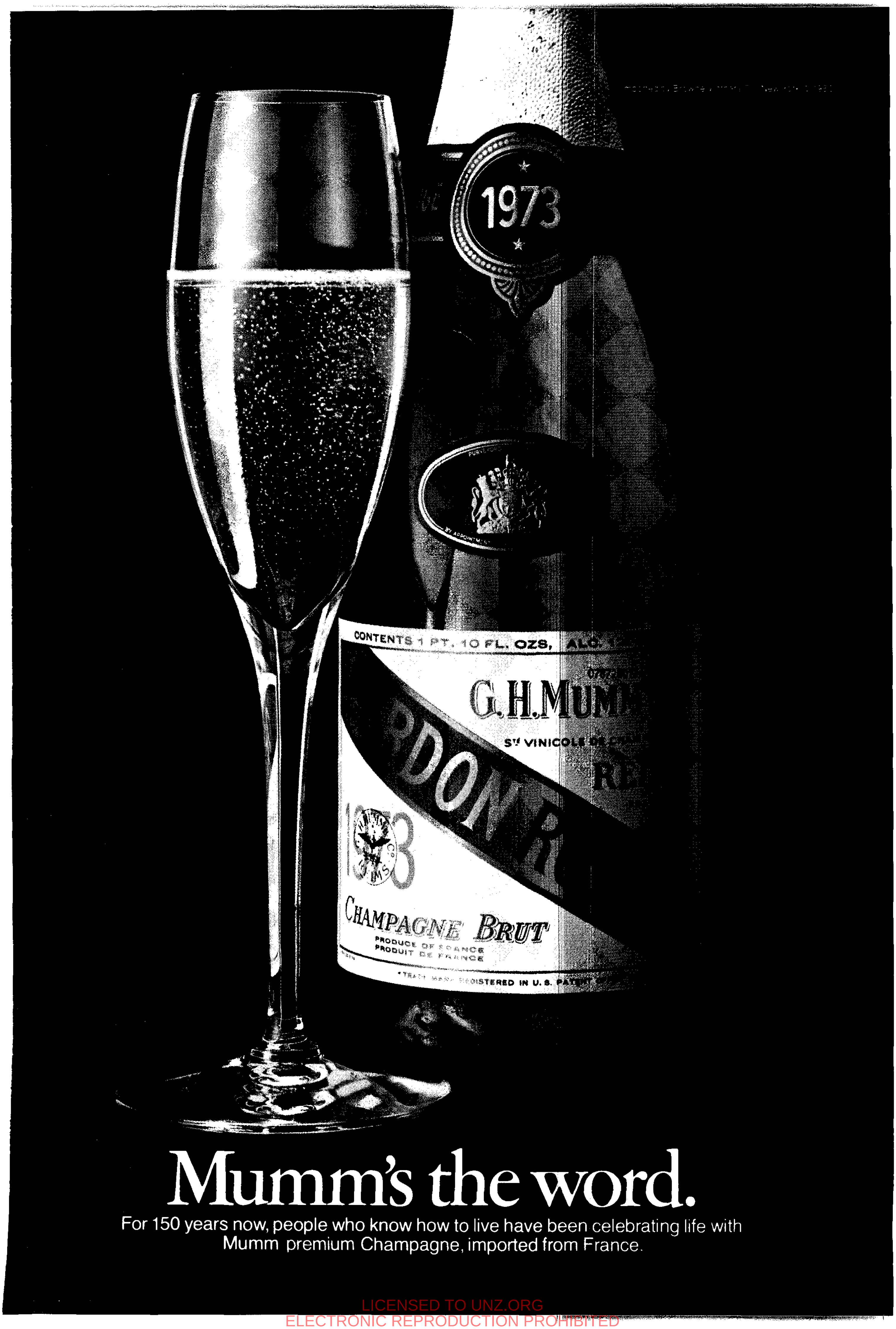
Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Brian Clark has most unwisely altered the gender of the suffering young person who asks the question that forms the title of the play. Mary Tyler Moore does her best in the role originated by Tom Conti, but the play itself no longer makes sense. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St.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247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,336 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, May 14, at 2:30.)... **STRIDER:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

BLACK BROADWAY—Town Hall is alive with song and dance these days. Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Adelaide Hall, Honi Coles, Edith Wilson, and Elisabeth Welch make up a merry company. Originally presented as a one-day event at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 787-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, May 24.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Singer-dancer Ginger Rogers has joined the Rockettes in the current show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6. Closes Monday, May 26.)

INTERNATIONAL PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL—A five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York will perform. Through Sunday, May 18: "And God Sent Noah the Rainbow Sign: No More Water, the Fire Next Time," performed by the Oval Theatre of London.... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 20-25: "Mzilikazi" and "The Jolly Green Soldier," two one-acters by Steve Wilmer performed by the Group Three Theatre of London. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Evenings at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 8.)

BENEFIT SHOW—Maureen Stapleton, E. Y. Harburg, Helen Gallagher, George Rose, and Ben Bagley are part of the lineup for an evening of songs and ancedotes centered on Mr. Bagley's achievements as an album producer during the last twenty years. The beneficiary is the musical-theatre group Bandwagon. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. Thursday, May 22, at 9. For reservations, call 594-2869.)

CLAUDE KIPNIS MIME THEATRE—In a program comprising "The Circus," "The Apple," "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and "The Body." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 24-25, at 2.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 14: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Walpurgis Nacht," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "Episodes," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 18: "Allegro Brillante," "Mother Goose," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 18: "Ballo della Regina," "Fancy Free," and "Vienna Waltzes." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 201 391-6899.)... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 20: "Chaconne," "In the Night," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 21: "In the Night," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Friday evening, May 23: "Apollo," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 24: "Allegro Brillante," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 24: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Fancy Free," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 29.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 14; Saturday matinée and evening, May 17; and Monday evening, May 19: "Don Quixote."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Concert Waltzes," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Voluntaries."... ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "Concert Waltzes," "Billy the Kid," "Le Retour," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 20: "Concert Waltzes," "Dark Elegies," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 21 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7035); Thursday and Friday evenings, May 22-23; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 24: "La Bayadère" (première of a full-length version). (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, May 14; Saturday evening, May 17; Thursday evening, May 22; and Saturday matinée, May 24: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 15; Sunday matinée, May 18; and Friday evening, May 23: "Later That Day," "Inside," "Les Noces," and "Memoria."... ¶ Friday evening, May 16; Sunday evening, May 18; Tuesday evening, May 20; and Sunday matinée, May 25: "The Mooche," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 17; Wednesday evening, May 21; Saturday evening, May 24; and Sunday evening, May 25: "Flowers," "Cry," "Memoria," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

CARACALLA DANCE COMPANY—A thirty-member folk troupe from Beirut, Lebanon. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS—Performing a new work, "Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 15, at 7; Friday and Saturday May 16-17, at 8; and Sunday, May 18, at 2.)

MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday, May 17, at 7:30 and 10, and Sunday, May 18, at 8.)

PUERTO RICAN DANCE THEATRE—A benefit performance, with guest artists Chita Rivera, Raul Julia, Gwen Verdon, and John Curry,

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among others. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Sunday, May 18, at 7.)

"A DIALOGUE PERFORMANCE"—Merce Cunningham and John Cage in a benefit program. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Tuesday, May 20, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 255-8240.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large—it seats over four hundred—rock-and-jazz showcase. The lineup includes guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and his quartet, and pianist Jeff Lorber's band, through Thursday, May 15; Friday through Sunday, May 16-18, the **BRECKER BROTHERS**—trumpeter **RANDY**, saxophonist **MICHAEL**, and their quintet—along with **HORACE SILVER**, a wonderfully percussive jazz pianist and patriarchal hard-bop bandleader for years, and his current quintet; on Monday, May 19, Wreckless Eric and the Necessaries; on Tuesday, May 20, Dirty Looks, a Staten Island rock trio; and on Thursday, May 22, pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (known to many admirers as **DOLLAR BRAND**). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes a sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **LARRY WILLIS** will be at the keyboard on Wednesday, May 14; Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** will take charge; and on Monday, May 19, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES** will move in. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, home of vigorous interpretation of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano to the accompaniment of bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs ever seen hang overhead. The musicians: Billy Balls Piano, Buicks, and Popular Science Wednesday, May 14; the The, Dots, and Change Thursday, May 15; Rudies and the Method Friday, May 16; and Tinapeel, John King & the Cats, and Nitecaps Saturday, May 17. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Suspend your disbelief while **NELLIE LUTCHER**, as cheerful and as preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, **MARLENE VER PLANCK** is singing with backup help from pianist **BEN ARONOV** at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, May 18, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a quintet featuring trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**. They'll begin about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. **CHICO FREEMAN**, a moving, husky-toned tenor saxophonist, is working with pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **CECIL MCBEE**, and drummer **BILLY HART** through Saturday, May 17. On Tuesday, May 20, baritone and soprano saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN** will arrive. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A very large tiered room with dark-green-and-beige better-living-through-chemistry suède wallpaper. **CHRIS CONNOR** is singing here through Sunday, May 18. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

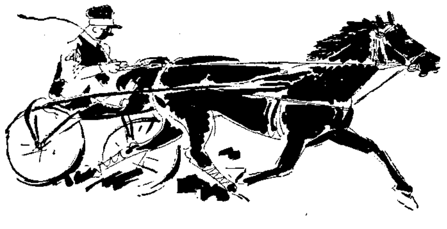
GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Kim Fedena, a fourteen-year-old singer, is here Wednesday, May 14; Thursday through Sunday, May 15-18, will be claimed by pianist and singer Robert Kraft; and on Tuesday, May 20, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will bring in a trio. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An oak-encrusted bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is undergoing renovation. Hal Schaefer is the dining-room pianist through Saturday, May 17; on Tuesday, May 20, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will take charge of the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident DJs select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Raincoats and Bound & Gagged Wednesday, May 14; Raincoats and Gang of Four Thursday, May 15; Gang of Four and Bush Tetras Friday, May 16; Jags and Ronnie & the Jitters Saturday, May 17; and on Tuesday, May 20, th **SELECTOR**, an English ska band, and Rolan Alphonso. Live music after eleven. Dancing Closed Mondays.



JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourt floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, couches, *and* live jazz. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, the trumpete **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-school quartet wil perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Ma 23-24, **JOE LEE WILSON**, a searing jazz singer will perform with a quartet. Proprietor an saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** heads a jam session on Wednesdays, and drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP** will direct a big band on Sunday, May 18 Music from nine Fridays and Saturdays from eight on Wednesdays, Thursdays, an Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads th group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty t three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eigh until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant, crowded with good listeners. Pianis **LOU LEVY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are wh they're listening to Tuesdays through Saturdays. Howard Resnick is the Sunday an Monday solo pianist. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242 1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. O Wednesday, May 14, singer Geoff Muldau will be on hand; Thursday, May 15, will b claimed by rock and blues guitarist **JOHNN WINTER**; and on Wednesday and Thursday May 21-22, country-pop singer Bobby Bar will drop by. Music from nine-fifteen to three on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249 4100)—A room in a sprawling restauran complex that celebrates things—especiall jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **ANIT O'DAY'S** vocals are supported by pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and his trio. Shows at nine an eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at te and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven an twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock clu where over the past couple of decades th extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Oleg and Scienc Wednesday, May 14; Dark Day and Circu Mort Thursday, May 15; Heat and Ronnie & the Jitters Friday, May 16; Von Lmo an Mad Saturday, May 17; Razar and the Nic Chavin band Sunday, May 18; and Klaxon Eight to the Bar, and Vivitones Monday, Ma 19. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is in the midst of a tribute t Frank Sinatra. Her occasionally swaggerin delivery can be reminiscent of his, but he between-song remarks are apt to get a bi sentimental. Her backup quartet comprise pianist **TONY MONTE**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, bassis **STEVE LA SPINA**, and drummer **BUTCH MILES**, an the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, an Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Close Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper-Wes Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Musi from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassis Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate club that continues its mostly just-folkies music policy: on Wednesday, May 14, Country Joe MacDonald will be united with the Fish; Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGEE**, will hoot, stamp, sing, and play the blues the way they've done for decades and decades; and

☐ CHRISTOFLE SILVER AT BACCARAT, NEW YORK AND AT OTHER SELECTED STORES ☐

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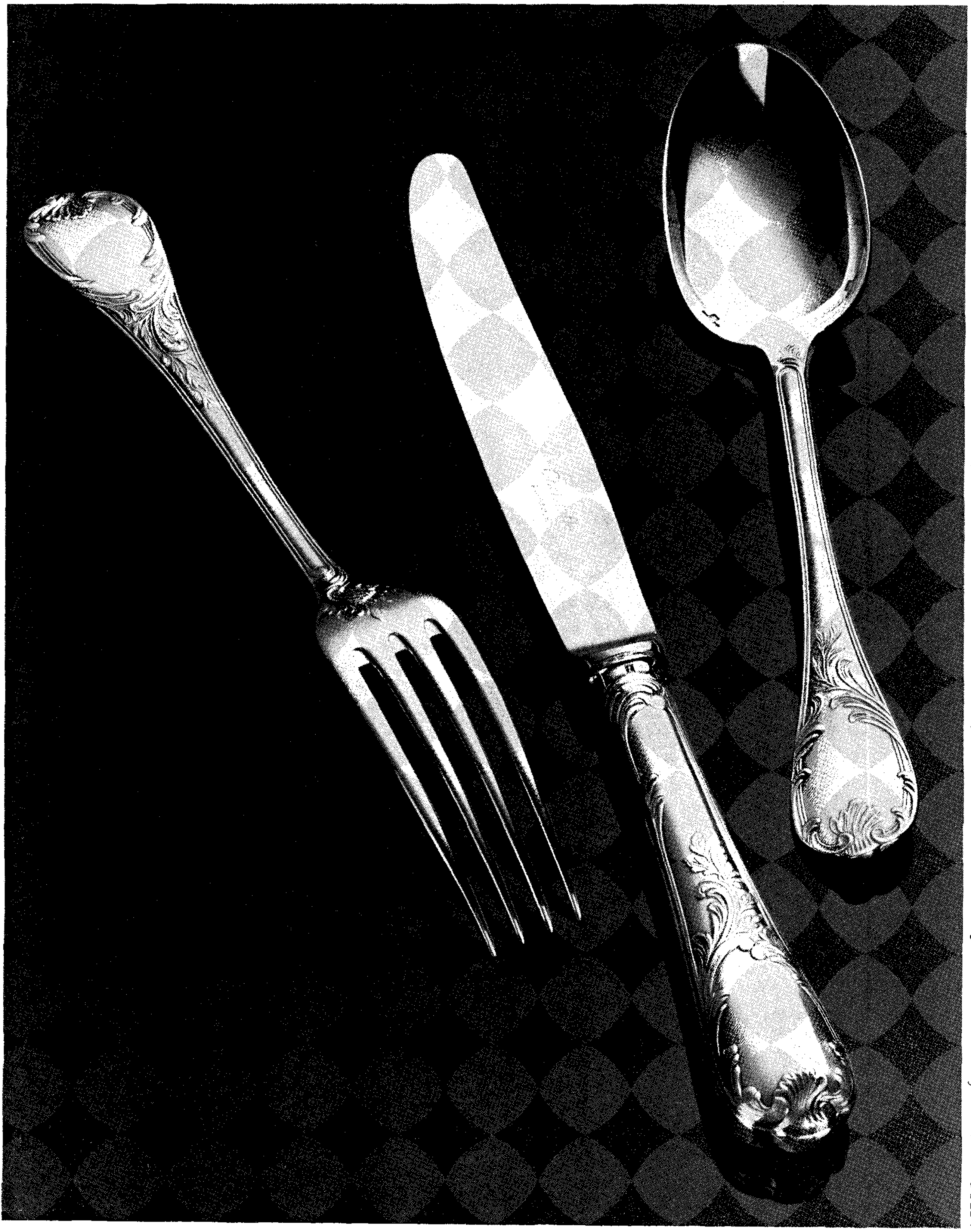

Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Thursday, May 22, singer and guitarist Shawn Phillips will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and on Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **SY OLIVER** septet plays bounce music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This famous seventies cabaret offers singer **BARBARA COOK**, whose strong, clear soprano is fresh and uplifting, Thursdays through Saturdays at eleven-thirty. On Mondays at six, Patti Pickens does the singing chores; and on Sunday, May 18, singer Yvonne Constant will perform at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights, and Tuesdays through Saturdays a revue, "Hit Tunes from Flop Shows," is presented at nine. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Hal Prince, the producer who gave us more than a few memorable theatrical moments—"West Side Story," "Cabaret," "The Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees"—is being honored in the King Cole Room. John Cunningham, Pamela Myers, and Catherine Cox are performing numbers from his shows. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Guitarist **KARL RATZER**, saxophonist **STEVE GROSSMAN**, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, and a rhythm section perform on Wednesday, May 14; Thursday, May 15, will belong to a stunning rhythm-and-blues and jazz guitarist, **YOSHIAKI MASUO**, and his band; on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, trumpeter Tom Browne will lead his quintet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 20-21, Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELEPENHA** and her combo will be on hand; and on Thursday, May 22, trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE** will come in with a quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON'S** quartet from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. **SONNY FORTUNE**, a hard-edged, driving alto player, heads up a quintet through Saturday, May 17; tenor saxophonist **GEORGE BRAITH'S** band will play on Sunday and Monday, May 18-19; and on Tuesday, May 20, tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE**, trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER**, and their quintet will begin five nights of bebop. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Grace Testani, a young jazz vocalist, performs on Wednesdays with her trio; on Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** will be on hand; and Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will lead a trio. Every Sunday, from six to nine, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** is present with an enthusiastic bebop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER**, bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**, and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**. The rest of the week's music begins after nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The construction scaffolding outside this place makes it look anything but palatial, but the relaxed atmosphere inside attracts both musicians and listeners. The schedule: Michele Rosewoman will play piano on Thursday, May 15; and an outstanding hard-bop quartet—tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN**, pianist **BARRY HARRIS**, bassist **GENE TAYLOR**, and drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES**—will perform Friday through Sunday, May 16-18. Music every night after ten. Dining.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—In Chicago, the blues district has traditionally been the South Side; in New York, the blues (and the reggae and ska) district is Gramercy Park. **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY**, one of those new local dissonance-and-blues bands—with R.S.J. on drums, **BILLY BANG** on violin, **BYARD LANCASTER** on saxophone, and **MELVIN GIBBS** on bass—will perform on Thursday, May 15. Shows after ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Keith Hudson and Earth Worm Wednesday, May 14; Gang War Thursday, May 15; and John Collins & the Terrorists Saturday, May 17. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, on Saturday, May 17, at midnight, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA**, a youthful, ten-piece swing machine, plays for listening and dancing. Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, will be given over to **BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS** at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Monday, May 19, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his latest young band will perform at eight and ten-thirty; and on Friday, May 23, the **COUNT BASIE BAND**, perhaps the most sublime large-scale blues machine ever devised, will be rejoined by singer **JOE WILLIAMS** for a couple of sets (at eleven and one). In the enclosed sidewalk lounge, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her trio Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Powerhouse drummer **ELVIN JONES** leads his quintet through Sunday, May 18; on Tuesday, May 20, singer **YOLANDE BAVAN** will join forces with tenor saxophonist and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** and his quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

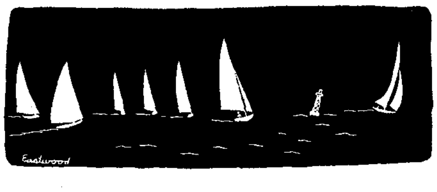
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Robert Condor is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and John Weiss is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Wednesday through Saturday, May 14-17, **HOWARD MCGHEE**, an early bebop trumpeter, leads a quintet; Sunday, May 18, **JAZZ À CORDES**, a convincing hot-jazz quintet, will be here; Monday and Tuesday, May 19-20, cornettist and columnist **DICK SUDHALTER** will front a quintet; Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM'S** quintet will take the bandstand. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Rufus and Chaka Khan—With the Brothers Johnson and Narada Michael Walden. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Dolly Dawn, Helen Humes, Anne Marie Moss, and Jackie Paris. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)



Robin and Linda Williams—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 16, at 8.

Woody Shaw—With his quintet and with a string and percussion ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 689-9497.)

Spyro Gyra—With the 24th Street Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Gentle Giant—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Bluegrass Festival—The lineup: Emmylou Harris with a four-piece band, Buck White & the Down Home Folks, Norman and Nancy Blake, and L. W. Lambert & the Blue River Boys. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Festival of Drums II—The participants: Jerome Cooper; Djalma Correa and Baiafro; and the Saramaka and Djuka Musicians of Surinam. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 247-7117.)

"Trumpets No End–An All-Trumpet Tribute to Duke Ellington"—Ruby Braff, Art Farmer, Buck Clayton, Howard McGhee, Jimmy McPartland, and Clark Terry performing Ellington-Strayhorn compositions. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, May 18, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 375-0327.)

Oscar Brand—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Tom Paxton. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 19, at 8:15.)

Nancy Wilson—With Ray, Goodman and Brown. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, May 14: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 16-17: Mark Morganelli quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 8:30: Raphe Malik Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8:30: Jimmy Lyons. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 9:30: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8:30: Tatsuya Nakamura. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 8:30: Prism. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Squat Theatre—Friday, May 16: Left Hand Frank Craig and Nuggets. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17: Left Hand Frank Craig and Jazz All-Stars. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 22-23: Defunkt, with Nona Hendryx. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238. Evenings at 11 and 1.)

Benefit Concerts—At the Public Theatre—Saturday, May 17, at 10: Sam Rivers, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Jaki Byard. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 10: Gil Evans & Friends, (425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Leland Bell—Recent paintings, showing groups of figures with a cat, a bird, or a butterfly, plus scenes of Reykjavík. Through May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Vanessa Bell (1879-1961)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Bloomsbury ornament, complete with portraits of Lytton and Morgan and Virginia and Clive and Aldous and the others. Through Saturday, May 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Works on paper. Through May 31. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Roy Carruthers—Paintings and drawings that combine distorted figures (they resemble inflated dolls), crazy perspectives, and social commentary. Through Saturday, May 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Xavier Corberó—Abstract marble sculptures.

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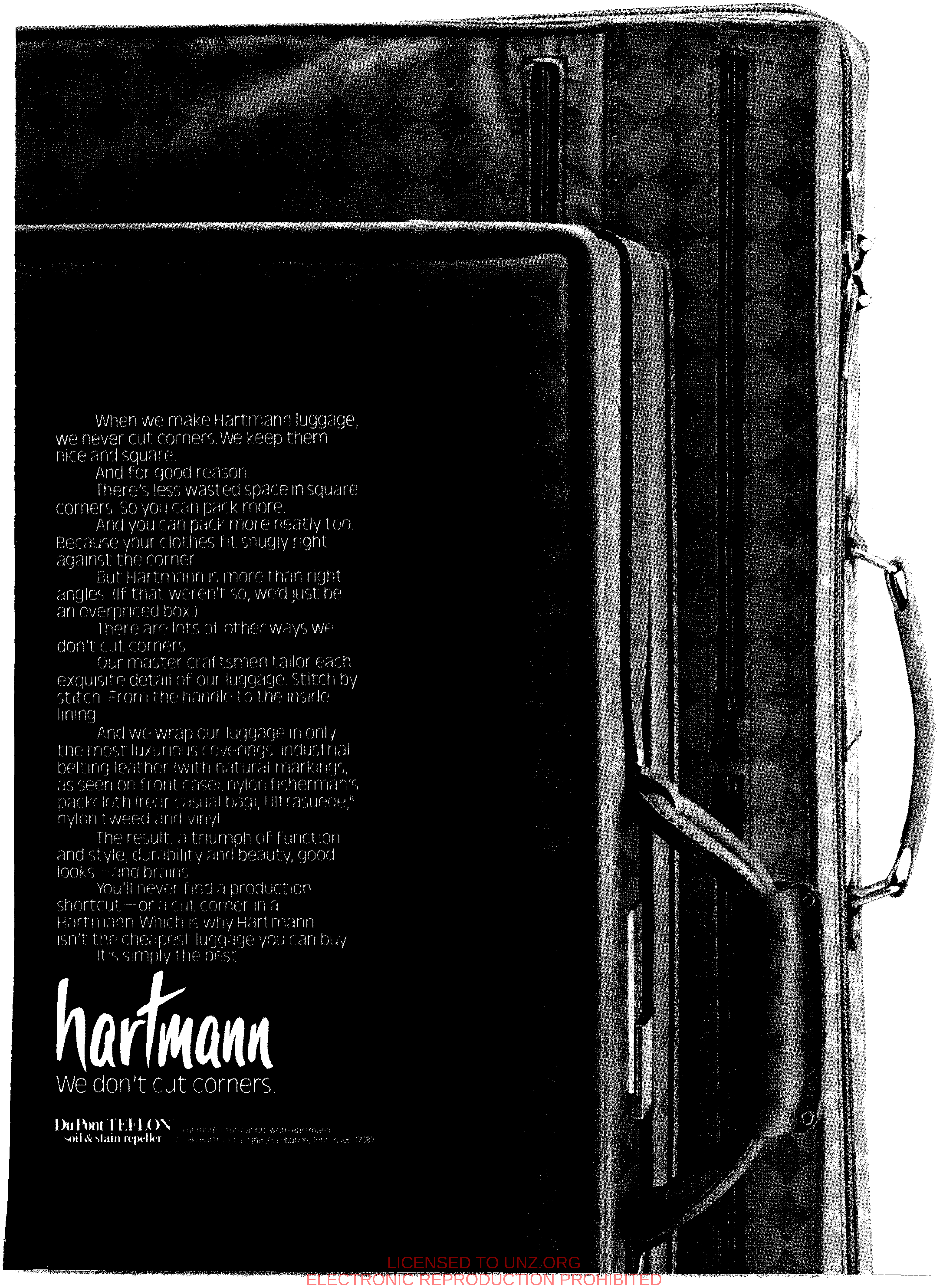

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"Engines run on a mixture of air and fuel. Fortunately air is free. But unfortunately natural atmospheric pressure limits its supply," states top Audi engineer Franz Hauk. "This poses a natural limit to the amount of power that can be extracted from a given displacement before an engine simply runs out of air. Making an engine larger will increase power but this will necessarily compound the inefficiency inherent to any naturally aspirated engine design."

Enter the impeller-turbine wheel – key component of the new Audi 5000 Turbo's turbocharger.

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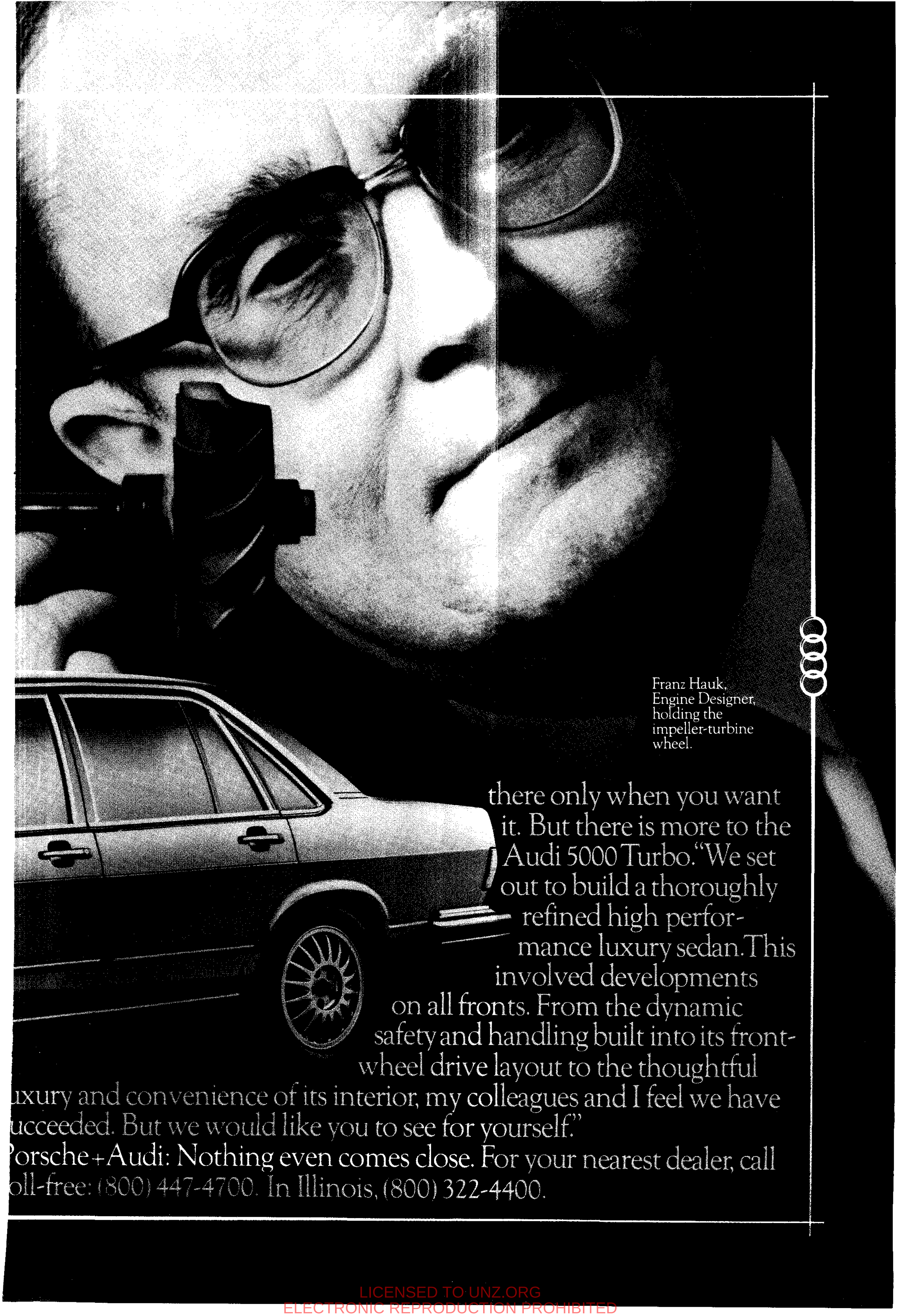
Thus, this simple device, spinning at up to 100,000 rpm, increases the output of the Audi 5000 Turbo's engine in a way that is far more efficient than adding an extra cylinder – the Turbo's extra power is



Franz Hauk,
Engine Designer,
holding the
impeller-turbine
wheel.

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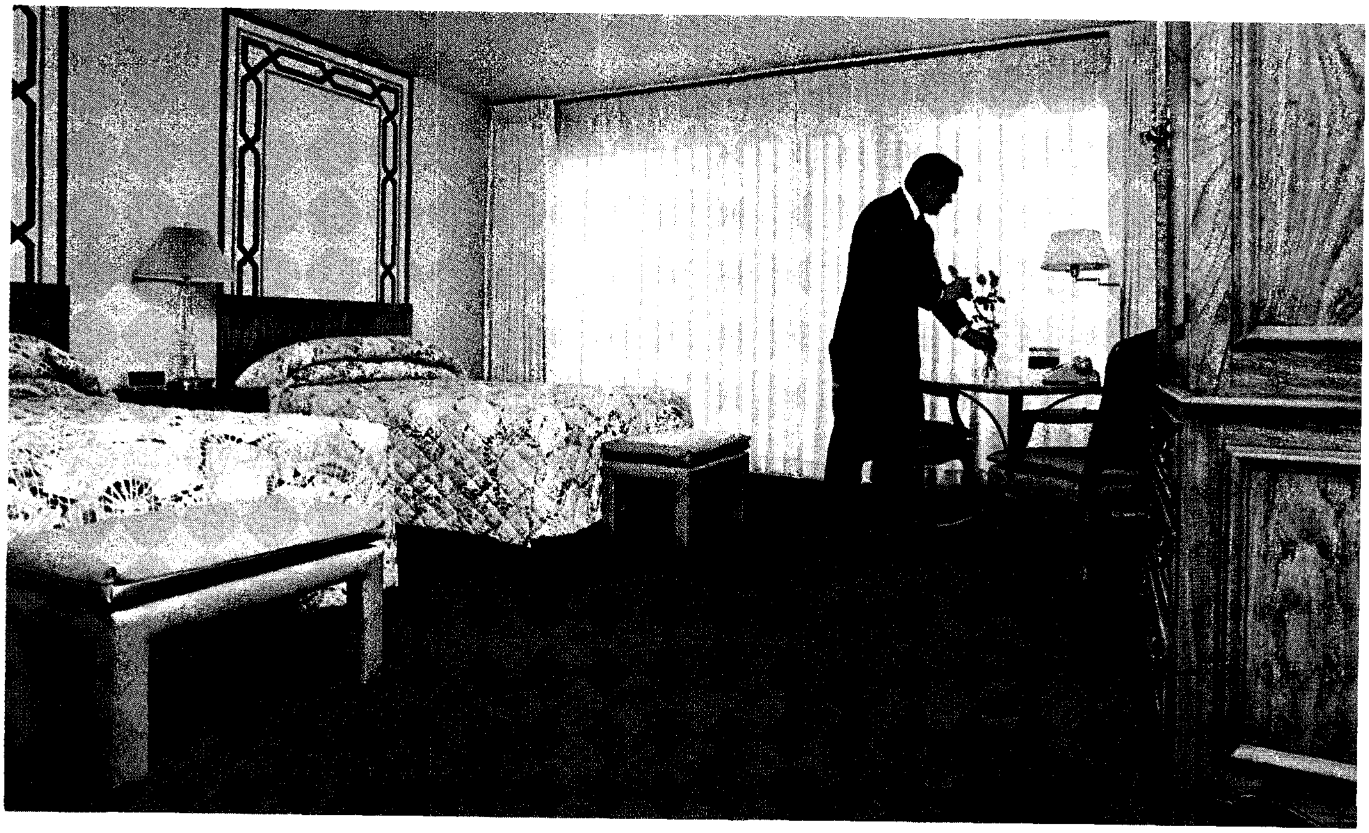

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CENTURY PLAZA

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Through May 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alan Davie—Large new semi-abstract paintings, filled with mystical West Indian symbols, by a British artist who makes his home on the Caribbean island of Saint Lucia. Through Saturday, May 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ohn Digby—Surrealist black-and-white collages. Through May 31. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Anne Elliott / Helen Torr (1886-1967)—Landscapes are the basis for watercolors and for painted-paper wall sculptures. Through June 6. / Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was over-shadowed by that of her husband. Arthur Dove. Through Saturday, May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joseph Floch (1895-1977)—Interiors and cityscapes. Through May 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Fantasy figures and landscapes done in delicate watercolors by an artist who has contributed a number of covers to this magazine. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Forty aquatints. Through May 31. (Horn, 503 Sixth Ave., at 13th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Roy Gussow—Paired, small-scale stainless-steel sculptural forms, some joined in a delicate balance. Through Thursday, May 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Margaret Harrison—Broadsides by a British feminist, incorporating paintings and printed messages protesting the mistreatment of women, among them Rosa Luxemburg, Annie Oakley, Bessie Smith, Janis Joplin, and pieceworkers in England. Through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Holmes—Large, mysterious realist paintings, in several of which a reclining figure, often on a balcony or terrace, is seen against a background of water. Through May 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Judd Hopkins—One large painted-wood structure and several wall pieces that are meant to convey the reverential quality of a temple interior. Through May 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Neil Jenney and John Tweddle—Works from the sixties by two artists who had underground influences at the time, the former with a broad-stroke technique that foreshadowed today's New Images, and the latter with works that some people regard as a bridge between Pop and Pattern painting. Through Saturday, May 24. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rodger Mack—Cast-bronze pieces that seem to have been inspired by the sunbonnets worn by Amish women in Ohio, where the artist was reared. Through Saturday, May 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ben Mahmoud—Recent figurative paintings that have the quality of snapshots, even to the blurring when the subject is in motion. Through May 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Cynthia Mollod—Recent abstract paintings in several of which the artist adds messages in a cryptic, ancient-looking alphabet of her own. Through Saturday, May 24. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Two shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (open Mondays); and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 27.

James Rosenquist—New paintings. Through June 14. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Roth—New works, among them three floor pieces involving a hundred thousand painted one-inch tiles. Through June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smith—Drawings with color. Through June 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Highly stylized paintings and drawings in which the artist gives us glimpses of his childhood in wartime Holland and his present life in one of the rougher areas of the lower East Side. Through Saturday, May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Thornton Willis—Works on paper in which a richly colored quadrilateral form, done in oils and pastels, is seen against a neutral ground. Through Friday, May 23. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

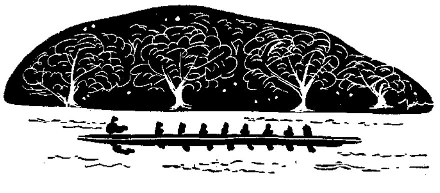
Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through June 7. . . . **ADLER-CASTILLO**, 55 E. 86th St.: Works by avant-garde Russian artists of the early twenties, including Suprematist pieces by Malevich, Chashnik, and Larionov, and a large abstract oil, dated 1919, by Rodchenko. Through May 31. . . . **CARUS**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Works on paper by well-known Expressionists—Kirchner, Nolde, Feininger, Pechstein. Through Saturday, May 24. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: About a hundred ceremonial objects made by six Northwest Coast Indian tribes, largely in the last century, on loan from the American Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DAVIDSON**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through June 14. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Central Park from 1860 to the present, as viewed by painters (Prendergast, Avery, Hopper, Vickrey) and photographers (Strand, Arbus, Orkin). A benefit show. Through May 30. . . . **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New drawings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, Philip Guston, Loren Madsen, and Katherine Porter. Through June 6. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Edward Renouf and Lisa Hyatt, and ceramic trucks by Dennis Clive. Through May 30. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by Joan Thorne, Donald Sultan, and others. Through May 31.

Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Forty-one works on paper and six sculptures from the artist's estate; about half of the former were seen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1978. Through June 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings, mostly the distorted, agonized figures this English painter is noted for. Through June 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Ronald Bladen—Black wood models for monumental sculptures, plus working drawings. Through June 7. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Warren Brandt—Unabashedly old-fashioned oil paintings of still-lifes and interiors. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Currie—Representative oil paintings—mostly reclining female figures and still-lifes—by an artist new to this gallery. Through May 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Dreyfus—Sketchily painted figures, sometimes in dense crowds, sometimes in a row across the horizon, and sometimes in small groups. Through Saturday, May 17. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Color-field paintings, some on diamond-shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Nonobjective paintings on paper. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Long / David Finn—A retrospective of this artist's individualistic wooden sculptures. Through Saturday, May 24. / Photographs of outdoor sculptures at the Storm King Art Center, in Mountainville, New York. Through Saturday, May 17. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Michael Mazur—A series of skillfully executed oils and pastels turning on violence (rape) in a pastoral setting. Through Saturday, May 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Twelve painted bronzes from the years 1967-69, and seven ceramics (done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas) dating from 1955 to 1968. Through June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Maud Morgan / George Grant—Collages composed of Japanese mulberry paper in pastel shades. / Icons made of wood and plaster. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Eleven heads from the years 1906 through 1924, and other sculptures. Also drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Meret Oppenheim—Works in various mediums—ceramics, pen and ink, oils, bronze—by this Surrealist artist, best known for that fur-lined teacup. Through Saturday, May 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tim Prentice / Ben Benson—Boxlike sculptures in a fine-gauge wire mesh, with other boxes inside them, all hanging from the ceiling like Cubist clouds. / Small Minimalist paintings in watercolor or oil on paper with touches of collage. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin / Joe Shannon—Geometric forms and floral designs outlined in white are among the components of these colorful pattern paintings. Through Thursday, May 22. / Paintings and drawings that are on the macabre side. Through May 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

SEM (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturday, May 17, from 10 to 1:30.)

Dee Shapiro—Pattern paintings worked out in tiny watercolor strokes on graph paper or in tiny acrylic strokes on canvas. Through June 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—A comprehensive survey of paintings, drawings, and photographs dating from 1910 through 1955. Through May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Overlapping kitelike shapes, made of canvas laced to wooden frames and painted in bright colors, by a British artist. Through May 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Racelle Strick—Recent works in which the artist adds emblematic designs to the uniformly

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striated backgrounds she is known for. Through Saturday, May 17. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Surls—Large fanciful sculptures—wagons, treehouses, winged figures—some carved from wood found on the artist's own land in Splendora, Texas, and others from telephone poles. First one-man show in New York. Through June 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

A. A. Ushenko—Allegorical paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Scott Wixon—Large abstract paintings of simple forms arranged in a bright-colored jigsaw pattern. Through May 1. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Aesthetic Movement in America—A small-scale exhibition built around the furniture of Christian Herter (1840-83), one of the most important American (New York) designers, decorators, cabinetmakers of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. In addition to the Herter pieces, the show includes contemporaneous paintings, silverware, wallpaper, ceramics, and fabric designs. Through May 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

The Geometric Tradition in American Painting 1920-1980—A two-gallery show, at the Pearl and the Esman, both at 29 West 57th St Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by Demuth, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl; and works from the sixties to the present by Albers, Stella, Dorothea Rockburne, LeWitt, and others at the Esman. Through Saturday, May 17.

Group Shows—At the **del re**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Dubuffet, Ernst, and Matta. Through Saturday, May 24. . . . **gladstone**, 38 E. 57th St.: Interiors, expressed in a number of mediums, by fourteen artists, including Richard Artschwager, Jedd Garet, and Susan Williams. Through June 6. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: About sixty paintings and drawings (plus two sculptures) by Americans, dating from 1840 to the present. Six Demuth and three Homer watercolors and a seated bronze figure by Leonard Baskin are standouts. Through Friday, May 23.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Allan Adams / Leonard Dufresne—A full-size carpentry shop carved out of maple—drill press, table saw, lathe, cabinets full of tools and clamps and beer bottles and odds and ends. / Small acrylic paintings of figures in interiors. Through Saturday, May 17. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Jack Bosson / Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings in which streaks of bright colors are mixed with spatterwork and what appear to be lines of latitude and longitude. / Large color-field paintings in pale tones. Through Saturday, May 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Charles Ginnever—Three large multifaceted Corten-steel sculptures in this artist's Gothic series. Two are painted and the third is not. Through May 31. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Bill Jameson—Recent works, mostly Minimalist collages, plus a large wall piece, twenty-two feet long, made of molded hardware cloth and some haphazard netting, ornamented with a small neon cross and the letters "A," "B," and "C." Through Saturday, May 24. (22 Wooster, on Wooster St., between Grand and Canal Sts.)

Les Levine—Two video presentations, in one of which four actors representing unsavory art-world hangers-on tell a rambling story on four different screens (the viewer sees only the lips of the speakers, and they're all talking at once), and the other a documentary in which nine blind people discuss their handicaps. Through May 31. (Feldman, 351 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—Pieces of red slate laid out in a twenty-one-foot circular heap on the floor, and an arrangement of green-slate splinters in a ten-foot spiral. Also photographs documenting the artist's walking tours in Mexico and England. Through Saturday, May 17. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Peter H. Mackie—Air-brush paintings of figures, mostly female nudes, seen through a filmy material. Through May 25. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Bruce Nauman / Cletus Johnson—A rough-finished plaster ring eighteen feet in diameter, and a slightly smaller cross and a triangle are laid out on the gallery floor. / Mysterious architectural miniatures with lighted signs shown in shadow boxes in a darkened room. Through Saturday, May 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Newman—Large works in which outsize photographic blow-ups (a budding twig, for instance) are paired with abstractions done in charcoal. Through May 29. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Nutt / Cham Hendon—Colored-pencil drawings of a porno-surrealist world inhabited by fantasy creatures. / Paintings that satirize modern interior decoration and art-school heroes, including Matisse, among other targets. Through Saturday, May 17. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Rodney Ripps / Nicholas Africano—A dozen panels, eight and a half feet tall and shaped like Gothic church windows, covered with multicolored artificial leaves and flowers, which are this artist's hallmark. / Three self-portraits of the artist, done in acrylic high-relief (which is *this* artist's hallmark), talking to none other than Rodney Ripps. Through May 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Joe Breidel—Minimalist paintings. / Photographs, drawings, and collages that have the horizon line of the sea as their starting point. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

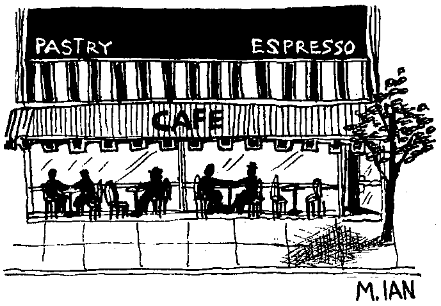
Alan Shields—A nine-foot pyramidal tent of painted canvas is echoed in other pyramidal works on the floor, on the walls, hung from the ceiling. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Barry Tinsley / Carolee Thea—Large Corten-steel sculptures that suggest three-dimensional cuneiform characters. / Small wall pieces made of wood, plaster, paint, and plastic mesh, most of them resembling doorways. Through Saturday, May 24. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Anton Vanderperk—Three-dimensional canvas-on-board paintings that are either textured or smooth and finished with a lacquer. Through May 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

C. J. Yao—Photo-Realist paintings focussed largely on glass buildings and their reflections. Some of the works are fragmented, like old-fashioned photomontages. Through Saturday, May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Eighteen artists (Michael Loew, Helen Miranda Wilson, Daphne Mumford) showing works on paper. Through June 7. (Opens at 11:30.). . . **ward-nasse**, 178 Prince St.: Figurative paintings by Arian R. Berman, portraits by Jeri Drucker, an abstract acrylics by Marjorie Hoffman-Fe nandez. Through May 29. (Open Sundays, to 4.)



OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Small, delicately har dled watercolors of hunting, fishing, an trapping scenes, plus landscapes around Lak Huron. The artist lives in Buffalo. Throug May 30. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hote Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Open Mondays closed Saturdays.)

Ralph Fasanella—Primitive paintings depictin a 1912 textile strike in Lawrence, Massachu setts. Through June 6. (Gallery 1199, 310 W 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 t 8; Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Herbert George—Two plaster reliefs based o the Parthenon. Also drawings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St near Grand St.)

Steven Glucksberg—Large, energetic abstrac paintings that seem to represent the interior of complicated electronic equipment. Throug May 31. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24t St.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Painted-wood cutouts of re alistically portrayed figures—taking a bat swimming, at table, dancing. Through Ma 29. (Contemporary Arts, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia P Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko / Linda Francis—Thre slides, made from magazine pictures of suspicious-looking politicians, projected on wall. / Black-chalk drawings on white etchin paper. Through Wednesday, May 21 (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chamber St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **donnell library**, 20 W 53rd St.: Six artists (Michelle Stuart, Charlotte Brown, and Lois Polansky among them showing handmade books that come close t being sculpture. Through June 2. (Monday and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays 12:30 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **goddard riverside community center**, 647 Columbu Ave., at 91st St.: A show of contemporar still-lifes by an all-star cast, including Ro Lichtenstein, Mary Frank, Jasper Johns, Sau Steinberg, Jane Wilson, and nearly sixt others. Through Sunday, May 18. (Wednesday, 5 to 7, and Saturday and Sunday noon to 6.). . . **lowenstein library gallery** 113 W. 60th St.: Ten artists (Louise Bourgeois, Miriam Brumer, and Diane Kaise among them) showing semi-abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures based on nature. Through May 29. (Mondays throug Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 t 5.). . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14t St.: Samplings of work in a wide variety o mediums by eleven young Ohio artists wh are industriously extending the frontiers o art. Through June 26. (Opens weekdays a noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than fift vintage prints. One set of five interiors wa taken in sequence; the inscription Atget wrot on the back gives the location as "Hôtel d Villars, 116 rue de Grenelle." Through Jun 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesda evenings until 8.)

Eldée Elisabeth Duschnitz and Alain Sabatier—Photographs of Provence; hers are black-and-white and date from the forties and fifties, while his are all in color and are dated 1966. Through May 30. (French Embassy 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays closed Saturdays.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Gernot Kuehn—Flash pictures of Hollywood night life, and black-and-white photographs of Europeans who live in isolated areas. Through Saturday, May 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Helen Levitt—New York street photographs of the forties, subway prints from the seventies, and other subjects. Through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Art Sinsabaugh—35-mm. color prints of English landscapes dated 1979, together with view-camera and banquet-camera landscapes

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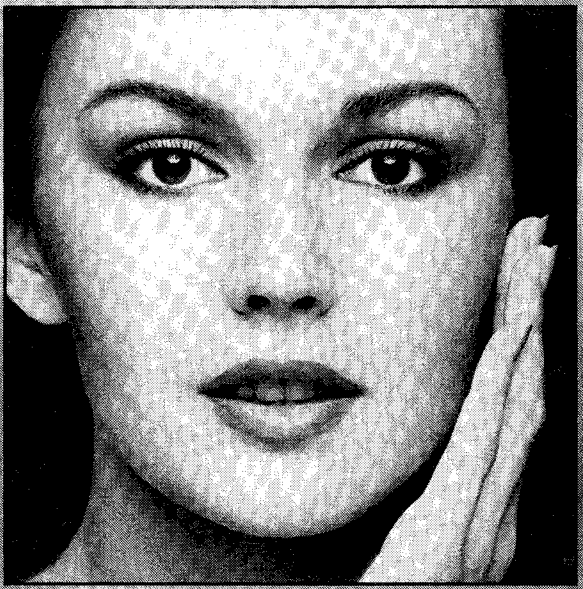

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dated 1961 to 1971. Through June 7. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Clara Sipprell (1885-1975)—Thirty still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits (of Käsebier, Stieglitz, and others) by a Pictorialist whose 1932 work "New York—Old and New" was one of the first photographs acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. Through Friday, May 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Eve Sonneman—Color diptychs of still-lifes and landscapes. Through May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **ex libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage.... ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through Sunday, May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)... **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Thirty-one photographers associated with Chicago's Institute of Design between 1937 and 1978, either as teachers or students. They include Harry Callahan, Linda Connor, Arthur Siegel, Aaron Siskind, and the Institute's founder, László Moholy-Nagy. Through May 31.... **salander-o'reilly**, 41 E. 78th St.: More than thirty photographs of artists, primarily from the thirties and all vintage, by, among others, Beaton, Van Vechten, and Abbott. Through May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6.... ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1.... ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries are closed while the museum prepares for a full-house Picasso show set to open Thursday, May 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the fountain in the museum's rotunda. Starts Saturday, May 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15.... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25.... ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturday, May 17, noon to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings, sculptures, graphics, and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29.... ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29.... ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Robert Bidner, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Schechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through June 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

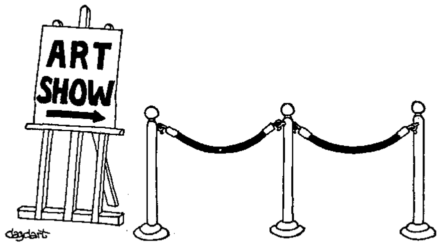
American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25.... ¶ More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27.... ¶ A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the present, for projects that are grand in either scale or concept. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays and Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22; otherwise the hours are Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings.... ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth-century silver pieces designed and made by Tiffany & Co. Through June 1.... ¶ A roundup of objects pertaining to thoroughbred racing in New York: paintings, prints, sculptures, and mementos. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Through Aug. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Carla Liss (performance), Tuesday, May 20, at 8:30; Larry Miller (performance), Thursday, May 22, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Richard Gallo & Sheryl Sutton (performance), Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 8:30; Garrett List and the A-1 Band (music), Saturday, May 17, at 8:30; manipulated photographs by Gerald Incandela, through June 7.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bel Canto Opera—Mara Waldman conducting the American première of Louis Spohr's "Beauty and the Beast," staged by Keith King. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 18, at 3. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Six brief early-American operas under the over-all title of "A Revolutionary Celebration." (Abigail

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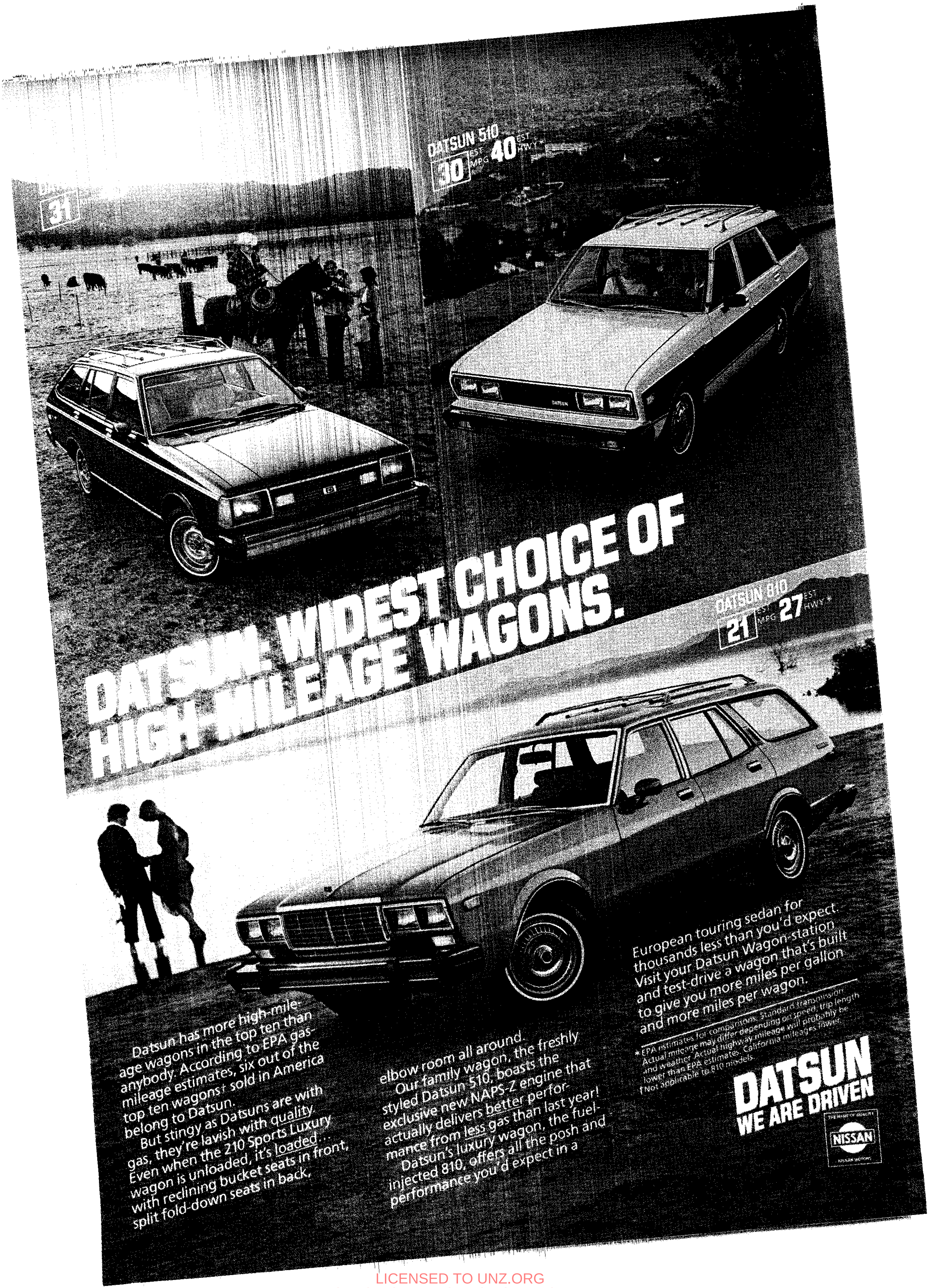
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. 838-6878. Thursday, May 22, at 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening performances of the "Beethoven 1980" series of eight programs presented through Friday, June 6. Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 8, with Ellen Shade, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; James Morris, bass; and the New York Choral Artists; and on Friday, May 16, and Tuesday, May 20, at 8, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Werner Klemperer, narrator.... ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, May 22, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano.... ¶ Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist on Friday, May 23, at 8.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Antal Dorati conducting—Wednesday, May 14, at 8: A Mendelssohn-Mahler program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin.... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8: Haydn's "Te Deum" and Brahms' Requiem, with Julia Varady, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and the Wayne State University Symphonic Choir.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, and the Wisconsin Conservatory Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

All-Mozart Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting the final concert of the season, with Peter Orth, piano, and William Devane and Paul Winfield, narrators. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—David Aks conducting, with Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Sunday, May 18, at 4.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program that includes Guillaume de Machaut's "Mass of Notre Dame." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 18, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of new works by William Schuman, Jack Beeson, Robert Hall, and others. With Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 19, at 8. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Rita Bouboulidi—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

William Allgood—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concerts in a series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 15, and Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello, with assisting artists, in a program that features the New York première of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Vesalii Icones." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Jörg Demus—Piano, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

L. Shankar—Violin, in a program of South Indian classical music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Daniel Waitzman, flute, in an all-Bach program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Marcelita Lopez Kabayao—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St. 684-6770. Sunday, May 18, at 2:30.)

Alicia Schachter—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

Michael McFrederick—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 5:45.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 19, at 8, a program of songs by Schumann; with Jorg Demus, piano.... ¶ Friday, May 23, at 8, a program of duets by Schumann; with Julia Varady, soprano, and Mr. Demus.)

Chamber Music—Jerry Grossman, cello; Diane Walsh, piano; Miles Hoffman, viola; Burt Lucarelli, oboe; and Judith Norell, harpsichord. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)

David Behrman—Synthesizer music performed by Mr. Behrman, with George Lewis, trombone. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Friday, May 23, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music for a While—A program of Renaissance music performed by Symphonia Antiqua, a newly formed thirty-member vocal and instrumental ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, May 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Lorin Maazel, Israela Margalit, Rudolf Firkusny, the American String Quartet, Tony Randall, and the First All Children's Theatre in a program to benefit the International Arts Center of the Concert Arts Society. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Monday, May 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-3644.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 14, at 8.... ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 2.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Tuesday through Thursday, May 20-22, at 8:05.... ¶ Atlanta, Friday, May 23, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 24, at 2:05.

Hockey—Stanley Cup playoffs: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. The third and fourth games on Saturday, May 17, and either Monday, May 19, or Tuesday, May 20, at 8, and the sixth game, if necessary, to be announced.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 17.... **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 21, through Monday, July 28. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 21, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 24. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 23, through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.)... **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Rugby—Richmond of England vs. a Metropolitan Rugby Union all-star team. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, May 24, at 1. Admission is free.)

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Arsenal of England, Wednesday, May 21, at 9.... ¶ Cosmos vs. Roma of Italy, Saturday, May 24, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. ... **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, May 23, through Thursday, Aug. 7. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

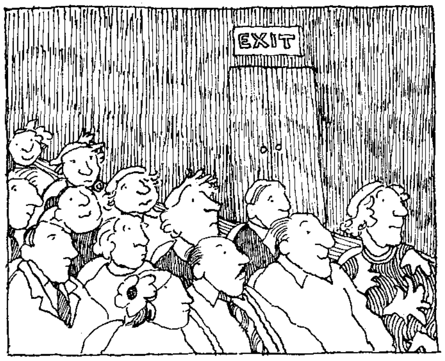
Poetry and Prose Readings—At the **NEW SCHOOL**: Robert Bly reading from his own works. (66 W. 12th St. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)... **VANDERBILT HALL**, New York University: Joseph Brodsky, Galway Kinnell, Gjertrud Schnackenberg, and Philip Schultz reading from their own works, Monday, May 19, at 8. ... ¶ E. L. Doctorow, Anthony Hecht, James Merrill, and Derek Walcott reading from their own works, Tuesday, May 20, at 8. (40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. 598-3757.)

Park Avenue Antiques Show—A benefit show of furniture, glass, paintings, silver, and other relics assembled by one hundred and sixty-five dealers from thirty-five states. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, from 1 to 10, and Sunday and Monday, May 25-26, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, *10 to 4*; Tuesdays *through* Saturdays, except May 24, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 14, at 10:15: Modern paintings and sculptures.... ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3573.... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors, some by German Expressionists.... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8, and Friday, May 16, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jasper Johns, Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and Alexander Calder; the property of Andy Williams, Carter Burden, and others. Admission to the evening sale by card only.... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 10:15 and 2: French furniture, decorations, European porcelain, rugs, and *objets de vertu;* from the Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch Collection.... ¶ Monday, May 19, at 2, and Tuesday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including prints by Robert Frank, Dorothea Lange, and Eadweard Muybridge. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 15.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17.... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 14, at 2:30: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors.... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at *10:30*: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings.... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 2: Contemporary jewelry, paintings, drawings, and sculptures.... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by Lichtenstein, David Smith, Willem de Kooning, and others. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2877.... ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, May 19.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
May 14: "Céline and Julie Go Boating."
May 15-17: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and "Lancelot of the Lake."
May 18-19: "The Wild Duck" and "Woyzeck."
May 20-21: "Pickpocket" and "The Fire Within."
May 22-24: "La Chinoise" and "Weekend."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 15: "Little Darlings" and "Up in Smoke."
May 16-22: "Apocalypse Now."
From May 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 15: "The Nude Bomb."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 20: "Heart Beat."
From May 21: "The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Friday the 13th."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 15: "The 39 Steps."
May 16-22: "Jesus."
From May 23: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 22: "Heart Beat."
From May 23: "The Shining."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"All That Jazz."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through May 15: "Best Boy."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through May 15: "The Europeans."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 15: "Nijinsky."
From May 16: "Fantasia."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 22: "On the Nickel."
From May 23: "Canterbury Tales."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 15: "Sitting Ducks."
From May 16: To be announced.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Nude Bomb."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 15: "Manhattan."
May 16-22: "Love at First Bite."
From May 23: "Winter Kills."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through May 22: "Being There."
From May 23: "Tom Horn."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through May 15: "Serial."
From May 16: "The Hollywood Knights."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 22: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From May 23: "Die Laughing."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 15: "Apocalypse Now."
May 16-22: "Best Boy."
From May 23: "The Black Stallion."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 15: "Manhattan."
May 16-22: To be announced.
From May 23: "The Gong Show Movie."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 20: "Friday the 13th."
From May 21: "The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 22: "Enter the Dragon."
From May 23: "The Shining."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 15: "The Black Stallion."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 15: "Where the Buffalo Roam."
From May 16 (tentative): "Kramer vs. Kramer."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Simon" and "Sitting Ducks."
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Manhattan." From May 16: "Best Boy."
Theatre 3: Through May 15: "Runnin' After Love." From May 16: "Wise Blood."
Theatre 4: Through May 15: "Wise Blood." From May 16: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 22: "The Black Stallion."
From May 23: "Bon Voyage, Charlie Brown (And Don't Come Back!)."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 15: "Fantasia."
From May 16: "Fame."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Charles and Lucie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 15: "The 39 Steps."
From May 16: "Home Movies."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 22: "Heart Beat."
From May 23: "Winter Kills."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 15: "Norma Rae."
From May 16: "Love at First Bite."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "10" and "The In-Laws." From May 23: "Die Laughing."
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Little Darlings." From May 23: "Tom Horn."
Theatre 3: "Heart Beat."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 15: "Little Darlings" and "Saturday Night Fever."
May 16-22: "Apocalypse Now."
From May 23: "The Black Stallion" and "Corvette Summer."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Enter the Dragon." (†) From May 23: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "The Rose." From May 23: "Tom Horn." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 15: "The Changeling." From May 16: "Little Darlings." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through May 22: "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†) From May 23: "Tom Horn." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 15: "Get Rollin'." (†)
From May 16: "Love at First Bite." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae." (†)

Embassy 5 (formerly called the Victoria), B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 15: "Little Darlings." (†)
From May 16: "The Long Riders." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 20: "Friday the 13th." (†)
From May 21: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 15: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From May 16: "The Hollywood Knights." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through May 22: "Enter the Dragon." (†)
From May 23: "Die Laughing." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 15: "Penitentiary."
May 16-22: "Penitentiary" and "The Hills Have Eyes."
From May 23: "The Gong Show Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 15: "10" (†) and "The In-Laws." (†)
From May 16: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 14: "The Other" (1972), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Uta Hagen, and Chris and Martin Udvarnoky; and "The Sentinel" (1977), directed by Michael Winner, with Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines.
May 15: "Three Strange Loves" (1949), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning; and "Duet for Cannibals" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Susan Sontag, with Adriana Asti, Lars Ekborg, Gösta Ekman, and Agneta Ekmanner.
May 16: "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Wizards" (1977), a full-length animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
May 17: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Im-

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moral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

May 18 (afternoon performances only): "Fellini Satyricon."

May 19-22: A four-day program of homosexual films.

May 23: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

From May 24: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary on punk-rock.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 14: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), a silent film, directed by John S. Robertson, with John Barrymore; and "Waxworks" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt, Emil Jannings, and Werner Krauss.

May 15: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre.

May 16: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "Les Violons du Bal" (1974), in French, directed by Michel Drach, with Marie-José Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

May 17: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

May 18: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Topper." (†)

May 19: "The Big Carnival" (†); and "Stalag 17" (1953), directed by Billy Wilder, with William Holden, Don Taylor, Otto Preminger, and Robert Strauss.

May 20: "A Dream of Passion" (1978), in English and Greek, directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn; and "A Double Life." (†)

May 21: "Intolerance." (†)

May 22: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966) and "Mouchette" (1966), both films in French, directed by Robert Bresson.

May 23: "Luna" (1979), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg.

May 24: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 15: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979) and "Supervixens" (1975), both films directed by Russ Meyer.

May 16-17: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

May 18-19: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Wild in the Streets." (†)

May 20: "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester; and "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden.

May 21-22: "Stay As You Are" (1979), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

May 23-24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 15: "House of Wax" (1953), directed by André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

May 16-18: "Miss Sadie Thompson" (†); and "Second Chance" (1953), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell, and Jack Palance. Both in 3-D.

May 19-22: "The Stewardesses" (1970), directed by Alf Silliman, Jr., with Christina Hart; and "Prison Girls" (1973), with Robin Whitting. Both in 3-D.

From May 23: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 17: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Marilyn Monroe, and Sybil Thorndike.

May 18-19: "Strictly Dishonorable" (†); and "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Risë Stevens and Nelson Eddy.

May 20-21: "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (1937), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, and Frank Morgan; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.

May 22-24: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (†) and "King Solomon's Mines." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 14: "Marketa Lazarova" (1966), in Czech, directed by František Vláčil.

May 15: "If I Had a Gun" (1971), in Czech, directed by Stefan Uher; and "Death Is Called Engelchen" (1963), in Czech, directed by Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos.

May 16-17: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

May 18: "Think Me Nothing" (1980), written, directed, acted, and produced by a troupe of deaf actors. It is in sign language, but voice-over is provided for the hearing.

May 19: "Reign of Terror" (1949), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Cummings and Arlene Dahl; and "He Walked by Night" (1949), directed by Anthony Mann and Alfred Werker, with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

May 20: "The Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Strick, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith; and "The Savage Eye" (1960), directed by Sidney Meyers, Ben Maddow, and Joseph Strick, with Barbara Baxley and Herschel Bernardi.

May 21: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†) and "Caught." (†)

May 22: "The Spiral Staircase" (†) and "Portrait of Jennie." (†)

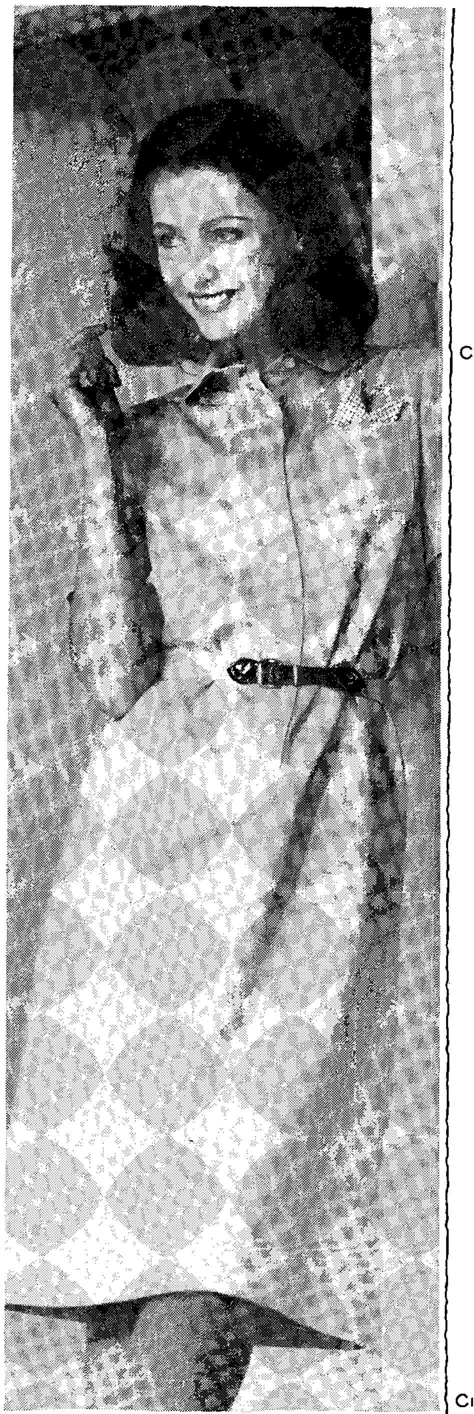
May 23-24: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Women in Revolt." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 14: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey; and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, and ZaSu Pitts.

May 15: "Phantom Lady" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Franchot Tone, Ella Raines, and Alan Curtis; and "Night Has a Thousand Eyes" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Edward G. Robinson, Gail Russell, John Lund, and William Demarest.

May 16: "River of No Return" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe.



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May 17-18: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

May 19: "Mirage" (1965), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Gregory Peck, Diane Baker, and Walter Matthau; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden.

May 20: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Topaze." (†)

May 21: "The Three Faces of Eve" (†) and "The Long, Hot Summer." (†)

May 22: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, and Canada Lee; and "Tarnished Lady." (†)

May 23-24: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd; and "Professor Beware" (1938), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Harold Lloyd.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—There will be no film showings until Monday, June 2.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three programs of short films by Robert Breer—six films made between 1972 and 1978 will be shown May 14-16 at noon, May 17-18 at 3:30, May 20 at noon and 6, May 21-23 at noon, and May 24 at 3:30; fourteen films made between 1952 and 1960 will be shown May 14-16 at 3:30, May 17-18 at 12:30, and May 20-22 at 3:30; and ten films made between 1960 and 1970 will be shown May 23 at 3:30 and May 24 at 12:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Max" (1921-22), a feature-length film that includes three Max Linder shorts—"Be My Wife" (1921), "Seven Years' Bad Luck" (1921), and "The Three Must-Get-Theres" (1922). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Peterson, Kirsanoff, Kubelka, Mekas, Landow, Kuchar, Maas, Menken, Méliès, Murnau, Nelson, Ozu, and others. Showings May 14 at 8; May 15 at 6 and 8:15; May 16 at 7 and 8; May 17 at 6 and 8; May 18 at 2, 7, and 9; May 20 at 7 and 9; May 21 at 8; May 22 at 7 and 9; May 23 at 7; and May 24 at 2, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 19.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Gramercy, Plaza, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through May 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; May 16-22.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through May 22.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1; through May 15. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 16-22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 16.)

The Big Carnival (1951; also known as "Ace in the Hole")—Billy Wilder produced and directed this box-office failure right after "Sunset Boulevard" and just before "Stalag 17." Some people have tried to claim some sort of satirical brilliance for it, but it's really just nasty, in a sociologically pushy way. Kirk Douglas is the big-time New York reporter who is so opportunistic that when he gets to where a collapsed roof has buried a man in New Mexico, he arranges to have the rescue delayed so that he can pump the story up. The trapped man dies, while Douglas keeps shouting in order that we can all see what a symptomatic, cynical exploiter he is. With Jan Sterling, as the trapped man's wife, Porter Hall, Richard Benedict, Ray Teal, and Frank Cady. Script by Wilder, Lesser Samuels, and Walter Newman. Filmed on location near Gallup, New Mexico. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (86th St. East; through May 15. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting May 23.)

Bon Voyage, Charlie Brown (And Don't Come Back!)—An animated film, directed by Bill Melendez. (Guild; starting May 23.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Canterbury Tales (1972)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting May 23.)

Caught (1949)—By Max Ophuls, with Robert Ryan as a billionaire called Smith Ohlrig, who lies around a great deal on an analyst's couch and finally dies of a straightforward heart attack. Barbara Bel Geddes is too obviously intelligent to play the dumb Leonora Eames, but Ryan is fine, and so is velvety James Mason. The film is full of Ophuls' characteristic dollying and tracking, and may be the most interestingly complex of all the pictures of his Hollywood period. From a screenplay by Arthur Laurents. (Thalia; May 21.)

Céline and Julie Go Boating (1974)—With Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (Art; May 14.)

Charles and Lucie—A middle-aged Parisian couple is victimized by swindlers and bad luck, at last reaching the point where they must wander the highways wearing nothing but their love to keep them warm, but *les vrais misérables* are the moviegoers who must swallow this drab and treacly soufflé. With Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garçin; directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Festival.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 19.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Art; May 22-24.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, 57th St. Playhouse, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center.)

Corvette Summer (1978)—With Mark Hamill and Annie Potts, directed by Matthew Robbins. (Olympia; starting May 23.)

Die Laughing—With Robby Benson and Linda Grovenor, directed by Jeff Werner. (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2; starting May 23.)

A Double Life (1947)—The Ruth Gordon-Garson Kanin script takes off from the professional hazard of actors: living their parts offstage. Usually this hazard is treated satirically, but the Kanins do it in a souped-up, portentously melodramatic version. Ronald Colman is the actor who starts hearing bells in his ears and loud keening noises during his run in "Othello." His friends stare at him, puzzled, until after he has smothered a harmless blond waitress (Shelley Winters) and tried to kill a press agent (Edmond O'Brien) whom he suspects of having designs on his Desdemona—his actress wife, played by Signe Hasso. Colman is not at his best, and the role of Othello is so far out of his range that he's gentlemanly and dispassionate when he means to be fiery hot, but he got the Academy Award for Best Actor anyway. The theatrical milieu doesn't help this picture much, though the theatre scenes were shot in the famous Empire, which was demolished in 1953. George Cukor directed; with Millard Mitchell, Philip Loeb, Ray Collins, Fay Kanin, and Frederic Worlock. Music by Miklos Rozsa. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

Eboli—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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as the book-worn, thoughtful intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Cinema 3.)

The Empire Strikes Back—A sequel to "Star Wars," with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher. Directed by Irvin Kershner. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting May 21.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Orpheum 2. Criterion Center, and Loews State 2; through May 22.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Manhattan 2; through May 15.)

Fame—With Irene Cara and Lee Curreri, directed by Alan Parker. (Ziegfeld; starting May 16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; through May 15. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting May 16.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Art; May 20-21.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; through May 20.)

Get Rollin'—An energetic, fitfully rewarding semi-documentary by J. Terrance Mitchell about the terrific roller-skaters (blacks, for the most part) who frequent the Empire Roller Disco in Brooklyn. The picture is gummed up by an awkward, superfluous plot (a dim attempt to convert it into a "Saturday Night Fever" on wheels), but there are affecting portraits of some of the individual dancer-skaters and a lot of vivid rinkside footage suggesting that the regulars at the Empire may have discovered a whole new way of moving and belonging. (5/5/80) (Embassy 1; through May 15.)

The Gong Show Movie—Directed by, and with, Chuck Barris. (U.A. East, and National; starting May 23.)

Heart Beat—Almost everything has gone wrong with this clunky romance based on the early wanderings and drinkings of the novelist Jack Kerouac and his friend Neal Cassady, who became the model for the hero of Kerouac's "On the Road." The picture, which was written and directed by John Byrum, ends up with Kerouac famous but *unhappy*, man, and it keeps giving off the wrong signals, causing us to groan or giggle by turns at the self-conscious sufferings of these pioneer beats. John Heard is Kerouac, Nick Nolte is Cassady, and Sissy Spacek (in some great-looking Joan Crawfordy dresses) is Carolyn Cassady—attractive performers all, but utterly unable to make this sashweight take wing. (5/12/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through May 20. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Paramount; through May 22.)

The Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1; starting May 16.)

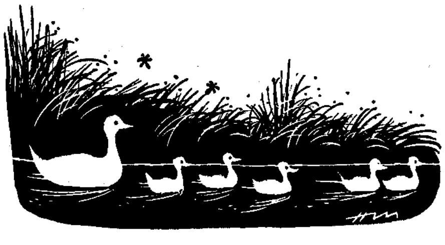
Home Movies—With Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie; starting May 16.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Rivoli; through May 15. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen: the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

Jesus—With Brian Deacon, directed by Peter Sykes and John Kirsh. (Eastside Cinema; May 16-22.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger) provided by the scenarist, Helen Deutsch. You have to be prepared to put part of your mind to sleep, so that you don't get too outraged by the colonialist underpinnings of this sort of fiction; the noblest character is the loyal black servant Umbopa, who turns out to be the Mashona chief. (In the 1937 British version, Paul Robeson was a magnificent smiling Umbopa.) One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though—at Murchison Falls and Mount Kenya—and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. It's one exciting incident after another, and there's even a suggestion of sex, when Kerr and Granger wake after a night of hiding high in a tree and look passionately at each other. (An incident early on, when an elephant tramples a native, may frighten small children, but children generally love the rest of the film.) Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton; cinematography by Robert Surtees. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe; the Africans take all the acting honors. (Regency; May 22-24.)



Knife in the Head—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews State 1; through May 15. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through May 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2; starting May 16, tentative.)

Lancelot of the Lake (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (Art; May 15-17.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Thalia; May 21.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (St. Marks Cinema, Olympia, and Forum; through May 15. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting May 16.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "The Spotted Horses," and a piece of his novel "The Hamlet," turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Ben Quick is one of those arrogant-on-the-outside, vulnerable-on-

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the-inside roles that Newman can do better than any other movie actor, and he and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a cracker-jack screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife, Harriet Frank, Jr. With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

The Long Riders—The Jesse James gang. With Stacy and James Keach and David, Keith, and Robert Carradine. Directed by Walter Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, 86th St. East, and Forum; starting May 16.)

Love at First Bite (1979)—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting May 16. . . . ¶ Beekman; May 16-22.)

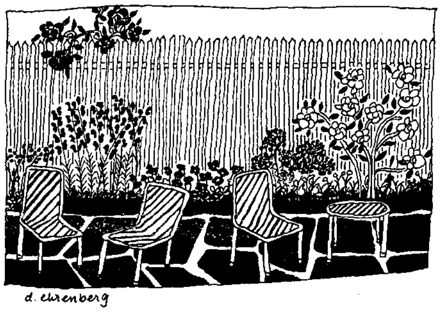
Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Beekman, U.A. East, and Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting May 16.)

Miss Sadie Thompson (1953)—Somerset Maugham's story "Miss Thompson," was adapted to the stage as "Rain" and opened in 1922, starring Jeanne Eagels. The first movie version came out in 1928, starring Gloria Swanson as the sinner-heroine, and another in 1932, with Joan Crawford. Sadie Thompson was the prototype of many of the shady ladies in exotic locales played by Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr, Mae West, Ann Sheridan, Ava Gardner, and dozens of others. But by the fifties Maugham's durable vehicle, in which the conflict is between Sadie the honest whore and the wrathful, hypocritical Reverend Davidson, had run into Production Code censorship troubles, so in this updated-to-the-Second World War version Sadie (Rita Hayworth) just seems a naturally high-spirited girl who likes to sing and dance and scamper about with small children. She's wandering from one island to another because she's looking for a night-club engagement, and Davidson (José Ferrer) isn't even allowed to be a clergyman. He appears to be an insomniac spoilsport who wants her to stop entertaining the troops so he can get a night's sleep in the South Pacific hostel that shelters him. Sadie, a batch of Marines, and the sergeant (Aldo Ray) who falls in love with her. Rita Hayworth seems physically overblown, and, attempting to be sincere, she's rather dull (though she works hard to be scorching when she sings). Curtis Bernhardt directed this color version, which includes several musical numbers; in its initial showing in New York it was in 3-D, but that was dropped for the national release. It is here being shown in the original 3-D version. (8th St. Playhouse; May 16-18.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)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Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13). The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. Alan Bates gives a dominant performance as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev. Also with Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet; through May 15.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 15.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 15.)

On the Nickel—Some earnest intentions may have gone into this fictionalized excursion among the winos of the Los Angeles skid row, but the movie, which was written and directed by Ralph Waite (who also appears as one of the derelicts) is so gummily sentimental that it only seems to make us party to their further degradation. With Donald Moffat, Penelope Allen (as a gallant bag lady), and Hal Williams. (5/12/80) (Cinema II; through May 22.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Art; May 20-21.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism was taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dimitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August; with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart. (Thalia; May 22.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Art; May 15-17.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Amiable, though familiar, romantic swashbuckler, set in a mythical country, with Ronald Colman in the double role of the king and the look-alike who takes his place for a while, and plushy Madeleine Carroll as the sweetly dutiful Princess Flavia, who puts crown before love. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry played the roles in 1922, and Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr did them in 1952, but this 1937 version has the advantage of dashing, grinning Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the naughty Rupert of Hentzau. Fairbanks steals the show from the restrained Colman. It's a well-paced production, directed by John Cromwell and W. S. Van Dyke, and shot by James Wong Howe, with banter supplied by Donald Ogden Stewart, among others. With Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Regency; May 22-24.)

Runnin' After Love—A Brazilian film, with Bibi Vogel and Wagner Montes. Directed by Carlos Hugo Christensen. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in Norman Wexler's script. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," "Easy Rider;" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. Songs by the Bee Gees and other groups, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (Olympia; through May 15.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (Loews New York 2; through May 15.)

The Shining—With Jack Nicholson, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center; starting May 23.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Sitting Ducks—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through May 15.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Thalia; May 22.)

Strictly Dishonorable (1951)—Once upon a time, before he went to Hollywood, Preston Sturges wrote a small, charming play with this title. Many years later, Melvin Frank and Norman Panama turned it into this graceless mess—a starring vehicle for Ezio Pinza in his brief, disastrous career at M-G-M. There's a bit of opera, but the featured song is "Everything I Have Is Yours." With Janet Leigh, Millard Mitchell, Gale Robbins, Esther Minciotti, and Arthur Franz. (Regency; May 18-19.)

Tarnished Lady (1931)—Limp. George Cukor's first directorial solo, Tallulah Bankhead's first talkie, and a flop for both. Donald Ogden Stewart shaped the script for Bankhead (from his story "New York Lady"), and it was conceived on the elegant model of her stage successes; she's a socialite who marries Clive Brook for money and is torn when she falls in love with a Greenwich Village writer (Alexander Kirkland). But the Bankhead of the tubercular hollows and the *soigné* sagging posture who had become a stage idol was never to become popular in movies; only the later boisterous, bellowing Bankhead succeeded with the public. And you can see why. As Cukor has said, "She had beautiful bones, but her eyes were not eyes for movies. They looked somehow hooded and dead. . . . Her smile didn't illuminate." With Osgood Perkins and Elizabeth Patterson; about half of the picture was shot in New York City locations. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 22.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Rivoli; through May 15. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22.)

The 39 Steps—With Robert Powell, David Warner, Eric Porter, Karen Dotrice, and John Mills; directed by Don Sharp. From the same John Buchan novel that Alfred Hitchcock used in 1935. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and Little Carnegie; through May 15.)

The Three Faces of Eve (1957)—Joanne Woodward's big one—her Academy Award-winning role as the drab Southern housewife and mother with a splintered personality. The heroine calls herself Eve White when she's good and Eve Black when she's bad and sexy, and has yet another personality—that of the upstanding, intelligent woman whom the writer-producer-director, Nunnally Johnson, approves of. Shallow, but the gimmick is appealing, and Woodward's showmanship is very likable. With Lee J. Cobb and David Wayne and an introduction by Alistair Cooke. Adapted from a book by two doctors: C. H. Thigpen and H. M. Cleckley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

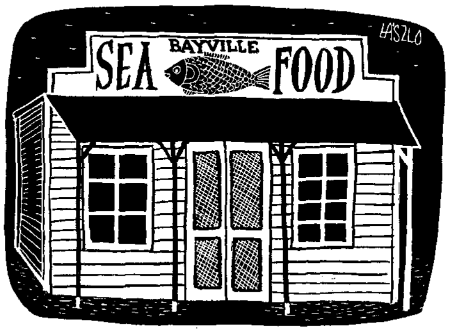
Tom Horn—With Steve McQueen, directed by William Wiard. (Loews New York 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting May 23.)

Topaze (1933)—John Barrymore is completely charming as the shabby, unworldly science teacher who is bounced from his academic environment and lands in the business world of delightful depravity; handed his first Martini, he gulps the olive with the liquid. The film was made in the period when teachers were considered virtuous recluses and the academic world was called the ivory tower. At the time—which really wasn't so long ago—the attitudes in this gentle comedy were thought very modern and sly and cynical. Produced by David O. Selznick, it's an elegantly designed picture; it was directed by Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast in his leisurely, "Continental" style. With Myrna Loy as the sophisticated woman who is attracted by the teacher's innocence. Adapted from Marcel Pagnol's play by Benn W. Levy and (though uncredited) Ben Hecht. There have been several other screen versions; Louis Jouvet, Fernandel, and Peter Sellers have all played the teacher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a high-style fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

Up in Smoke (1978)—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. It's an exploitation slapstick comedy, rather than a family picture, such as "Blazing Saddles" or "High Anxiety"—which means that it's dirtier, wilder, and sillier. (It's also better paced.) With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax, and Otto Felix, Tom Skerritt, Stacy Keach, Louisa Moritz, Strother Martin, and Edie Adams. Produced and directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 15.)

Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. The picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. There are astonishing passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession, and a long virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway, with the motorists pressing down with all their might on their car horns, which sound triumphant, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Art; May 22-24.)



Where the Buffalo Roam—A raunchy, childlike comedy based on the writings and exploits of "gonzo journalist" Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, whose defense against the Nixon years was to sustain a condition of personal freakiness that matched or exceeded the depressing weirdness of those times. The picture is extremely uneven, often resembling an "Animal House" of politics, but a lot of Thompson's stoned, satiric style comes through, thanks to fine comic performances by Bill Murray as Thompson, and Peter Boyle as his lawyer and fellow-narcissist-provocateur. (5/12/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2; through May 15. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through May 22.)

The Wild Duck (1977)—The West German director Hans W. Geissendörfer has made a film transcription of Ibsen's play, and it is one of the best Ibsen adaptations ever, with Gina Ekdal (played by Jean Seberg) sewing and troubling herself in a crowded room where yellowy muslin curtains suggest tantalizingly that there must be a sunlit world outside. Her husband, Hjalmar (Peter Kern), is a dullard hypocrite, who boasts of inventing when he has invented nothing. Their child, Hedvig (Anne Bennent), is crippled by the claustrophobia and the unmeant courtesies; her real life, we see, is led in the attic with her wild duck, which is the symbol of her spirit. One looks with grief and pity at the tragedy, all the time shaking with the comedy of it; Ibsen's humor is one of his most often forgotten gifts. In German. (Art; May 18-19.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satiric fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Cinema Village; May 18-19.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Beekman, and Paramount; starting May 23.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars," and Warhol keeps the camera glued to the blemishes on the performers' rumps and thighs. (Thalia; May 23-24.)

Woyzeck—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (9/10/79) (Art; May 18-19.)

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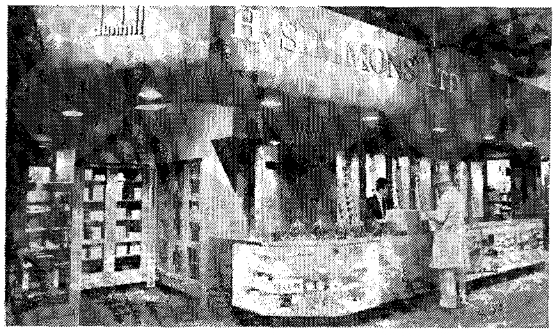
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“THE American Book Awards, by the Association of American Publishers, is a major event! Astonishing! Vivid! . . . More, Association of American Publishers, more!” —Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jones, Port OF Authority.

“Raw! Searing! It’s an awards ceremony written on granite by twelve jackhammers on an ether binge!” —Bob Bobson, Channel 3.

“Breezy and beguiling!”—Randy Proust.

“A sweeping indictment of our civilization as a whole!”—Tina Trotsky.

“A joy! John Chancellor and William F. Buckley, Jr., hosted the event like goddam hosting fools! And no man I’d care to drink with would think otherwise.”—Ted Undergear, *Ted’s Ted Shack.*

“Makes all other awards ceremonies look like pop-up books. No, not like pop-up books—like ‘Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.’ No, not like ‘Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm’—like . . . Uh, well, I guess it just makes all other awards ceremonies look not that good.” —Steve, from Downstairs.

“An awards ceremony that could easily have sprung full-blown from the forehead of an autumnal Mel, of TV’s ‘Alice!’ ”—Bob Youbob, the Youbob-Mebob Newspapers.

“Smarmy! Swotting! Ring you up! Pub crawling! Reminiscent of those marvellous old seaside resorts for the working class!”—A Guy from England.

“Made me think of summer days and porch swings and lemonade and paperboys who sometimes actually hit the front porch as they rode by on their Schwinn bicycles, and sitting around with my grandmother on warm summer evenings, gingerbread baking in the kitchen and the hug before you went up to bed, and the— Oh, God, I loved it! Sniffle, sob, boo-hoo-hoo!” —Chuck Toodumbtolive, DuMont Television Network.

“Riveting! I couldn’t take my eyes off the podium!”—Count Chocula, *Morning Cereal.*

“Buoyant! Extraordinary! Phocine! Steatopygous!”—John Adjective, *Buh.*

“Astonishing!”—Tracy Buber.

“Astonishing!”—Buzz Kierkegaard.

“Astonishing!”—Sally Hegel.

“Astonishing!”—Jamie de Maupassant.

“Well, gee, astonishing for me, too.”—Trish Schopenhauer.

“So significant to me that I cannot imagine what my life would have been like if the Association of American Publishers had decided to keep this resonant and memorable event to itself!” —Chuck Toodumbtobuybeer, Syndicated Columnist.

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Showing

IN Suite 610 of the St. Regis, the air-conditioning isn’t on. A muffled noise of traffic comes through the open window, but no breeze. Jim Harp, business manager of Holly Harp, is showing fall styles to the buying team of Amen, Bob, and Suzanne, who represent a California store. A pair of models do rapid-fire changes in the other room and come whirling in and out in evening gowns. Suzanne, with pale-blond bangs and pale-pink lipstick, has her feet on the coffee table beside today’s *Women’s Wear Daily*. Sometimes, to fill time between one style’s appearance and the next, she says “Cute,” in a noncommittal way. Jim Harp is boyishly good-looking and sits holding one knee. Sometimes he flicks a look from under his brows, guessing how styles are going down.

“That comes in red as well,” Jim Harp says.

“You remember the black with the confetti print? That was a killer. I remember everything that sells,” Suzanne says.

“There’s another version, but it’s out being photographed,” Jim Harp says.

Bob blinks. Suzanne’s gaze wanders.

“This has a matching coat,” Jim Harp says.

“What do you hear from Bea?” Suzanne says.

“She’s living in Oklahoma City and travelling a whole lot,” Jim Harp says. “This comes with or without the feathers. And the black with gold bows comes this way, too.”

The model, in blue with silver beads, flashes a smile at the air.

Amen yawns.

Room Service comes in with drinks. There is a pause and a silence, and then a click and a rumble. The model comes through the doorway again, this

time barefoot, wearing a wrap, and pulling the clothes rack. All the bright-colored samples sway together, shoulder to shoulder—a chorus of flat-chested hopefuls being auditioned for next winter's galas.

Suzanne offers the pink order pad and the pencil to her neighbor on the sofa. "Are you going to write, Bob, or shall I?"

The door opens, and other buyers arrive.

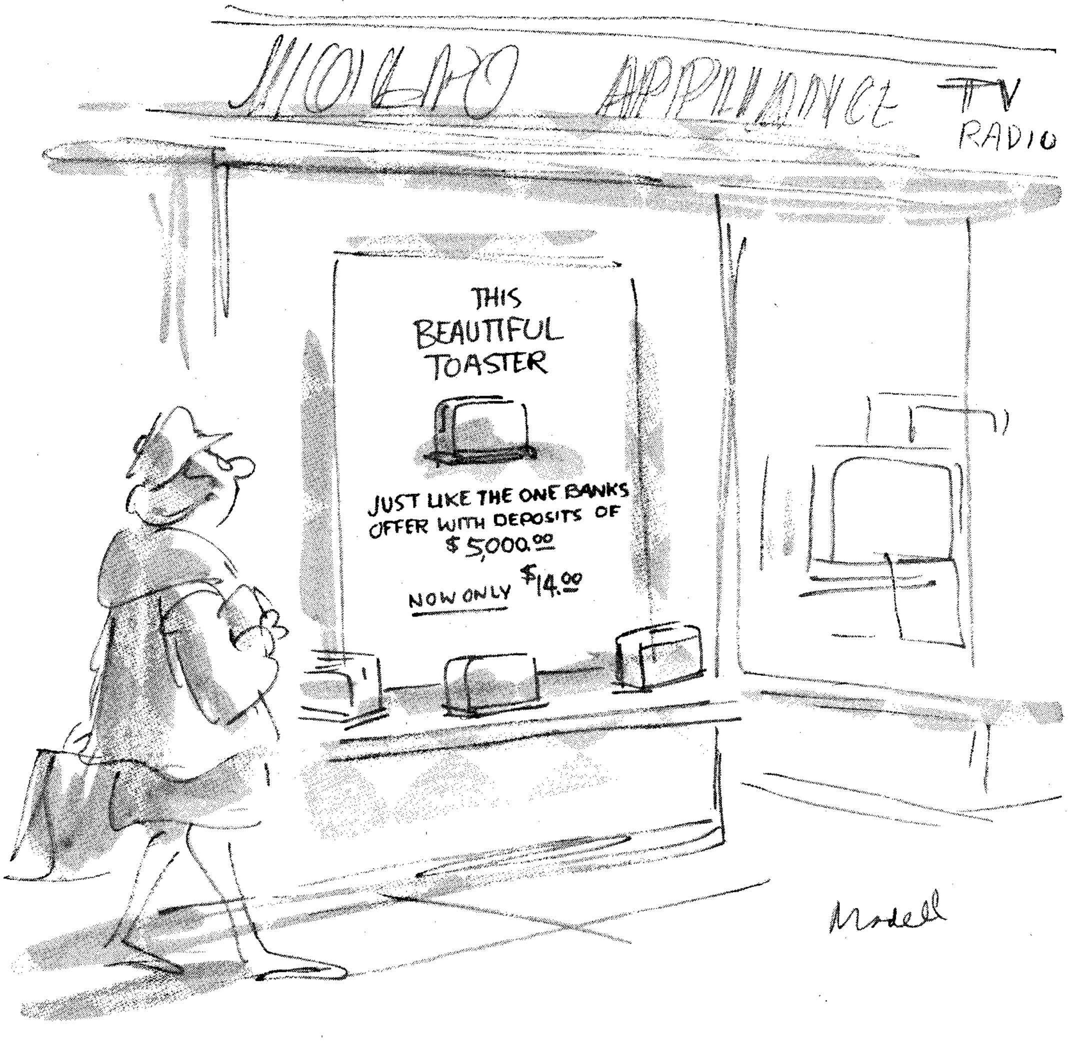
Suzanne swings her feet to the floor, suddenly businesslike. "O.K.," she says to Jim Harp. "The thing with beads, in cracked satin, and the purple ribbon with gold mesh. What's the number on those?"

Reception

MAYOR KOCH proclaimed last week to be Motion Picture and Television Production Week in New York City, and in the wake of his proclamation came a flurry of promotional events and objects—subway posters, store-window displays, special film showings, a breakfast, two dinners, a disco party, a panel discussion, a softball game, lapel buttons, and T-shirts, among others—designed to convince people that more movies and television shows should be made here. On Tuesday evening, the Mayor gave a reception at Gracie Mansion for the New York City Advisory Council—a volunteer group of film and TV executives and representatives of related industries, whose goal is to help the Mayor attract more film and television production to this city—and, arriving at about six, we found some fifty people gathered in the Susan Wagner Wing, a part of the mansion that is often used for official functions. It is a large, high-ceilinged room (pale-blue walls, white Corinthian pilasters), and we listened for a few moments as people discussed it. ("This place is really impressive" and "How did they get that incredibly pale blue?" and "*I* wouldn't want to live here.")

More people arrived, talked, acquired glasses of red or white wine, and strolled around holding *crudités* that included radishes, endive, broccoli, and cauliflower. Soon we fell into conversation with Nancy Littlefield, who has been director of the Mayor's Office of Motion Pictures and Television since 1978. She told us that film and television production has more than doubled here over the past two years, and that last year ninety-seven feature films, made-for-TV movies, and TV specials were shot—at least in part—in New York City. "Movie and TV production grew into a five-hundred-million-dollar industry here in 1979," she said. "Several new studios are being built here, and we've been able to prove that production is no more expensive in New York than on the West Coast. And then there are the many other advantages that New York offers—the breathtaking backgrounds, for example."

Mayor Koch arrived. He was wearing a powder-blue suit. People gathered around him, and flashbulbs went off. The comedian Joey Adams arrived. Again, flashbulbs went off. The actor Ossie Davis arrived. Yet again, flashbulbs went off. Mayor Koch stood at one side of the room and addressed the crowd. He said, "I appeared on the weekend at a street fair put together by the film and television unions, and it was a lovely event. I happen to like movies, and even if I didn't I would have done what I have done to promote these industries, because the City of New York, which is already the international capital of culture, should also be the international capital of film-making."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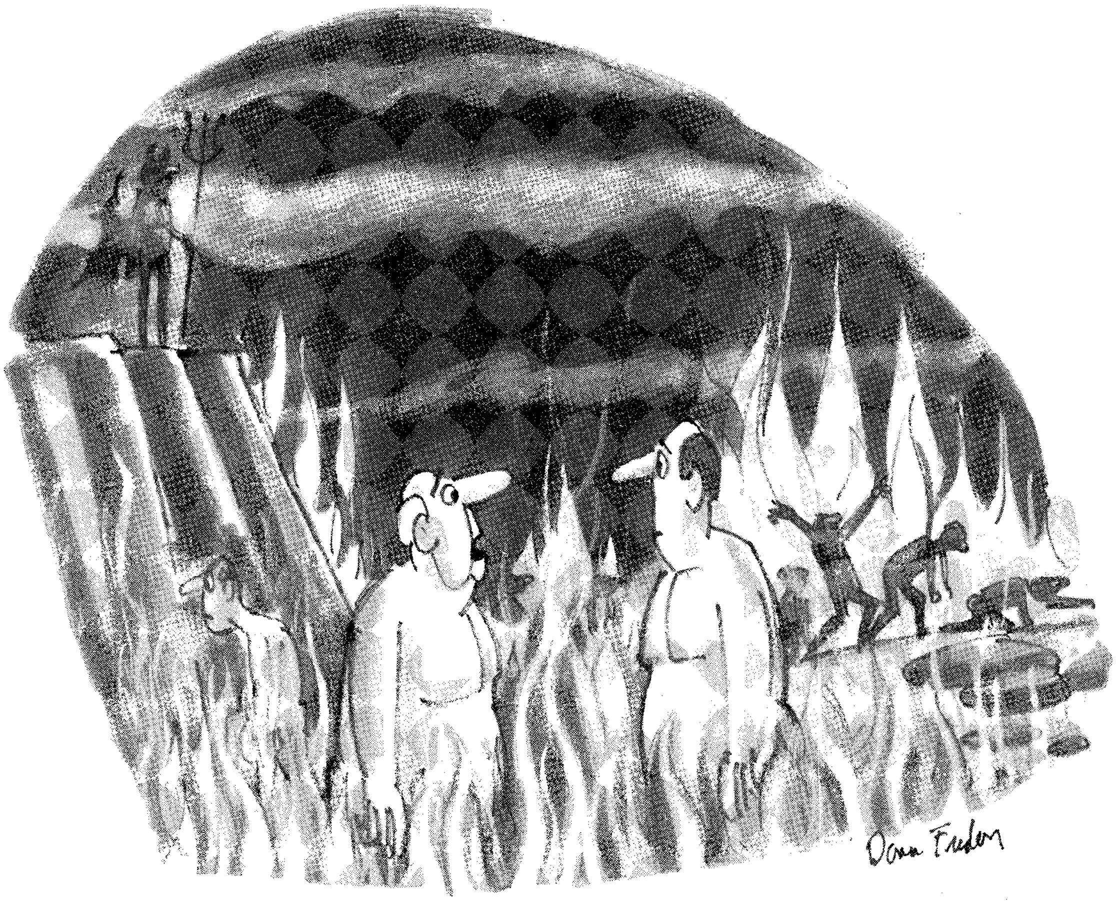
Modell

Then a sixteen-minute promotional film—"Movie Magic in New York City"—was shown on a screen at one end of the room. The film, which had been made under the auspices of the Institute of New Cinema Artists, a group headed by Ossie Davis, was impressive. Its soundtrack began with the well-known "I Love New York," played and sung loudly. One of the film's first images was from the movie "Superman," and it showed the actor Christopher Reeve flying around New York. Then there were shots of skyscrapers, of taxicabs, of people dancing in Times Square, of people embracing at airports, of theatre marquees, of car and motorcycle chases. There was an animated cartoon of Nancy Littlefield. There was Nancy Littlefield herself, on the screen, saying that no one could have made the recent "King Kong" anywhere else, since



"I guess I'm here because I spoke ill of a fellow-Republican."

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no one could possibly have duplicated the towers of the World Trade Center. There were scenes of Gloria Swanson in the subway from a silent film that had been made in New York in the nineteen-twenties. There was Gloria Swanson today, saying how wonderful it was to be able to make films in New York again. There was Janet Leigh, saying that although she had been in New York City many times, she had never worked in a film here until recently. There was Anne Baxter, saying how wonderful it was that the technical aspects of filmmaking permitted shooting in regular light nowadays, so that real backgrounds—such as those in New York—could be used. There was Lena Horne, saying that "The Wiz" was a wow. There was Mayor Koch, on the screen, sitting behind a desk and saying how wonderful all this activity was. There were more scenes of Christopher Reeve, this time in the company of Margot Kidder—as Superman's girlfriend Lois Lane—flying around the city. The wind ruffled Superman's cape and Lois Lane's hair. "I Love New York" was played and sung again. The film ended with the Statue of Liberty's face.

People applauded and resumed talking, and we strolled out onto a veranda of the Susan Wagner Wing. The evening was warm, the sky clear. The lawn of the garden behind Gracie Mansion was a lush green. Leaves of viburnum and forsythia looked damply bright. Azaleas, tulips, flowering crab apples, and double-flowering cherries were all in bloom. At the far end of the lawn, near some low shrubs, a squirrel rambled. About fifty yards away, the East River had begun to sparkle in the lights from Manhattan and Queens, and to the north we could see the sturdy yet delicate outlines of the Triborough Bridge.

Kiza

WHEN we heard that Kiza, Japan's largest amateur theatrical group, had flown here from its headquarters, in Tokyo, to present Bizet's "Carmen" at the Japan Society Auditorium on a recent Saturday, a regiment of armed samurai couldn't have kept us away. Although the entire performance was warmly received by a predominantly Japanese-speaking audience, we must report that the hit of the evening turned out to be "Toreadoru, susume," a non-literal translation of the famous "Toreador Song." The Kiza sets were characteristically sparse (a projected sky, a low platform, a flight of steps, and a couple of chairs), but the Kiza costumes, a colorful mixture of Spanish Cabaret and Touring Student Prince, more than made up for them. The music switched with bewildering speed from a thunderous orchestral tape, which played an overture, interludes, and accompaniment for dances, to a single piano, which accompanied the singers in choruses and individual arias. Although a number of the soloists had considerable difficulty remembering their lines and singing on pitch, the absolute sincerity of their performances carried the day.

The evening began with a speech by Shusaku Endo, Kiza's founder and director and one of Japan's leading novelists. Mr. Endo, a slight, elegant man, who appeared before the curtain in a sports shirt and sweater, accompanied by a very tall American interpreter in a dark-blue suit, explained that "Carmen" was Kiza's favorite opera. (We subsequently discovered that it was also Kiza's only opera. The rest of the repertoire—which has included "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Gone with the Wind"—is strictly theatrical.) "We're going to give our all to this performance," said Mr. Endo, looking around the small auditorium, "and we hope you'll stick it out with us to the end. We are the largest amateur theatrical group in our country, and we have only three rules for membership. One, all applicants must be amateurs. Two, we don't overrehearse, because this would destroy the spontaneity of our productions and limit our interaction with you, the audience. Three, we like to give everyone a chance to play leading roles. For this performance, there will be seven Carmens, four Don Josés, four Escamillos, and four Micaelas. You'll recognize Carmen because she will always be wearing a red flower in her hair; you'll recognize Escamillo by his hat and his cape; and you'll recognize Micaela because she has braids with blue bows. But sometimes it's *very* difficult to know who is playing

Don José, and so we'd like you to coöperate with us by trying to figure out who is playing him as we go along. Our final José is the seventy-four-year-old president of a construction company. He takes his acting very seriously, so please applaud him when he comes out."

As the familiar music of Bizet's opening chorus filled the auditorium, we settled back to enjoy what turned out to be a truly remarkable evening in the theatre. The Carmens, most of whom wore red ruffled dresses with black Spanish shawls tied around their hips, came in a variety of shapes and sizes. There was an attractive curly-haired soprano (the wife of a Buddhist priest, we learned later), who flounced down the steps flourishing a single rose and sang the first-act Habanera without missing a note. There was a tall, thin gymnastics instructor, who danced soundlessly through Carmen's Act II gypsy song, and, among the others, there was a diminutive wooden student, who chirped through a passionate duet with Don José, and a round-faced, short-haired housewife, who delivered the Fate aria in a tinny Japanese-theatre voice. The first José was a pint-size Sumo wrestler with a round face, a square body, a pursed mouth, and a voice that veered wildly off key. (He turned out to be a well-known illustrator of children's books.) He was followed by a small, thin man with a wispy mustache (another painter), who stumbled around in a uniform three sizes too big and was given to long, anguished pauses between his lines. (A cast member told us afterward that this José had such a bad memory that he prompted himself with a tape recorder concealed in one of his pockets.) The final José, the construction-company president, was a tall, gaunt man with piercing eyes and a high, squeaky voice, who seemed to have modelled his stabbing of Carmen on one of Toshiro Mifune's confrontations with a medieval bandit. The Escamillos included the company doctor, who was a debonair Groucho Marx type, wearing a white ruffled shirt and black suspenders beneath his tight-fitting brocade jacket, and Van C. Gessel, an American assistant professor of Japanese literature, who made a guest appearance to sing a reprise of "Toreadoru susume" in English. The Micaelas wore blue-and-white peasant dresses and were notable for their long, thin braids and almost total lack of musical ability. Our favorite was a university professor of children's literature, a stocky woman with big, sparkling eyes, which were almost covered by long, straight black bangs. She brought down the house singing Micaela's third-act aria at the top of her lungs in a scratchy voice.

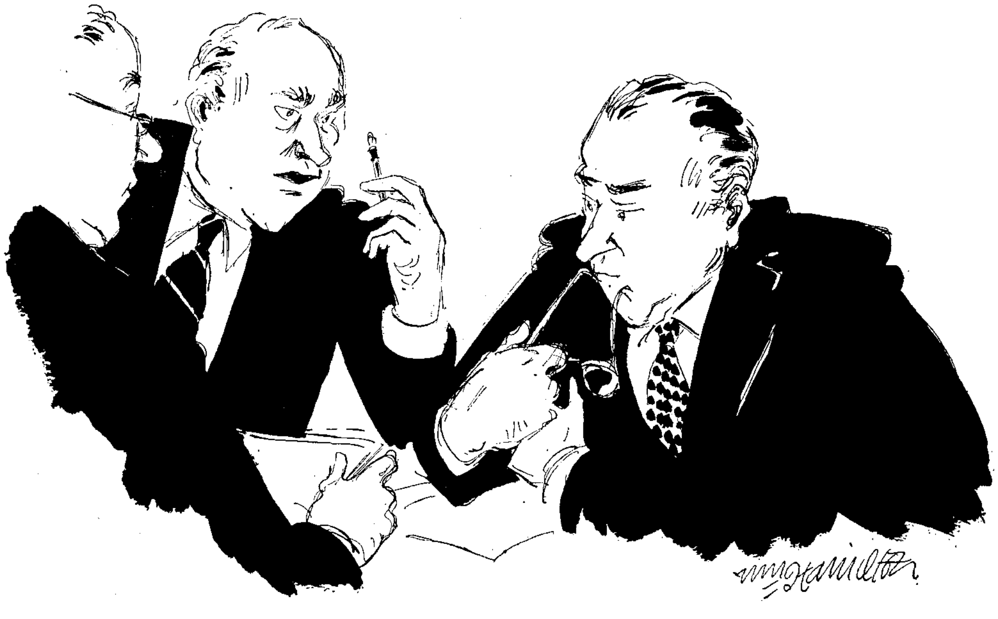
After the performance, we went backstage to chat with Mr. Endo, who told us, through the interpreter, that he and a group of friends had founded Kiza in 1970. "We started it half as a joke, but when we advertised in the papers an enormous crowd showed up to audition, and it's been that way ever since," he said. "We perform only one day a year—we usually rent a theatre in March, because that's the worst season for the *professional* theatre—and we rehearse for two weeks before that. Then we disband and repeat the whole process the following year with a new group of artists. When I choose our members, I make sure that there's not a single person who has professional possibilities, and I can honestly say that no one in our company, including me, has any real theatrical talent. We're not, however, doing parody. We choose a well-known play or opera, and we perform it seriously to the best of our abilities. For some reason, our public—which consists of friends, relatives, and people who admire our work—thinks that this is terribly funny."

We asked Mr. Endo why his normally reserved fellow-countrymen seemed to enjoy being laughed at onstage, and he replied that the Kiza mystique involved affording people the opportunity to play someone other than themselves. "This opportunity doesn't exist very much in Japan, because we are a relatively formal society, and we're not very good at expressing our feelings," he said. "And so Kiza gives people a chance to be creative in this direction even if they don't have any theatrical talent. When we work out a play together, we learn to express our personalities more freely, we have a lot of fun, and we find out a great deal about each other. The productions have outraged some members of our intellectual class, but we don't pay any attention to their criticism."

We asked Mr. Endo if Kiza had ever done a Japanese play, and he replied that the group had tried a contemporary Japanese drama a few years ago. "It was a total failure, because everybody thought that it had been written by a madman," he said. "I prefer to stick to classics or well-known subjects."

"What is your next production?" we asked.

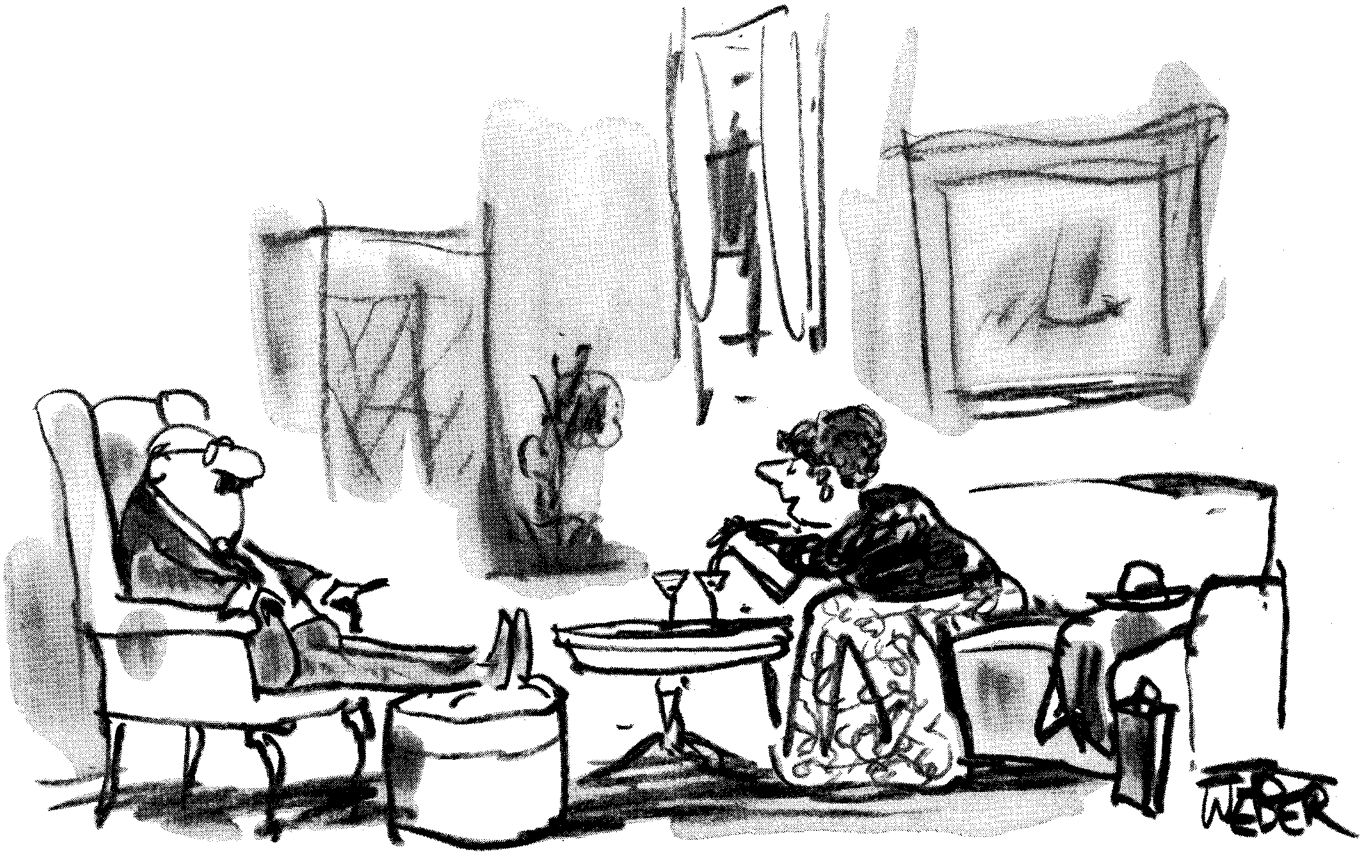
"I've just published a historical novel about Marie Antoinette," said Mr. Endo, smiling broadly, "and I'm thinking of adapting it as a lavish eighteenth-century spectacle. If we go ahead with this idea, we'll have to rent one of the biggest theatres in Tokyo and start looking around for white wigs right away."



"We've got to give the appearance of changing direction without giving the appearance of changing principles in a way that won't be dismissed as cosmetic."

Sightseeing: Washington, D.C.

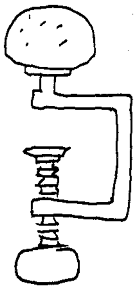
THE statue of Abraham Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial cost $88,400. The giant pandas go outdoors when it is cool, go inside when it is warm, and disappear when there are

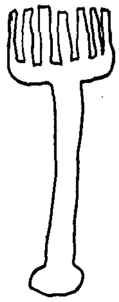


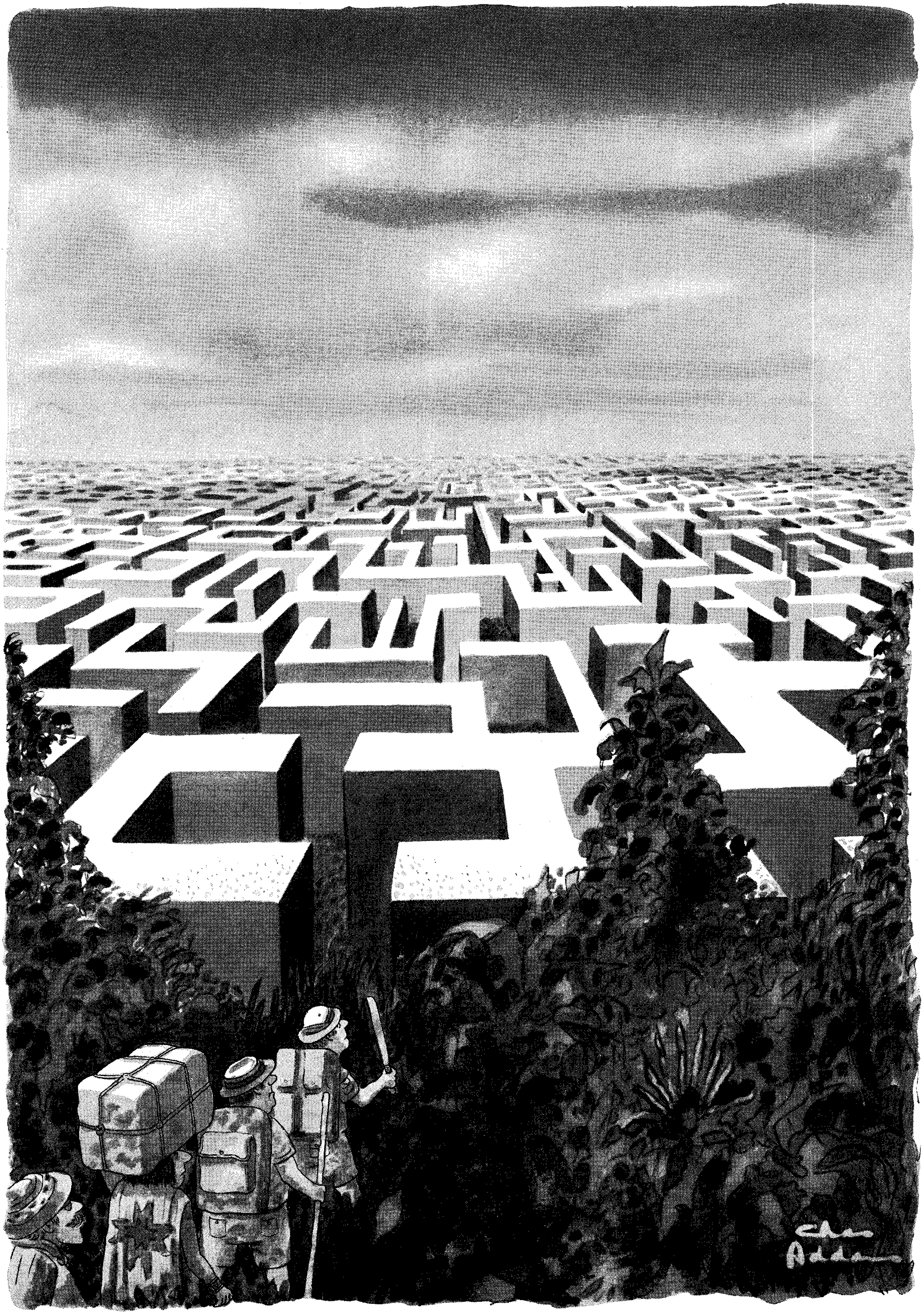
"There we are. Now let's hear your dispatch from the front."

• •

visitors from New York. The 15-inch Rodman gun in the Smithsonian weighs 49,746 pounds. The Fresnel Lighthouse lens has 400,000 candlepower. Breakfast for two at Howard Johnson's across from the Watergate cost $10.05. Lunch in the cafeteria of the Department of Transportation cost $4.75. Wallabies lying on the ground rest on their elbows, like people at a beach. "Four members of Congress were once pages," according to a Capitol guide addressing a group of students outside the Senate Majority Leader's office. Mrs. McKinley owned a buff-colored ostrich-feather fan. The official weather forecast for the Washington area was zero chance of rain; the subsequent downpour was presumably in the nature of a miracle. Argument in front of a display of Dolley Madison's dress. Small girl: "She was the First Lady." Small boy: "No! She was the President's wife." At 9 A.M., the Ashford, Ala., High School Band (in black and gold) occupied the steps at the Senate end of the Capitol. At the House end, the B.M.C. Durfee High School Band of Fall River, Mass. (in scarlet and black and white), played selections from "Man of La Mancha," while Rep. Margaret Heckler shook hands with parents and teachers. Andrew Jackson declined to be buried in an off-white Roman sarcophagus carved with grapes and cherubs, because it was "a repository prepared for an Emperor or King." Getting rhinos to mate is a big problem, according to a sign in the zoo. The subway ride from the Senate to the Russell Office Building is fast and breezy but much too short. Buying a ticket for the magnificent new Metro subway system is so complicated you need a degree from M.I.T. Martha Washington had a pincushion and a pinking iron. (See illustration.) The Marajoara Indians buried ordinary people (dead ones) directly in the ground; higher ranks were first deposited in large, round clay bowls, and got spindle whorls and earspools as going-away presents. "Narrow minds think nothing of importance but their own favorite pursuit," said the physicist Joseph Henry (1797-1878), the first Secretary of the Smithsonian. The elephants are chained at night; otherwise they "get into mischief" and steal food. Also, it is good practice for when they need a pedicure or medical attention. The Shanghai Acrobats at the Kennedy Center Opera House managed to carry nine people on one bicycle. When you can't see the giant pandas, you can see the watering of the bamboo that they will personally eat. Thirty-five small schoolchildren climbed aboard the merry-go-round on the Mall. Their bright-colored lunchboxes waited in orderly rows on the park benches outside. We rode Shamrock, a green-blanketed eighty-year-old; our companion, aged ten, rode a zebra named Ouijia. Martial music jangled and thumped. We whirled through sunlight and shadow, seeing the Washington Monument one instant, the Capitol the next; trees; blue sky. About eighty tiny drum majorettes in red were high-stepping in front of the National Gallery of Art, waiting to join a big parade. Visitors to the Luminist exhibition had to go around them, then file through the Dunbar High School Band of Washington, which was sitting on the steps. Inside, on the floor of the lobby, there was a large golden tuba, gleaming luminously.






Chas Addams

SPILL

A VICIOUS oil spill at Bergdorf's has ruined hundreds of pretty items. Swirling up at a rate of one thousand gallons a minute, the oil has ruined several slit-to-the-waist dresses in a silk crêpe de Chine that shimmers like a wicked smile in peach, auburn, dusky blue, and lemp. Attempts to cap the spill—the standby crew in painters' pants (tied at the ankle), Pure-As-Suède tool holders, construction caps, and red-red goggles—failed utterly, sending streams of thick crude into eyes, ears, mouths, *everywhere*, soiling *everything*, leaving a thick-thick residue on lips and fingertips.

The secondary effects are just beginning to be felt. Horrid oil balls, clumping together in several large masses, have moved up stairwells, emergency chutes, and steamways, to upper floors heretofore judged impervious to spills and mishaps, frustrating all attempts to preserve from damage hundreds of the prettiest possible snakeskin bags—clutch, over-the-shoulder on a whisper of a *string*, attached by *thongs* to wrist or belt, or tied about the neck. Refreshing!

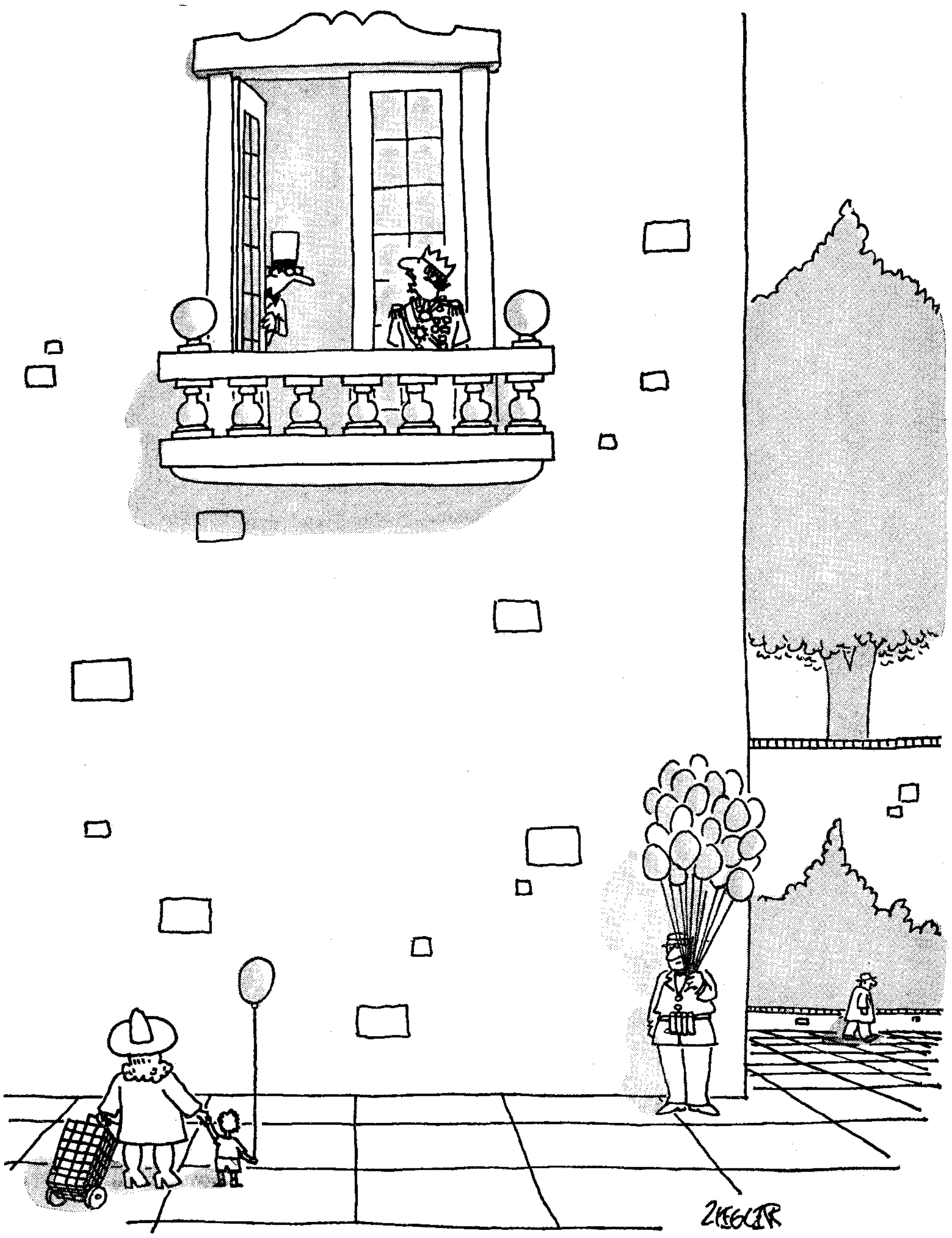
Many things have been tried, naturally. Real oil riggers have set about to drill a relief hole, but they can't seem to get the hang of it. In fact, inside sources who nearly always know the *scoop* claim that the relief well is now gushing tens of thousands of gallons more of the rich, expensive crude over the new Laudanum Collection of antibacterial facial formulas, including Stripped Mask, Under-Glaze Country Bronzing Creme, and Laudanum Laurel, Laudanum Landscape, and Laudanum Lavalier unscented pure-as-pure moisturizing facilitators for regular, oily, and dry complexions. Some of the oil riggers have gone back to the Southwest, naturally, but others have come up with a new-cut overall, *full through the waist* but pegging, pegging down the leg. Flattering!

SOME of New York's top-top party people have tried to be helpful—organizing little teas, sending in relief crews, planning out mop-up operations, etc. Most just peek in, but one or two real friends won't leave the scene. Mrs. Freddy Boots, for instance, hasn't had a bath for days, won't change her slicker-smock, plunges in time after time in a reckless attempt to save some of the fabulous gabardine, which has really been completely ruined by the oil. Mrs. Boots takes each retrieved oily item and conducts an elaborate ritual, using enthusiastic young volunteers. First, each item is soaked in a harsh—almost unbearably harsh—acid bath to remove the oil from within the fine-weave gabardine. Then Mrs. Boots *very quickly* transfers the cloth—before it has a chance to utterly disintegrate in the harsh-harsh bath—into a soothing moisture-full solution of *entirely natural* ingredients: cool-as-silk mixtures of precious cress, dill, avocado, and arugula, for instance, undercut with just a tang of lemon to keep the vegetable matter from actually penetrating into the cloth fibre and rotting there. Despite her best efforts, this regimen hasn't worked out yet—the gabardine, horribly weakened by the acid bath, tends to blotch and then clump in the vegetable moistures—but Mrs. Boots won't give up, and she plunges in again and again, actually diving under the oil, where you can't get a breath and where the terrible, powerful currents set in motion by the flow of oil can suck you deep under in a minute or, *worse still*, send you spinning up into one of the powerful jets of salt water that completely inept temporary workers (many of them would-be buyers, assistant buyers, and stylists) direct here and there almost at random in an attempt to reduce the viscosity.

Only the top-top party people understand.

"It's fabulous fabric," a child said—a child who is even now much more popular and social than many mature people. "We may never see gabardine like this again."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW



"More crowd noise, O.K., Phil?"

MAN IN THE HOLOCENE

IT should be possible to build a pagoda of crispbread, to think of nothing, to hear no thunder, no rain, no splashing from the gutter, no gurgling around the house. Perhaps no pagoda will emerge, but the night will pass.

Somewhere a tapping on metal.

It is always with the fourth floor that the wobbling begins: a trembling hand as the next piece of crispbread is put in place, a cough when the gable is already standing, and the whole thing lies in ruins—

Geiser has time to spare.

The news in the village is conflicting; some people say there has been no landslide at all, others that an old supporting wall has collapsed and there is no way of diverting the highway at that spot. The woman in the post office, who ought to know, merely confirms that the mail bus is not running. She stands behind the little counter in her usual care-laden fashion, keeping usual office hours, selling stamps, and even accepting parcels, which she places unhurriedly on the scales and then franks. It is taken for granted that state and canton are doing everything in their power to get the highway back in order. If necessary, helicopters can be brought in, unless there is fog. Nobody in the village thinks that the day, or perhaps the night, will come when the whole mountain could begin to slide, burying the village for all time.

Somewhere a tapping on metal.

It is midnight, but still no pagoda.

It started on the Thursday of the previous week, when it was still possible to sit out in the open; the weather was sultry, as always before a thunderstorm, the gnats biting through one's socks, no summer lightning—it just felt uncomfortable. Not a bird on the grounds. Geiser's guests, a youngish couple on their way to Italy, suddenly decided to leave, though they could have spent the night in his house. It was not actually cloudy—just a yellowish haze, such as one sees in the Arabian desert before a sandstorm; no wind. Faces also looking yellowish. His guests did not even empty their glasses, they were in such a hurry to be off, though there were no sounds of thunder. Not a drop of rain, either. But the following morning it was drumming on the windowpanes, hissing through the leaves of the chestnut tree.

Since then, not a night without thunderstorms and cloudbursts.

From time to time the power is cut, something one is used to in this valley; hardly has there been time to find a candle, and then at last some matches, when the power is restored—lights in the house—though the thunder continues.

It is not so much the bad weather—

The twelve-volume encyclopedia Der Grosse Brockhaus explains what causes lightning and distinguishes streak lightning, ball lightning, bead lightning, etc., but there is little to be learned about thunder; yet in the course of a single night, unable to sleep, one can distinguish at least nine types of thunder:

1.
The simple thunder crack.

2.
Stuttering or tottering thunder: this usually comes after a lengthy silence, spreads across the whole valley, and can go on for minutes on end.

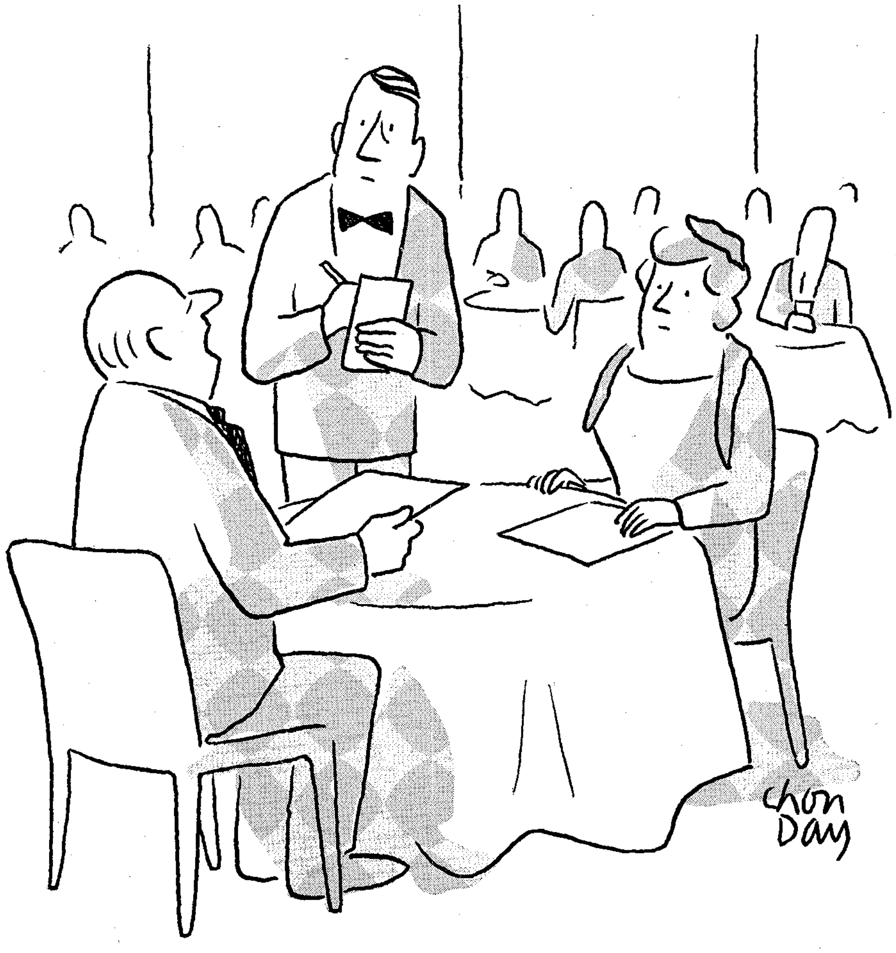
3.
Echo thunder: shrill as a hammer striking on loose metal and setting up a whirring, fluttering echo that is louder than the peal itself.

4.
Roll or bump thunder: relatively unfrightening, for it is reminiscent of rolling barrels bumping against one another.

5.
Drum thunder.

6.
Hissing or gravel thunder: this begins with a hiss, like a truck tipping a load of wet gravel, and ends with a thud.

7.
Bowling-pin thunder: like a bowling pin that, struck by the rolling ball, cannons into the other pins and knocks



"My wife will have the seventeen ninety-five, and I'll watch."

them all down; this causes a confused echo throughout the valley.

8.
Hesitant or tittering thunder (no flash of lightning through the windows): this indicates that the storm is retreating over the mountains.

9.
Blast thunder (immediately following a flash of lightning through the windows): this is not like two hard masses colliding; on the contrary, it is like a single huge mass being blasted apart and breaking into countless pieces that fall in all directions. In its wake, rain comes pouring down.

At intervals the power goes off again.

What would be bad is losing one's memory—

An example of something Geiser has not forgotten: the Pythagorean theorem. For that he does not need to drag out the encyclopedia. On the other hand, he cannot remember how to draw the golden section (A is to B as A + B is to A; that he does still know) with compass and set square. He knew once, of course—

No knowledge without memory.

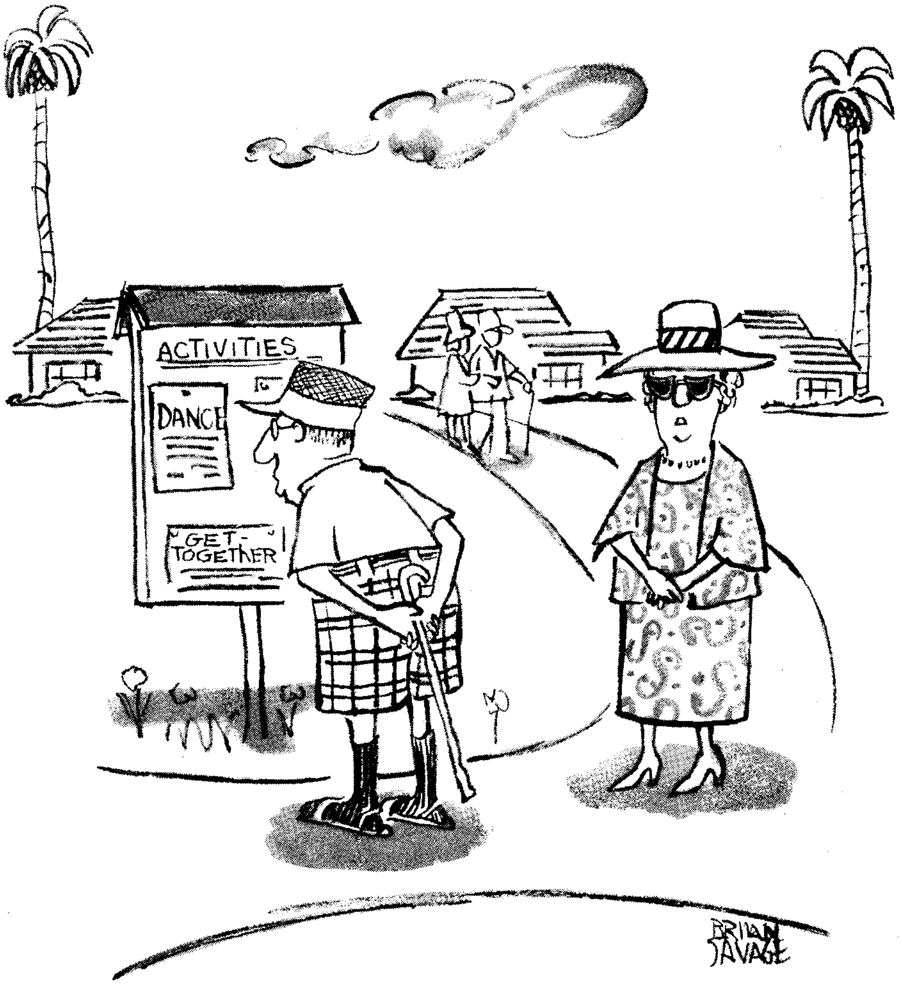
Today is Tuesday.

Still no horns sounding in the valley.

Field glasses are no use at all in times like these. One screws them this way and that without being able to find any sharp outline to bring into focus; all they do is make the mist thicker. What can be seen with the naked eye: the gutter on the roof, the nearest pine tree on the grounds, two wires disappearing into the mist, raindrops gliding slowly down the wires. If, despite dampness and mist, one takes an umbrella and trudges through the grounds on a tour of inspection, after only a hundred paces one can no longer see one's own house—just brambles in mist, rivulets, bracken in mist. A little wall in the lower garden (dry-stone) has collapsed: debris among the lettuces, lumps of clay under the tomatoes. Perhaps that happened days ago.

Still, one can get tomatoes in cans.

Lavender flowering in the mist: scentless, as in a color film. One wonders what bees do in a summer like this.



"Have you forgotten, Dexter? You detest people."

• •

There are provisions enough in the house:

three eggs
bouillon cubes
tea
vinegar and olive oil
flour
onions
a jar of pickled gherkins
Parmesan cheese
sardines, one can
spices of all kinds
crispbread, five packages
garlic
raspberry syrup for the grandchildren
anchovies
bay leaves
semolina
salted almonds
spaghetti, one package
olives
Ovomaltine
one lemon
meat in the icebox

Later in the day there is more thunder; and, shortly afterward, hail. The white stones, some of them the size of hazelnuts, dance on the granite table; in a few minutes the lawn is a white sheet. All Geiser can do is stand at the window and watch the vine being torn to shreds; the roses, too—

There is nothing to do but read.

(Novels are no use at all on days like these, since they deal with people and their relationships with themselves and others, with fathers and mothers and daughters and sons, lovers, etc., with individual souls, usually unhappy ones, with society, etc., as if the place for these things were assured, the earth for all time earth, the sea level fixed for all time.)

No horns sounding in the valley.

Obviously, the highway is still blocked.

When, occasionally, the rain eases up (it does not stop entirely but becomes lighter, so that one no longer hears it on the roof—rain only as a noiseless shading over the darkness of the nearest pine tree), the silence is still not complete; on the contrary, then one begins to hear the rushing of water down in the valley. There must be streams everywhere, streams that normally do not exist. A constant rushing sound throughout the valley.

The Creation of the World
(Job 38; Ps. 33: 6-9; Ps. 104; Prov. 8: 22-31)

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Geiser wonders whether there would still be a God if there were no longer a human brain, which cannot accept the idea of a creation without a creator.

Today is Wednesday.

(Or Thursday?)

One can hardly call it a library that Geiser has at his disposal during these days on which gardening is impossible; Elsbeth read novels mainly, the classics and others, Geiser himself preferring factual books ("Brighter Than a Thousand Suns"). The diary of Captain Scott, who froze to death at the South Pole—Geiser has read this several times, but it is a very long while since he last read the Bible. Besides the twelve-volume encyclopedia, there are: gardening books, a book on snakes, a history of the canton of Ticino, the Swiss encyclopedia, as well as picture books for the grandchildren ("The World We Live In"), the Duden dictionary of foreign words, a book about Iceland, which Geiser once visited thirty years ago, and maps and rambling guides that provide information about the geology, climate, history, etc., of his own district.

CHAPTER I

Ticino in Prehistoric Times
The First Inhabitants

In the far-distant epochs of geological antiquity, the present canton of Ticino, like all else, lay for long periods submerged beneath the deep sea extending between two age-old continents to the north and the south. Massive layers of sedimentary rock were formed in that ocean, and these piled up on the crystal rocks of the ocean bed.

As sections of the earth's crust emerged above sea level, the natural forces of weathering and erosion at once began their work of shaping and displacing. Frost and wind produced ridges and peaks on the raised masses of rock, while water and glaciers ate into the furrows and carved out the first valleys. This was no continuous process: it was spread over various periods, widely separated in time. This we can discern without difficulty from the many terraces running parallel to one another along the valley slopes, each of which must once have formed the valley bed.

In the main valleys the force of the glaciers was far greater than in the subsidiary valleys, and the rivers are in consequence deeper than their tributaries. For this reason the beds of the subsidiary valleys have remained higher than those of the main valleys, and the tributaries flow over sheer ledges into the main rivers. This explains the many waterfalls, which give the Ticino valley its wild and romantic appearance.

On the other hand, we know more about the people who came to live in this district during the *Iron Age* (c. 800–58 B.C.). The discovery of graves from the earliest Ice Age,[4] the so-called Ligurian period, on the one hand, and place and field names,[5] on the other, show that the Ticino district at that time was inhabited by the Ligurians. History tells us that in earliest antiquity the Ligurians made settlements not only in present-day Liguria but also in the valleys of the Western Alps, to which the territory of present-day Ticino belongs.

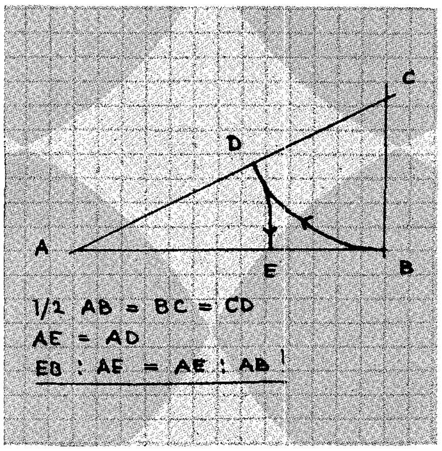
Finally, mention must be made of the many rockfalls that have occurred since the retreat of the glaciers, for they played no little part in giving many districts in the canton of Ticino the appearance they have today.

According to legend, one of Hercules' tasks was to lead a tribe of people across the Alps into Spain and then into Africa. On the march through the deep snow of the Alpine passes, a rear guard was left behind. Many soldiers froze to death, and the survivors were unable to reëstablish contact with the main column, which had gone on ahead. They made no further attempt to advance, but settled down in Alpine lands. The word "Lepontine" means "those who stayed behind." That these Lepontines, whose name has, in fact, been applied in the course of time to a large number of other tribes, did populate both slopes of the Gotthard—this we know from completely reliable sources, such as the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder (A.D. 23–79) and Julius Caesar (100–44 B.C.).

It is not true, incidentally, that no horns are sounding in the valley; it is just that the mail bus is not running—one misses its three-note horn—and the noisy trucks that usually carry the slabs and blocks of granite down into the valley are not working. But above the spot where the highway is out, there are still motorcycles.

One has just now sounded its horn.

The encyclopedia explains how to draw the golden section with compass and set square, and even if there are no compasses in the house Geiser knows what he has to do: a thumbtack, a piece of thread tied to the thumbtack, and a pencil at the other end of the thread replaces the compass after a fashion. At the moment Geiser has no use for a golden section, but knowledge is reassuring.



The little landslide in the garden (debris among the lettuces) has not grown any bigger during the night. And, as far as Geiser can see in the morning twilight, there have been no new landslides—at least not on his grounds. The grayish clay beneath the tomatoes, which are still green, sticks to the spade in heavy lumps. Geiser tries, without a spade, going down on his knees and clearing the debris among the lettuces with his hands, but the lettuces are in any case spoiled, and the time is not right to set about repairing the little wall. That will take days. Within an hour one is wet right through, despite raincoat and hat.

No sound of a helicopter.

The collapse of a little dry-stone wall, built with his own hands by a pensioner who has spent his life doing other things, does not mean that the whole slope is beginning to slide. Presumably, there are rivulets here and there and lumps of clay; these are usual in persistent rain. Presumably, on the steep slopes a tree has toppled over here and there, an old pine or a rotting chestnut; its trunk will then be lying with its smashed crown pointing down the slope, the black roots spread out in the air and the rock exposed, gneiss or schist, elsewhere *Nagelfluh*.

During the night of September 30, 1512 (at the very time the Duke of Milan was negotiating with the Swiss for the surrender of Lugano and Locarno), the peak of Monte Crenone overhanging Biasca exploded without warning on the side overlooking the Pontirone valley; the ensuing rockfalls buried a great many houses with all their occupants, while from the opposite slopes of the mountain huge masses of earth slid down and engulfed the village of Campo Bargigno in Val Calanca.

It was not until three centuries later that the Ticino bridge destroyed in that catastrophe was rebuilt (1812-1815). At one corner of the "*büzza*"* near Biasca one comes upon the surprising sight of a church steeple poking out through the rocks and gorse bushes: it is the church tower of Loderio. This curious ruin recalls another great disaster, one vivid to many people still living: the great floods of 1868, which buried the church of Loderio, destroyed all bridges in the Blenio valley, and brought terror and death to Malvaglia, Semione, Dongio, and especially to Corzoneso. During the night of September 27 a raging flood swept without warning over Cumiasca, in the district of Corzoneso, destroying the village completely and claiming eighteen human lives. The compassion of all Europe was stirred as it listened aghast to reports of the terrible distress caused by these floods in Blenio, in Leventina, in Verzasca, and in Vallemaggia. Aid funds totalling two million francs were collected. Pope Pius contributed several thousand lire, Emperor Napoleon twenty thousand francs, the Grand Duke of Baden ten thousand.

On March 23, 1851, after snow had been falling continuously for three days, several huge avalanches broke loose from the summits of the surrounding mountains and, following quite unusual courses, swept down with tremendous force on the unfortunate village, burying nine homesteads. Twenty-three human beings and over three hundred head of cattle perished. In connection with this event Lavizzari has written: "The disastrous masses of snow that had deprived them of their herds, their homes, and their families were hardly melted away before the survivors took heart again and rebuilt their huts in Cozzera, just as the people whose homes had been destroyed by the glowing ashes of Vesuvius hardly waited for the monster to close its flaming jaws before starting immediately to think of rebuilding their houses on the hot lava."

Last night there were stars to be seen (though not many), and even, for minutes on end, the moon between racing clouds. Veils of whitish mist in the lower valley, the wet cliffs above glittering in places like aluminum foil, and the moon above the black woods looked more barren than ever—

Today it is gurgling again.

But at least it is not snowing.

His rucksack is lying in the hallway, a leather rucksack that Geiser bought on his visit to Iceland, waterproof, and he has thought of everything—passport, bandages, flashlight, a change of underclothing, Ovomaltine, a flask of cognac, a change of socks, a shirt, iodine, a small book of traveller's checks, aspirin, Miroton (for cardiac insufficiency), as well as a compass and a magnifying glass for deciphering the map, Carta Nazionale della Svizzera 1:25,000, Foglio 1312 and 1311—though he is well aware that to attempt an escape over the mountains (into Italy) would be madness. Something that maybe a young man might venture. Even the old mule track down into the valley, which Geiser once followed years ago, would probably be blocked now by streams full of debris, a perilous path—he does not need anyone to tell him that.

Today is Wednesday.

A summer visitor from Germany, a professor of astronomy, knows a lot about the sun and, if asked, is not unwilling to talk about it, even to a layman. Afterward one clears the cups away, grateful for the short visit. Geiser understood more or less what is meant by prominences, which, incidentally, have nothing to do with the weather on earth, and the solar investigator's wife brought along a bowl of soup—minestrone—to be warmed up. At any rate, one knows afterward that one is not crazy: other people have also noticed that it keeps on raining.

17 And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth.
18 And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters.
19 And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered.
20 Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.
21 And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man:
22 All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died.
23 And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark.
24 And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

Geiser does not believe in the Flood.

The Zurich parson H. R. Schinz also made some interesting observations during the period September 1770 to September 1771: Sunny days in Locarno, 204; in Zurich, 61. Rainy days in Locarno, 60; in Zurich, 109.

The advantages and beauties of widely distant climates are combined here in a harmonious whole, such as would be difficult to find anywhere else on our section of the globe.

As already stated, Locarno enjoys an excellent *climate*. Compared with the average annual mean of 11.6°, Locarno is the warmest of all Swiss meteorological stations.

Until a short while ago, June, it was cloudless, the grass dry and yellowish; at six in the morning, when Geiser attempted to attack the grass with a scythe, the sun itself was not yet visible, just its rays on the peaks and ridges of the mountains, the valley still in a blue shadow; shortly after seven o'clock, there was a flash on the scythe, and suddenly it was hot, a day of biting flies, lizards, butterflies—summer as usual, summer lightning in the evening, no rain, or just a few drops, the following morning also blue and hot, the white cumulus clouds dry as cotton wool. For weeks the use of a garden hose was forbidden, the soil gray and cracked. The little brook below the church was without water, a dry stone bed.

Exceptional water levels as the result of continuous rainfall were registered in 1764 (6.20 metres above normal), 1807, 1812, 1817, 1824, 1829, 1834, 1840, 1855, 1868, and 1907; the most severe flooding during the XIXth century occurred in the years 1807, 1829, 1834, 1840, and—severest of all—1868 (on October 3/4, 7 metres above normal).

The historian Raul has recorded floods in the XIIth century (1177) in which the water level rose 10.8 metres above normal.

Geiser knew at one time what caused tides, just as he knew about volcanoes, mountain ranges, etc. But when did the first mammals emerge? Instead of this, one knows how many litres of heating oil the tank contains, the time of the first and last mail bus—that is, when the highway is not blocked. When did man first emerge, and why? Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, etc., but no idea how many millions of years the various eras lasted.

Among the living creatures of the Triassic period the ammonites and the belemnites, amphibians, and especially reptiles attained great variety and widespread distribution, including very large forms, such as the long-extinct dinosaurs. There were also small types of mammals (*see* Triassic Era) and birds (*see* Jurassic Era). From the Jurassic onward there was a visible division into climatic zones. Plant life, showing a more marked development than animal life, was in the late Permian era already showing many Mesozoic characteristics. In the Cretaceous (*see* Cretaceous System) it was enriched by deciduous trees, which made their appearance from the very first in huge numbers. Today's mainlands began to assume shape in the Late Cretaceous, and in the Mesozoic geosynclines the mountains of the Alps were already beginning to form, reaching their full development in the early **Cainozoic (Neolithic;** *see* Cainozoic Era). In the Tertiary (*see* Tertiary Era) mammalia developed in great variety, while many of the reptile groups, ammonites, etc., disappeared. In the early Tertiary, conditions, including the climatic, came closer to those prevailing today, but the Quaternary (*see* Ice Age) has left its imprint on many parts of the earth's surface. According to present views, man first made his appearance in the Pleistocene (*see* Old Stone Age); the geological present is termed the Holocene (*q.v.*).

It is not enough for Geiser to draw a line with his ballpoint pen against passages in this book or that worth remembering. Within an hour his memory of them has become hazy; names and dates in particular refuse to stick. The things he does not wish to forget he must write down in his own hand on pieces of paper, which he must then affix to the wall. There are thumbtacks enough in the house.

CAMBRIAN	100,000,000 YEARS
SILURIAN	70,000,000
DEVONIAN	80,000,000
CARBONIFEROUS	75,000,000
PERMIAN	75,000,000
TRIASSIC	80,000,000
JURASSIC	70,000,000
CRETACEOUS	20,000,000
TERTIARY	60,000,000
QUATERNARY	1,000,000

Two of the letters Geiser has written since Sunday are already out of date, since the news of a landslide turned out to be incorrect, and the third letter, to his daughter in Basel, will sound absurd if mail deliveries are restored tomorrow or the day after; there are sentences in it that sound like Captain Scott in his tent.

And all it is doing is raining.

One can watch television, Televisione Svizzera Italiana, though the reception is bad: at the moment tennis is being played in London; the shadows of the players can be seen clearly on the grass, then it suddenly flickers, and when Geiser turns the knobs the picture suddenly slides off the screen. The sound is still there, overloud, but the picture slips slowly or swiftly upward or downward, and in the end there is nothing but a tangle of black-and-white stripes.

In London the sun is shining.

Actually, nothing much can happen even if it keeps on raining for weeks or months; the village lies on a slope, the water is running off, one can hear it gurgling around the house.

At least no mist today—

The valley looks unharmed.

The hot plate is not heating up—

A lake, the color of brown clay, gradually filling the valley, a lake without a name, its water level rising day by day and also during the nights, joining up with the rising lakes in the other valleys until the Alps become an archipelago, a group of rocky islands with glaciers overhanging the sea—impossible to imagine that.

In London the sun is shining.

Actually, Geiser is not feeling hungry; it does not matter if the soup, the minestrone that the solar investigator's wife brought along, stays cold—

Probably the whole village is without electricity.

The icebox has not yet started to smell bad, but the butter is soft and runny; obviously the power has been off for some time. The cheese is sweating. Though not really hungry, he eats the last egg, raw—with some revulsion, since it is not chilled.

The fuses are all in order.

Water in the cellar is not unusual when it has been raining a long time; the gravel floor gets damp because the water seeps up from the slopes.

Also, the boiler is not working.

Plenty of wood in the house.

When the highway is not blocked by bad weather, one can reach Basel in five hours, Milan in three, the nearest drugstore in half an hour—

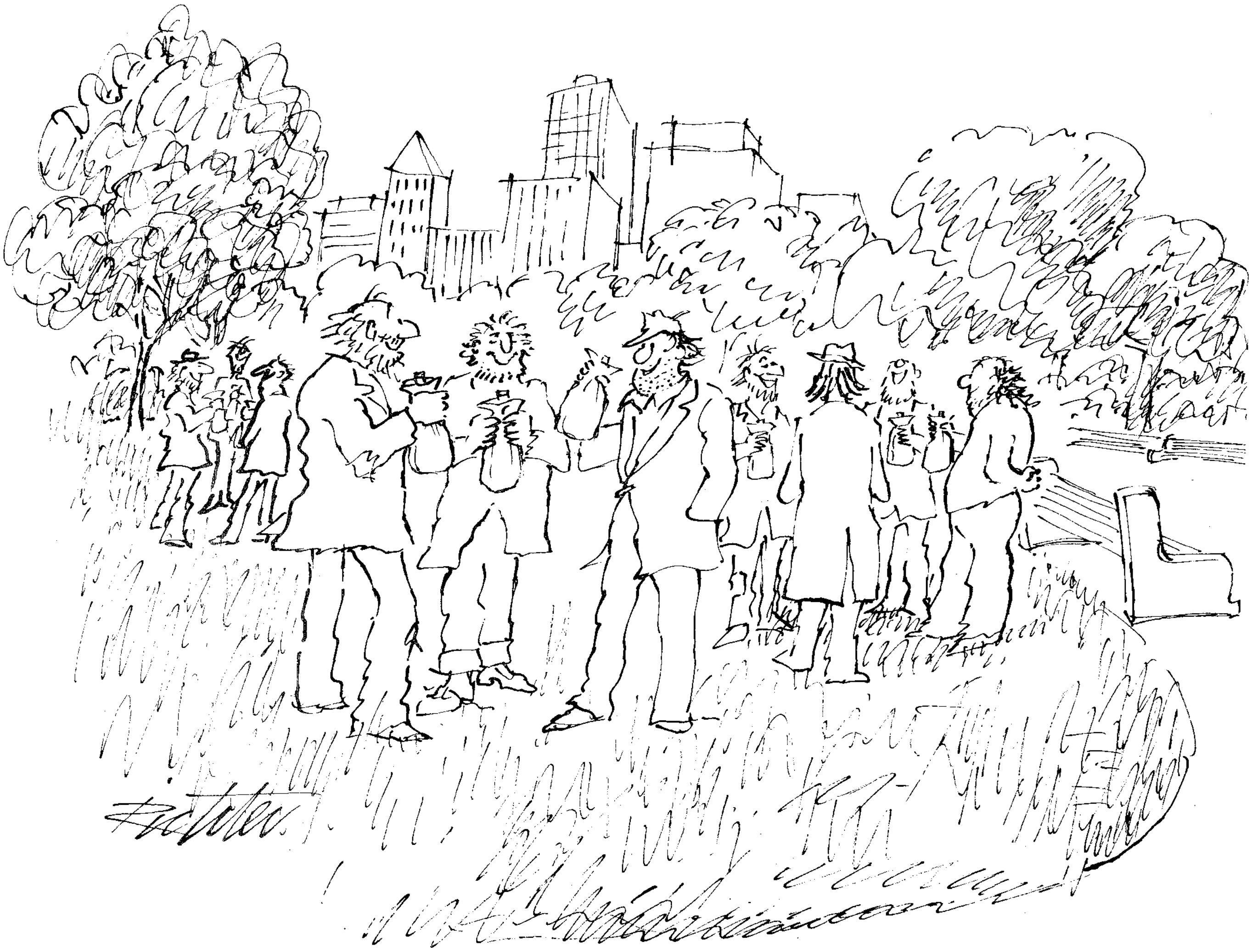
One is not at the end of the world!

(—as Elsbeth often used to say).

Luckily, there is not very much in the freezer, which is not working: three cutlets, meat for stuffings, a chop, packages of spinach, a meat loaf for unexpected guests, raspberries in packages, two trout, five sausages. Greenish and reddish drops are exuding from the packages: the meat, usually hard as iron, is flabby, and the trout are repulsive to the touch, the sausages soft as slugs. Geiser knows that foods once thawed out must not be refrozen, so there is no need to waste time in thought—they must be put in a bag and given away in the village, and the sooner the better.

Unfortunately, the rain is streaming down again.

The villagers, too, are without electricity, but confident that this cannot last very much longer, that any minute, as it were, the electricity must come on again—



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The church clock has also stopped.

Not even old Ettore, the laborer who has been working all his life on supporting walls, public and otherwise, seriously believes that the whole mountain could ever begin to slide; he just grins through his stubbly white beard. To Geiser's face, the villagers are friendly, and they thank him for the meat, but basically they consider everybody not born in the valley to be either rich or a bit crazy.

Il Professore di Basilea

That is what they call Geiser, because outside his house he always wears a tie; in fact, they know very well that he is not a professor, and what he once was can be seen on his tax return.

Che tempo, che tempo!

That is all they can think of to say.

When the sun is shining on the granite roofs, when the gutters are not overflowing, when the old walls are not wet, when there are no puddles, when it is not dripping and gurgling everywhere, when the sunflowers are not snapped in the middle, when the church tower rises into a blue sky, when the only splashing comes from the fountain, when one is not picking one's way through rivulets, when the surrounding mountains are not gray—then it is a picturesque village.

Today not a dog barking.

It is not until Geiser gets back to his house with the empty bag, places his dripping umbrella in the entrance hall, takes off his wet shoes, that it occurs to him he could have roasted the meat over the open fire himself—at least the meat loaf, which could also be eaten cold.

One is becoming stupid—!

Even in normal circumstances there are not many lights to be seen during the night—two street lamps (five in the winter, when there are no leaves to hide them) and a few living-room lights in the village; in fine weather one faint light from a lonely farm on the slope opposite. Now not a single light throughout the valley.

AT THE END OF THE ICE AGE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA WAS AT LEAST 100 METRES LOWER THAN TODAY.

ALWAYS BE PREPARED.

SPEED OF LIGHTNING: 100,000 KILOMETRES PER SECOND. INTENSITY OF CURRENT: 20 TO 180,000 AMPERES

CHANGING OF HUMAN BEINGS INTO ANIMALS, TREES, STONE, ETC.
SEE: METAMORPHOSIS / MYTH.

STONE AGE: 6000-4000 B.C.
NEOLITHIC AGE: TO 1800 B.C.

More kinds of thunder:

10.
Groaning or lath thunder: a short, high-pitched crack, as if one were

snapping a lath, then a groan, short or prolonged; as a rule, lath thunder is the first to be heard in an approaching storm.

11.
Chatter thunder.

12.
Cushion thunder: this sounds exactly like a housewife beating a cushion with hands flat.

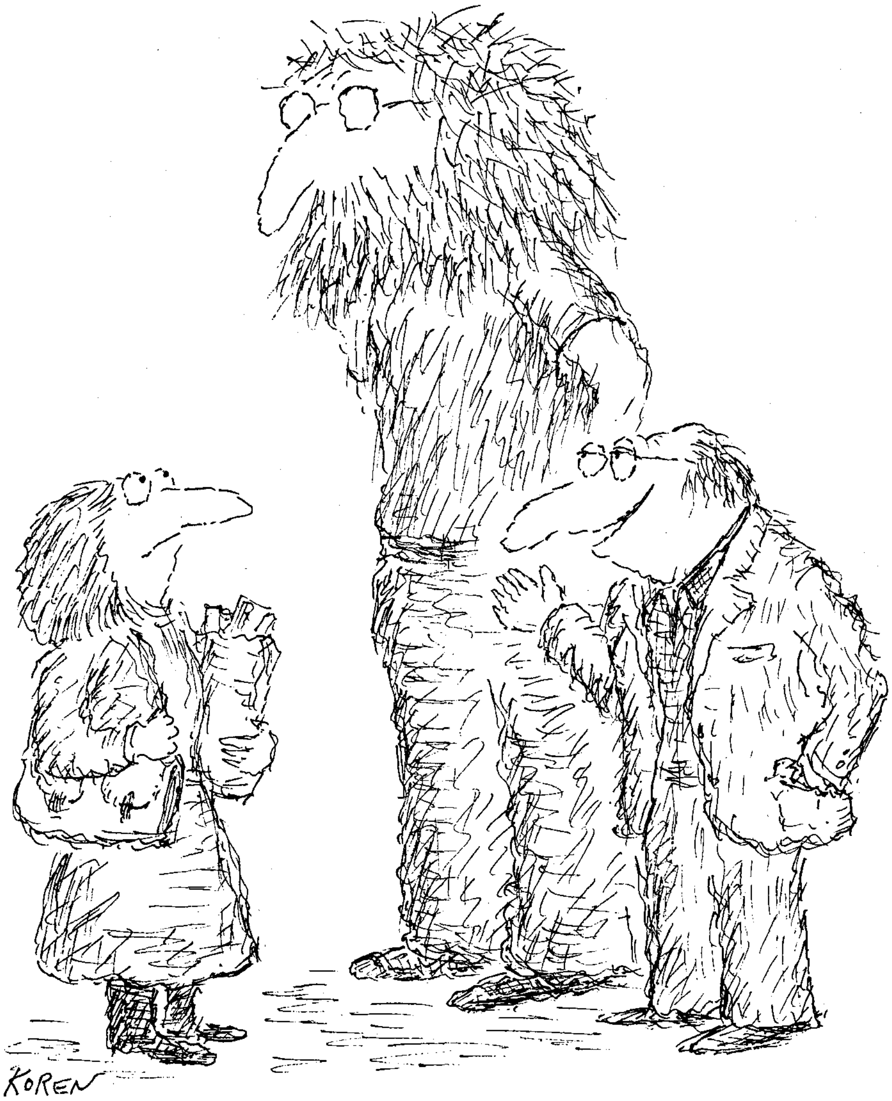
13.
Skid thunder: this leads one to expect either bump or drum thunder, but before the windows begin to rattle the noise slips over to the other side of the valley, where it coughs itself out, as it were.

14.
Crackle thunder.

15.
Screech or bottle thunder, often more frightening than blast thunder, though it does not make the windows rattle. This belongs to the unexpected thunders: one has seen no lightning flash, yet suddenly there is a shrill, splintering noise, like a case of empty bottles falling down steps.

16.
Whispering thunder,
etc.

Geiser has not yet reached the point of talking to the cat when she rubs against his trouser legs. She has already had the last sardines and the remains of the milk from a can, too; not even this was to her liking, and now she sits crouched in the middle of the room with narrowed eyes, waiting. Obviously, she has found nothing on the grounds—no birds, not even lizards. Anchovies she finds too salty. When Geiser lifts her by the scruff of the neck (which does not hurt cats) and puts her in the cellar, where she will perhaps think of looking for mice, she yowls behind the door until Geiser lets her out again. Immediately she starts rubbing against his trouser legs. She just cannot understand that there is no more meat to be had.



"I'm sure you don't recognize my son."

The television has stopped working, too, of course.

No idea what is happening in the world.

The last news reports Geiser heard were bad, as usual, ranging from assassinations to unemployment statistics; here and there some government minister resigning, but there is no real reason to suppose that today's news would have been any better. All the same, one feels easier in one's mind when one knows from day to day that life is still going on.

Impossible to work in the garden.

One cannot spend the whole day reading.

The church bell, which chimes at seven in the morning and six in the evening, can be worked by hand, and old Felice is taking care of that, as usual; the older he gets, the shorter the chimes—

On the other hand, the clock has stopped striking the hours.

There is nothing to do but read.

Geiser is not in fact expecting a visitor, but somebody could have come to the front door. The bell does not work, of course, without electricity, and so it seems advisable to pin a piece of paper to the door—better still, a piece of stiff cardboard:

SONO IN CASA!

Or perhaps it should be:

SONO A CASA

(Elsbeth would have known.)

PLEASE KNOCK!

I AM AT HOME

Or just factual:

CAMPANELLO NON FUNZIONA

So now that is done.

And it is still only morning—

Geiser is not usually one of those people who become bored without a business to manage, when the telephone is not ringing all day; there is always something to do or to think about when one lives alone.

At times the encyclopedia offers precious little information.

> The best way to avoid being struck by **lightning** is to remain inside a house fitted with a lightning conductor (*q.v.*). In the open air it is advisable to keep away from trees (of all kinds), fences, and enclosures made of metal. Protection against the indirect effects of lightning through current transmitted via the soil (dangerous up to 40 metres away) is best afforded by a metal net or pieces of metal laid on or under the soil.

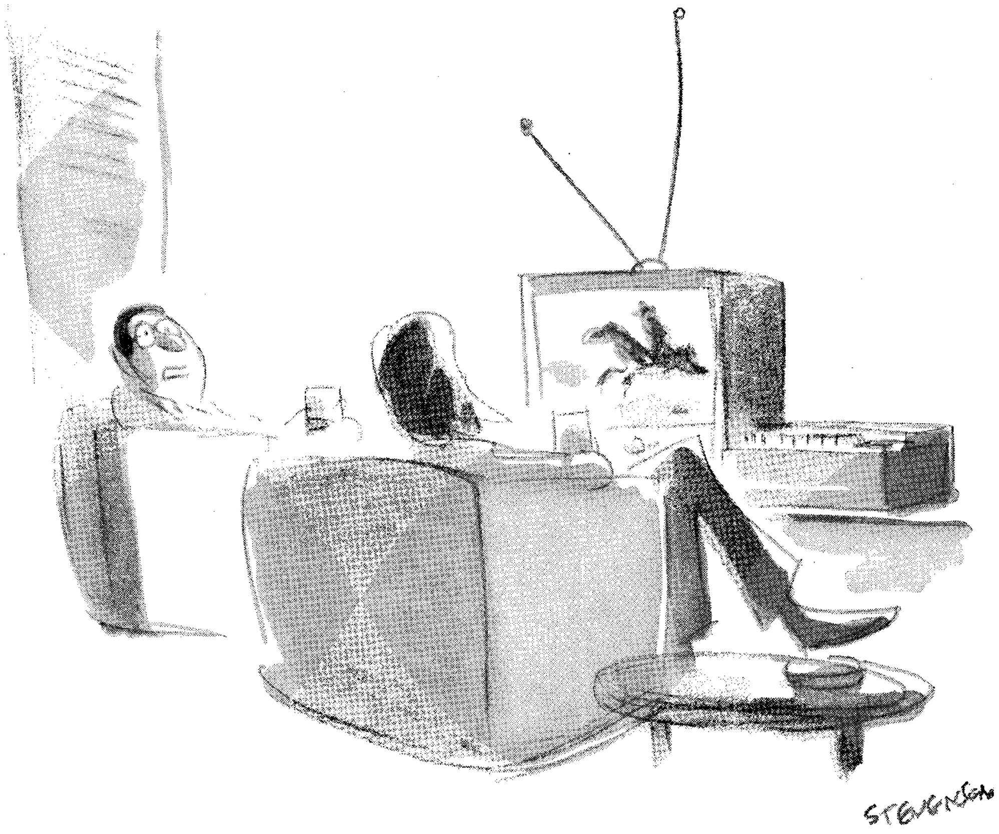
There is no fear of a food shortage, though the little grocery store in the village does not have much in stock: salt, baking powder, onions, lemonade, laundry powder, tea, slug pellets, etc.; the butter is all gone, as are the eggs, and there is no milk even in cans. Obviously, people have already started hoarding. Luckily, there are still matches to be had—one box per customer! The little store has never stocked meat, except for smoked bacon, and that is all gone. Canned meat, which Geiser does not usually like, is also gone. The cats in this district are seldom eaten.

CHE TEMPO, CHE TEMPO!

The little carpentry shop below the village is still open, the wet sawdust in front of the workshop dark in color, like tea leaves. Not much ever goes on there; the saw is not heard every day.

At the moment the rain has almost stopped.

Here and there on the asphalt lumps of clay, rivulets, but no boulders. A yellow snowplow is standing where it always stands in summer. It is a comfort to Geiser to see no cracks in the asphalt. Somewhere along his way a Dutch family in blue oilskins, their faces pale but cheerful. Not a word of greeting. They have a summer house here, and for four weeks of the year a Dutch flag is hoisted, even when it is raining. Their dog is wearing a blue oilskin, too. Otherwise, there is no one out-of-doors. A construction site: no work in progress, since the workers from Novara have not arrived; planks floating in the cellar; sacks of cement lying in a puddle—the tarpaulin that was supposed to protect them from the rain has been blown away.



"Do I have to watch this, or are we taping it for later?"

• •

Geiser has his umbrella.

Unfortunately, he has forgotten the field glasses.

Once before, in 1970, a piece of the highway below the village vanished in a landslide; on the following morning the iron railings were hanging twisted over the ravine. All through the summer traffic was held up by repair work, but it was not blocked entirely. Landslides like that have always occurred in this district—

Somewhere along his way three drenched sheep.

There is no point in asking why Geiser, a citizen of Basel, settled in this valley; he just did.

People can grow old anywhere.

Now and again Geiser stops: the gray sound of rushing waters from the ravine—but the iron railings are still there. When one can walk without an umbrella, when there are not puddles everywhere, when drops are not falling from every fir tree, and when the woods on the opposite slope are not black and the mountains wrapped in cloud, when one can work in the garden, when there are butterflies, when one hears bees and in the night a little owl, when one can stand beside the stream with a fishing rod and is in good health, consequently content, though hooking nothing all day, and when the highway is not blocked, allowing one to leave the valley thrice daily, then it is a picturesque valley—otherwise, German and Dutch people would not come here summer after summer.

The neighboring village is also undamaged.

Puddles here, too—

No dogs in the street—

The post office is open, but Geiser has no letters to send, and the man behind the counter has nothing new to tell, though he lives in hope, he says with a laugh.

RISTORANTE DELLA POSTA

The red tables in front of it are gleaming wet; a truck that is unable to leave the valley is also gleaming and dripping, standing there for a week loaded with empty bottles:

Birra Bellinzona

The church clock here has also stopped.

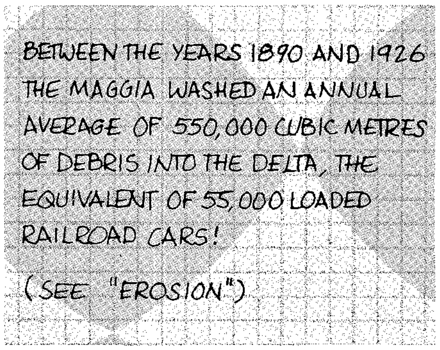
The store in which Geiser had hoped to buy matches is closed, the doorbell not working, but matches can be bought in the tavern; no need to sit down to swallow a quick schnapps and then, while paying, to ask casually what day it is.

Why is the landlord so friendly?

So it is Saturday—

That is all Geiser wished to know.

It is a gloomy tavern when one cannot sit outside, and what the few people at the tables are saying is nothing new. A bad year for wine; even for mushrooms the summer has been too wet. Nobody is reckoning on another Flood. The local youngsters, prevented from driving to work in the valley, are obviously set to spend all day working the noisy soccer machine. A second schnapps, courtesy of the landlord, takes up little more of the afternoon. The youngsters are loud in their enjoyment; the erosion going on outside does not worry them in the least.



BETWEEN THE YEARS 1890 AND 1926 THE MAGGIA WASHED AN ANNUAL AVERAGE OF 550,000 CUBIC METRES OF DEBRIS INTO THE DELTA, THE EQUIVALENT OF 55,000 LOADED RAILROAD CARS!

(SEE "EROSION")

Chopping firewood with an axe, carrying a basketful of it into the living room, then lighting a fire in the grate, carrying one bucket after another up to the bathroom, taking care not to trip on the stairs with the scalding water, pouring bucket after bucket into the bathtub, which in half an hour is still not full, not even half full, so that the water always cools before there is enough for a bath—in the end, it is not even lukewarm; and other irritations—

A small apartment in Basel would be more comfortable.

It was not to drink schnapps but to buy matches, a reserve of matches, that Geiser had walked to the next village, and in the tavern he forgot to buy the matches.

Obviously, brain cells are ceasing to function.

More serious than the collapse of a dry-stone wall would be a crack across the grounds, narrow at first, no broader than a hand, but a crack—

(That is the way landslides begin—cracks appearing noiselessly, not widening, or hardly at all, for weeks on end, until suddenly, when one is least expecting it, the whole slope below the crack begins to slide, carrying even forests and all else that is not firm rock down with it.)

One must be prepared for everything.

For a moment, viewed through the window, it really looked like a crack no broader than a hand across the entire grounds—

Even field glasses can deceive.

When Geiser went out into the wet grounds to find out what he must be prepared for, it turned out to be a track made by the cat through the tall grass.

Autumn crocuses already in August.

A huge crack in the cliff behind the village, rising almost vertically up to the gray clouds, is from neither yesterday nor today; there are fir trees growing in it. A crack from gray, prehistoric ages. At no time within human memory has a village in this valley been overwhelmed, and in a place where rocks once fell, burying some farm buildings, no new building was ever erected. The local people know their valley.

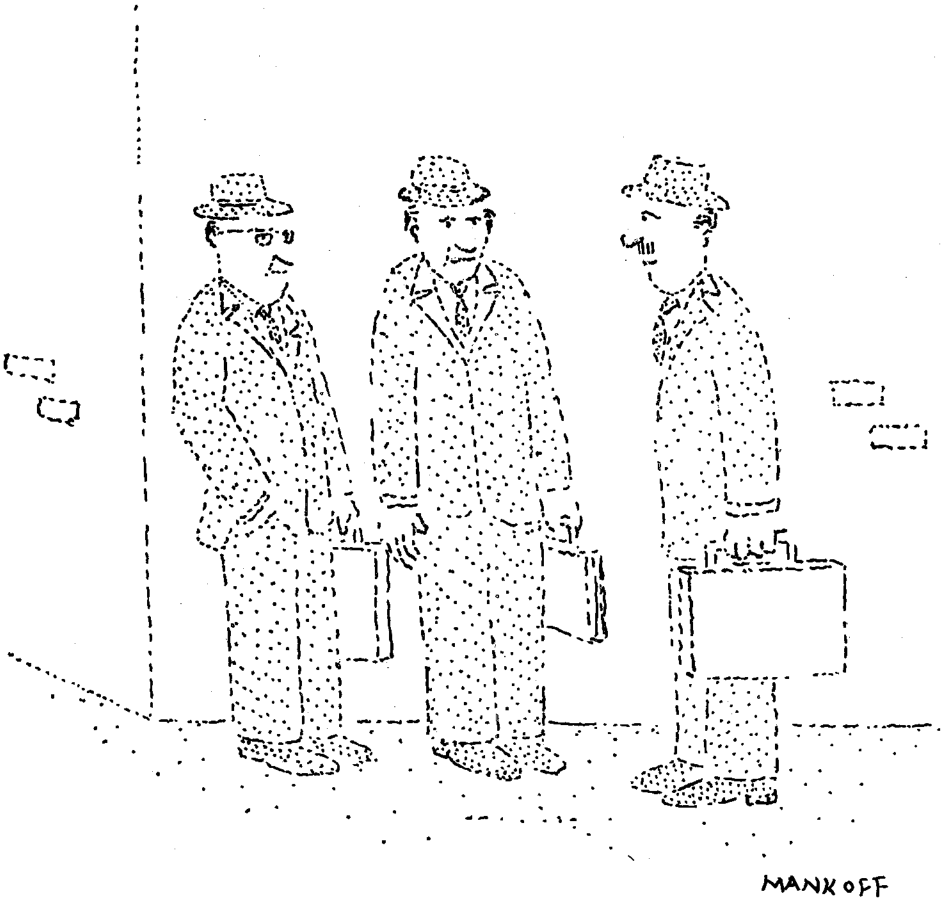
What the field glasses reveal to him:

Walls of rock, stubborn as ever and always—

Not everything that Geiser described as granite in the first years—above all to his wife but also to guests from the city who had no interest in stone—is in fact granite. Geiser has meanwhile come to know this, and not only through his son-in-law, who always knows everything.

Walls of rock, then; stone—

(Parts of them are indeed granite.)



Savory Types

An hour with the field glasses is enough to convince him that there is no new crack in the high and almost vertical cliff that is the only thing capable of burying the village; recent fractures would be lighter in color, gray and not faded like the whole rock face. The things that here and there looked at first glance like splits are shown by the field glasses to be black streaks on the smooth wall, discolorations caused by permanent rivulets, presumably algae. The ridge, the highest point, is, admittedly, hidden in the clouds, but Geiser knows it by heart: it is a sharp ridge free of loose debris, jagged for countless millennia, mountains that towered above the glaciers of the Ice Age, a trustworthy rock.

1)
COARSE, OCCASIONALLY PORPHYROID
GNEISS

2)
MICA SCHIST ALTERNATING WITH GNEISS,
GRANITIC AND AMPHIBOLITIC ZONES,
WITH GRANULAR LIMESTONE (MARBLE)

3)
LAMINAR SLATE / SHALE

4)
MASSIVE OR AMPHIBOLITIC LAYERS
OF FELDSPAR

5)
QUARTZ (VEINS, LAYERS)

It is idiotic to write out in one's own hand (in the evenings by candlelight) things already in print. Why not use scissors to cut out items that are worth remembering and deserve a place on the wall? Geiser is surprised that he did not think of this before. There are scissors in the house; all he has to do is find them. Quite apart from the fact that print is easier to read than an old man's handwriting—though he has taken the trouble to use block letters—no one has that much time.

Geological Formations, layers that are clearly distinguished from the stratifications beneath and above them by the petrified animals and plants (*see* Characteristic Fossils) within them and that represent a (stratigraphic) unit. Among these belong the igneous rocks, which evolved at the same time. Related G.F. evolving successively are bracketed together in **formation groups.** Formations and formation groups reflect periods of the earth's history and are in consequence used as descriptions of time, the G.F. in the sense of periods, the formation groups in the sense of **geological eras.**

The glaciers of the Ice Age transformed these mountain ranges by acting on peaks and valleys according to new principles. Ravines, niches, sinkholes, and cirques were carved out at the head of the valleys, and the peaks, already shaped into ridges, sharpened still further. The massive rivers of ice transformed the valleys themselves into broad, U-shaped troughs. Large glaciers exerted more pressure than small ones, so that the main valleys generally lie deeper than the subsidiary ones. In many parts of the Alps individual mountains, all of them once covered with glaciers, reveal traces not only of the grinding and polishing effect of glaciers but also of erosion as a result of splitting or fracturing: round, knobbed slopes standing out against the sharp and jagged ridges that the glaciers left untouched; on flatter surfaces basins forming shallow lakes; features known as *roches moutonnées*, outcrops of rock with smooth reflecting surfaces, frequently striated by rough stones; scarred glacial scourings; here and there moraines in the form of dams, more often valley flanks adorned with moraines.

Such complicated structures are the result of prolonged development. As with all other mountain ranges formed in the same period (Alpine), this process extends over a whole series of geolog. formations and can be divided up into various fold-forming phases. The first orogenic movements occurred at the height of the Triassic period, also the Liassic. Several marked phases occurred in the Upper Cretaceous and in the Tertiary, and movements have been continuing through the Diluvian (*see* Ice Age) up to the present day.

The Diluvian ice sheet that rose even above the lower passes, leaving only the highest peaks jutting out like islands, did not begin to disappear until the arrival of the warm interglacial period, and disappeared completely only in the postglacial. It was then transformed into the present-day valley glaciers, hanging glaciers on the upper slopes, cirque glaciers in the hollows; a number of plateau glaciers have also been formed. This recent type of glaciation, now swiftly retreating, is responsible, along with the peak formations, the valleys and their openings, the crevices and ravines, the waterfalls cascading over the trough walls, and the lakes, for the remarkable scenic beauty of the Alps. The glacial undermining of the slopes combined with the disappearance of glacial buttressing has led to many landslides. The basinlike character of the trough valleys has been to some extent obliterated by erosion of the higher peaks and the consequent transfer of rock to the lower regions. This is the cause of marked silting in the larger valleys, where the mud flow frequently presents a danger to human settlements.

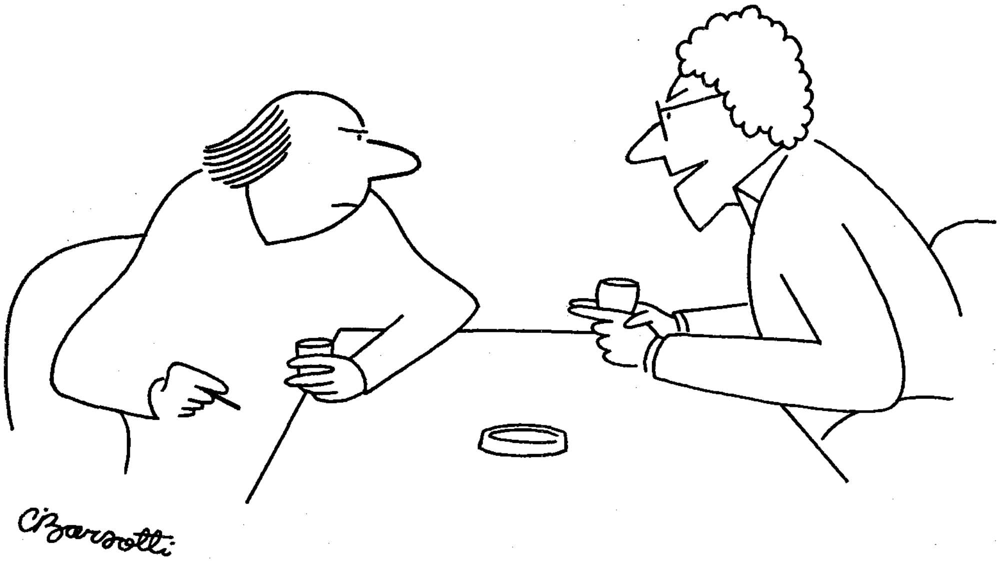
What Elsbeth would have said about these notes on the wall, growing daily more numerous, whether she would have put up with thumbtacks stuck in the panelling, is an idle question—

Geiser is a widower.

Not all the walls in the house are suitable for thumbtacks. They stick in the plaster only now and then, and are by no means to be trusted; if one takes a hammer to them, they just buckle and fall to the floor, leaving holes in the white plaster, which would certainly not have enchanted Elsbeth, and all for nothing; not one slip of paper remains on the wall. The best surface is panelling, in which a single thumbtack is enough, but only the living room is panelled—

Elsbeth would have shaken her head.

And this is only the beginning; the walls in the living room will provide nowhere near enough space, particularly since his paper slips must be affixed neither too high nor too low; otherwise, every time Geiser forgets what he so carefully cut out an hour ago, he will have to climb on a chair or crouch on his heels to read his pieces of paper. This is not only laborious, it also prevents an over-all review, and once already the chair has nearly capsized. Where, for example, is the information about the conjectured brain of Neanderthal man? Instead, one finds oneself back with the drawing of the golden section. Where is the information about mutations, chromosomes, etc.? It is all so exasperating; Geiser is quite certain that there is an item somewhere about quantum theory (as if it were not difficult enough to copy out texts full of foreign scientific words, sometimes even two or three times in order to get them right). What belongs where? Some slips, especially the larger ones, start to curl when they have been on the wall for a while; they refuse to lie flat. That presents another difficulty. To read them, one has to use both hands. Some curl at the bottom, others at the sides. There is nothing one can do



"Look, the industry itself has a bad reputation, but within that framework my reputation is good."

• •

about it. Each day they curl more and more (probably because of the humidity), and there is no glue in the house; otherwise he could stick them to the wall, though that would have the added disadvantage of making it impossible for him to replace an item when a new and more important one was discovered. The golden section, for instance, is not particularly important, and he can remember how many people there are in the canton of Ticino, how high the Matterhorn is (4,477 metres above sea level), or when the Vikings reached Iceland. He is not as decrepit as all that. The paper slips will lie flat only if one uses four thumbtacks on each, but his supply is not large. So they will just have to curl; when one opens a window, creating a draft, the whole wall flutters and rustles.

It is no longer a living room.

So far Geiser has hesitated to take down Elsbeth's portrait (in oil) from the wall to make room for more items. But now there is no other way.

Weakness of memory is the deterioration of the faculty of recalling earlier experiences. In psychopathology a distinction is made between this and deterioration of the faculty of adding new experiences to the store of memories, though the distinction is only one of degree. In the brain diseases of old age (senility, hardening of the arteries in the brain) and other brain diseases, it is the latter faculty that deteriorates first.

Sometimes Geiser writes notes on things he believes he knows, without consulting an encyclopedia—things that also deserve a place on the wall, so that he will not forget them:

THE CELLS MAKING UP THE HUMAN BODY, INCLUDING THE BRAIN, CONSIST MAINLY OF WATER

THE EARTH IS NOT A PERFECT SPHERE

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN AN EARTHQUAKE IN TICINO

FISH DO NOT SLEEP

THE SUM TOTAL OF ENERGY IS CONSTANT

HUMAN BEINGS ARE THE ONLY LIVING CREATURES WITH AN AWARENESS OF HISTORY

SNAKES HAVE NO HEARING

¾ OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE IS WATER

EUROPE AND AMERICA MOVE TWO CENTIMETRES AWAY FROM EACH OTHER EVERY YEAR, WHILE ENTIRE CONTINENTS (ATLANTIS) HAVE ALREADY DISAPPEARED

SINCE WHEN HAVE WORDS EXISTED?

THE UNIVERSE IS EXPANDING

Sunday:
10:00
Rain as cobwebs over the grounds.
10:40
Rain as pearls on the windowpane.
11:30
Rain as silence; not a bird twittering, not a dog barking in the village, the noiseless splashing in the puddles, raindrops gliding slowly down the wires.
11:50
No rain.
1:00
Rain invisible to the eye, but, stretching a hand out the window, one feels it on one's skin.
3:10
Rain as a hissing sound in the leaves of the chestnut tree.
3:20
Rain like cobwebs.
4:00
No rain, just the ivy dripping.
5:30
Rain with wind, drumming on the windowpanes, splashing on the granite table outside. This now looks black; the splashes look like white narcissus.
6:00
Gurgling sounds around the house again.
7:30
No rain, but mist.
11:00
Rain as a glittering in the beam of a flashlight.

At least it is not snowing.

In winter, when it is snowing the valley is black—the blackness of the asphalt between the mounds of snow pushed aside by the snowplow. The blackness of footprints in the wet snow as it thaws, of wet granite. Snow plops down from the wires; the wires are black. Snow in the woods, snow on the ground and on branches, but the trunks are black. There is also snow on the roofs; the chimneys are black. Only the mail bus remains yellow. It has chains on its wheels; the track they leave is black. Here and there a red willow, almost the color of a fox, the bracken rusty, and when the streams are not frozen the water black among snow-covered stones. The skies like ashes or lead; and the snow-covered mountains behind the black woods do not look white, just pale. All the birds black in flight. The undersides of the gutters are black with raindrops. The branches of the fir trees are green, but the fir cones look black against the snow. The crosses in the churchyard are mostly black. Even the sheep in the grounds are not white but a dirty gray. A white snowman with a carrot for a nose, built for the grandchildren, stands on black moss. The shoes one afterward places beside the radiator are black with wet. When it is not snowing, one can often go walking without a coat, so warm is it at midday; Mediterranean skies. No foliage—one sees more of the rock than in summer, and when it is dry the rock looks silvery gray. The vines are bare, the slopes of dried-up bracken brown, interspersed with the white trunks of birch trees. It is only the nights that are cold; during the day the soil beneath the rustling leaves of autumn remains frozen, but it is sometimes possible at Christmas to drink coffee out-of-doors in the sunshine. The glaciers, which once stretched as far as Milan, are now in retreat everywhere; on the shadowed slopes the last rags of grimy snow have melted by May at the latest, even on the highest points. Just one ravine, which the sun hardly ever reaches, retains the remnants of avalanches a little longer; but these vanish, too. All in all, a green valley. When the canton's yellow bulldozer comes along to widen the highway here and there, one can see moraine, debris from the huge glaciers of the Ice Age; the moraine so hard that it has to be blasted. Men blow three times on a little horn and wave a red flag, and shortly afterward the bits come rattling down, pebbles and gravel from the Ice Age.

The village lies on a narrow ledge covered with ground moraine, the remains of a former valley bed that can be traced as far as Spruga.

This morning one can imagine for minutes on end that there is a shadow beneath the large fir tree—and at once two or three birds start twittering on the grounds; despite isolated showers, which glisten, it seems quite likely that the sun may suddenly burst through. The clouds, though they do not lift from the upper slopes, even during the afternoon, are fluffy and not really gray; indeed, here and there they show a bluish tint. Only the fir tree is still wet and black. All the same, one has the feeling of knowing just where the sun is behind the clouds, and for the first time in a week one can imagine that tomorrow or the day after (what is one day more or less?) the sun will be shining.

The sound of rushing waters is still coming from the ravine.

But in the evening, when Geiser returns to the window to look out for the moon, gray vapors are rising once more from the lower valley. It is not raining, but clouds keep drifting across; some break up into ragged wisps against the slopes and vanish again, but others do not. A quarter of an hour later the fir tree is no longer to be seen.

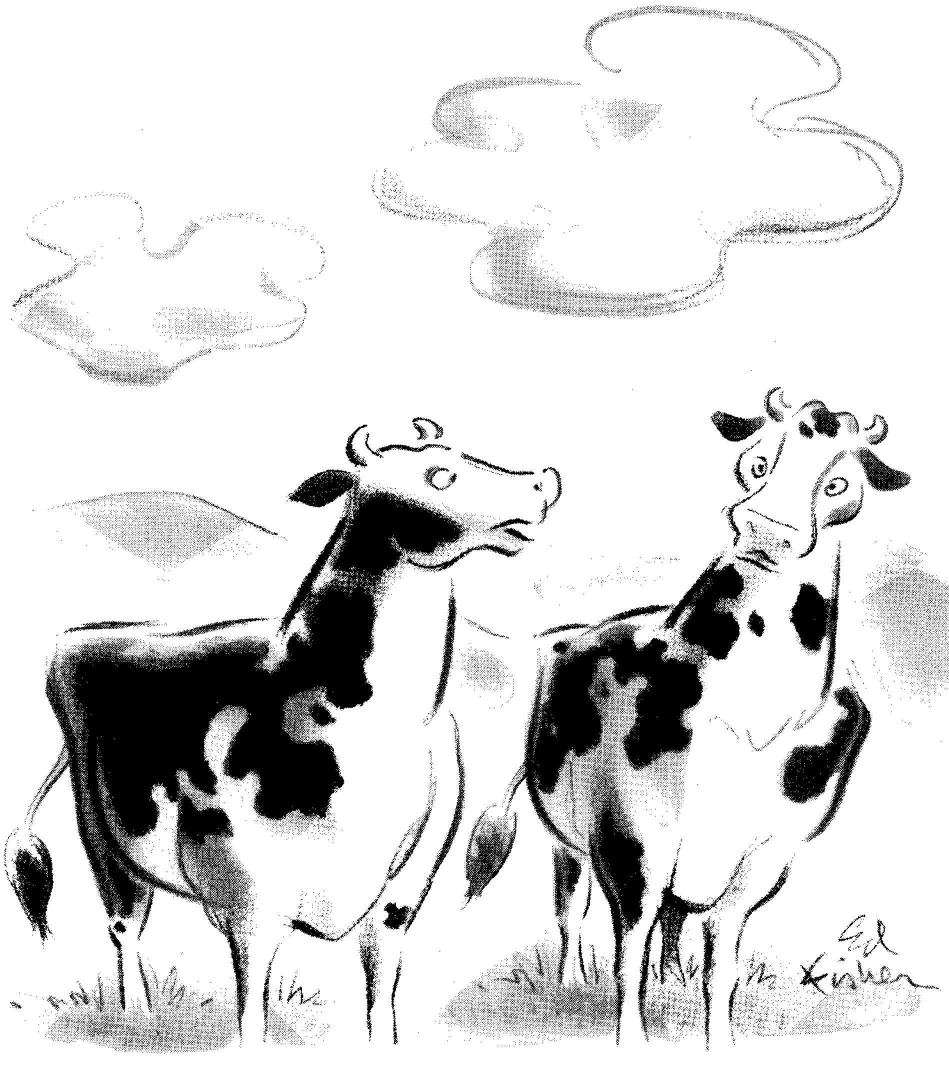
TRAINS WITH CONNECTIONS IN BELLINZONA

LOCARNO	BASEL
0943	1426
1157	1616
1548	2019
1806	2227
2329	0412

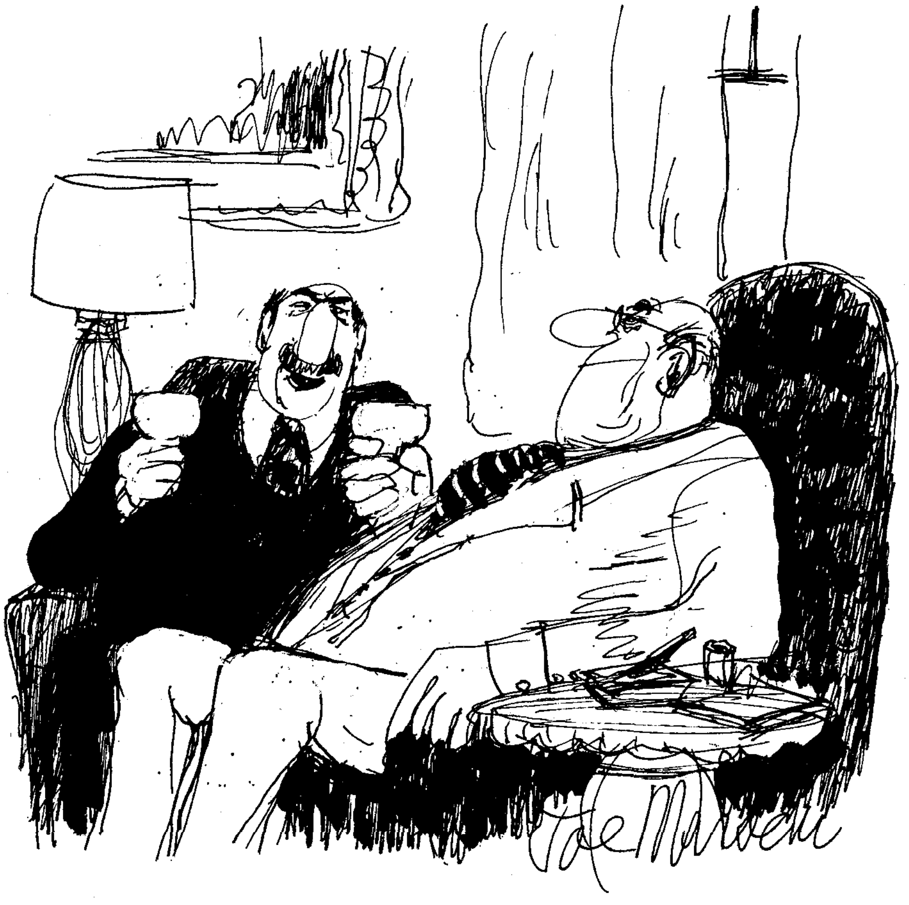
The valley has only the one highway, which has many curves but is protected almost everywhere by iron railings: a narrow but good highway that unnerves only foreigners—particularly Dutchmen. Fatal accidents are much rarer than one would think when seeing this highway for the first time. The constant awareness of ravines on the one side and rocks with sharp edges on the other, the feeling that the iron railings would not resist the impact of a car encourage drivers to be cautious and alert. When two cars are unable to pass, the driver coming from above must back his vehicle up to a place where he can pull over. An old laborer takes care of the highway year after year, cutting back the proliferating bracken on the slopes, clearing away the stones that have fallen on the asphalt, in the fall sweeping up the wet leaves. State and canton do everything to insure that the valley does not die; mail bus thrice daily.

All in all, no deserted valley.

There are snakes—grass snakes, which are harmless, and various kinds of vipers, among them asps—but whole summers can go by without one's seeing even a grass snake; one just hears a rustling in the nettles. The valley is swarming with lizards, which are also harmless; they bask on the stone windowsills and flit up and down the walls of the house. There are no longer any bears or wild boars, foxes are rare, and there are not even rumors of wolves. Summer visitors from the big cities claiming to have seen an eagle on their rambles cannot be taken seriously; the last eagle observed over this valley is now hanging in the smoky saloon of a tavern, where it has been since the



"No, we're Holsteins. Bösendorfer is a piano."



"Call me a sentimental fool, but I still worship the almighty dollar."

• •

First World War. Higher up the slopes there are said to be marmots. Cows are few and far between; since the slopes are so steep, it is more a valley for sheep and goats and hens.

Garbage collection is a recent innovation.

Only a short while ago people were still throwing their rubbish down the slope beside the church: bottles, old rags, cans, and worn-out shoes, boxes, pans, stockings, etc., some of which got caught in the bushes.

The local people are Catholics.

There is little to suggest that the valley might once have been occupied by the Romans. No Roman paving stones, let alone the remains of an arena. Forest and debris had no appeal for the medieval overlords, either; they preferred to set up their strongholds down on the plain or beside the lakes, where ownership was more rewarding. No Visconti or Sforza has ever trodden this valley. No robber baron has left even a tower behind. No place name commemorates a victory or a defeat; neither Hannibal nor Suvorov came this way.

A valley without through traffic.

Now and again one hears the flickering sound of a helicopter transporting building materials; somewhere construction work is still going on.

Otherwise, little happens.

In earlier times the people lived by basketwork—a cottage industry using child labor—but then cheap Japanese work took over the market in Milan.

The young people leave the valley.

There are no plans for a reservoir.

It is almost impossible to find a local person to mow a pensioner's lawn. Even grass has lost its value. All the same, the price of land is rising here, too; owning land makes one feel safer, even when there is no profit to be made from it. Figs do not ripen, but grapes do. Many of the chestnut trees are cankered. In the fall men come to cut them down; one hears the whine of their power saws for days on end, though one never sees the men working in the woods.

All in all, a quiet valley.

What Geiser values most is the air, the absence of industry. The streams are as unpolluted as in the Middle Ages. Perhaps one might come upon a rotting mattress in some inaccessible gorge, but as a rule the water can be drunk safely.

Bandita di Caccia/Hunting Preserve

Hunting is controlled by law.

Caduta di Massi/Falling Rocks

This refers to the fragments of rock one occasionally sees on the asphalt, not to landslides; the slopes have a safe and solid gradient, and the ridges above remain as they always were. The glaciers have been retreating for centuries. The last patches of grimy snow in the shadows have all melted by July or August at the latest. The beds of the streams have not changed within living memory, and are large enough to cope with heavy storms. A fireplace beside the stream, built at one time by Geiser's grandchildren, vanished the following year, swept away by high water, but the hollows and indentations in the rock, which turn the water into foam, the large slabs, covered only when the water rises to flood level, and the sharp-edged boulders remain unchanged from year to year, though the bright and smooth round pebbles are presumably different ones.

Erosion is a slow process.

Now and again in summer a tent can be seen, yellow or blue, a car with a German license plate standing under a tree in some unexpected place, and people, tourists, bathing in the stream. But if one climbs up to the heights one no longer runs into contemporaries; one comes to the ruins of stone barns, roofs collapsed but the four walls still standing, within them a tangle of nettles beneath an open sky, and nothing stirring. No dogs barking. Other barns, not yet in ruins, have doors standing open; inside there may still be a faint smell of hay. The goat dung is dry, almost petrified. No bones of former inhabitants lying around. The water troughs, of granite, are empty and dry, the faucets rusted, the view splen-

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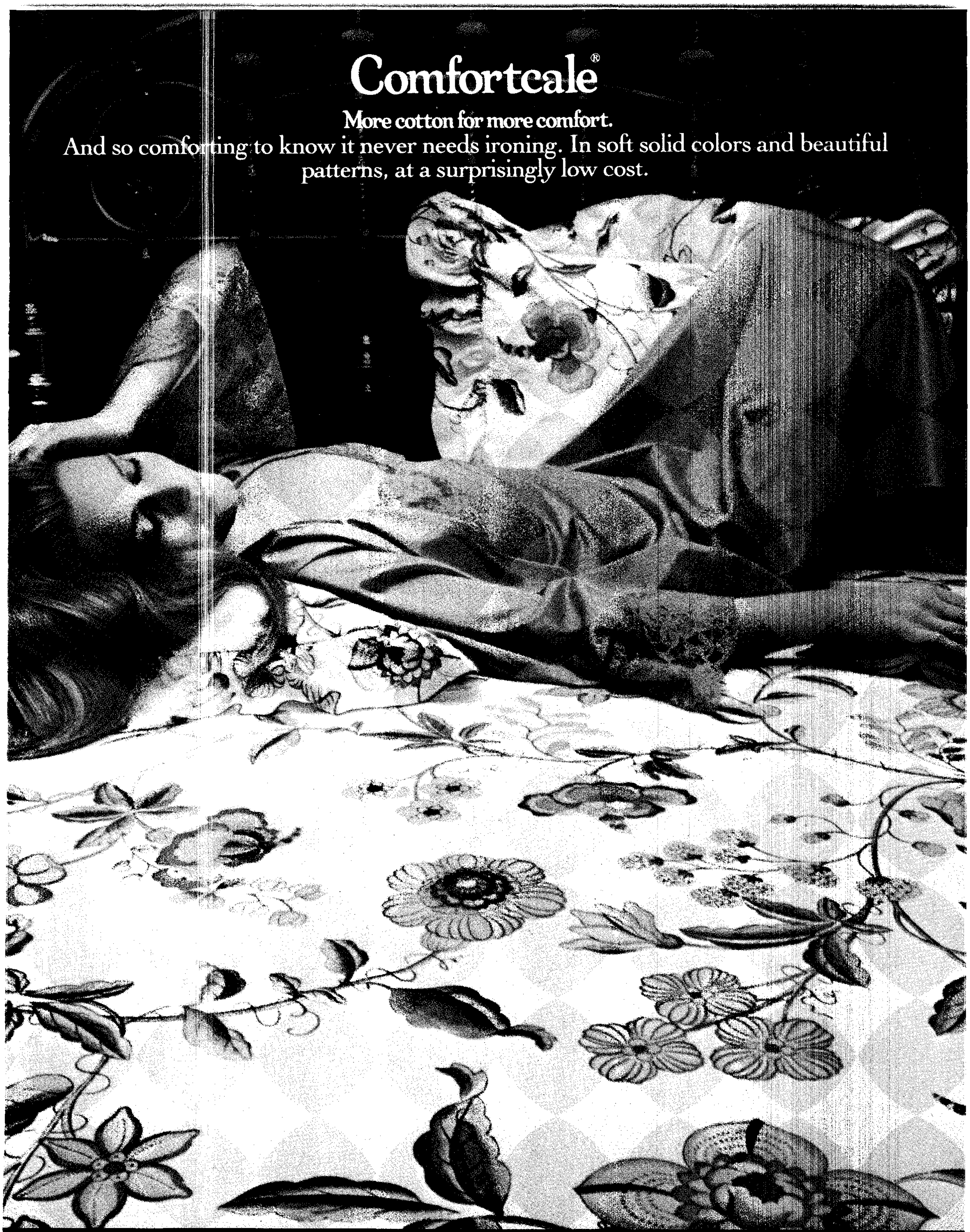

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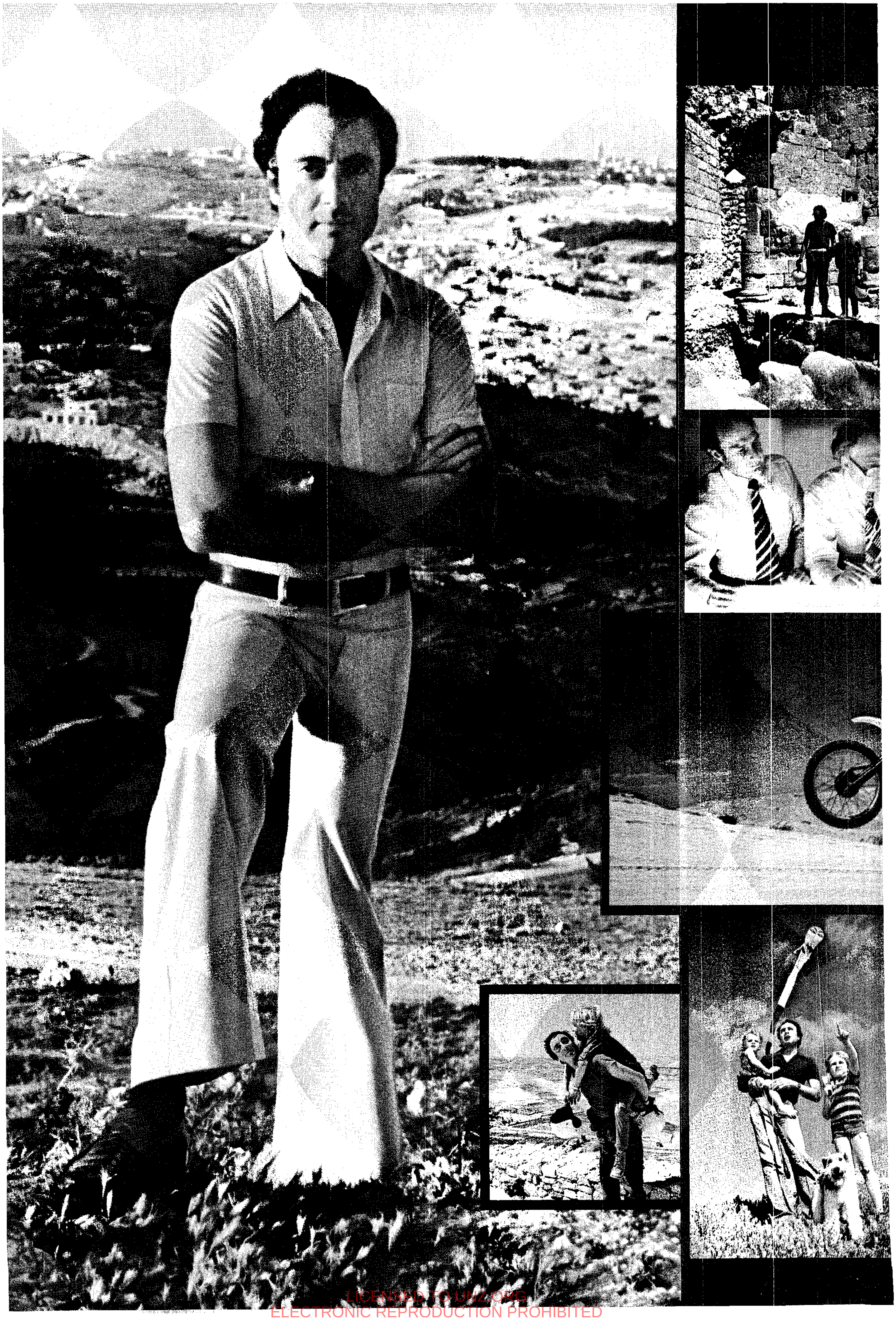

The high school dropout who reeducated the printing industry.

A movie of the life of Efraim Arazi would definitely not be done in black and white. This colorful entrepreneur has been doing things in an unorthodox but highly successful way since he left high school.

At 21, Arazi, a native Israeli, left Jerusalem to seek new challenges in America. He took with him fifty dollars, some electronics training from the Israel Air Force and a faith in his ability to make the future work.

"Your worst mistake is to come to a dead stop just because the future is unclear."

Ten years later, Arazi returned to Israel with a B.S. from MIT, advanced electronics training from Harvard and Itek Corporation, and plans for a corporation called SCI-TEX.

In 1972, SCI-TEX revolutionized the textile printing industry with a computer-controlled system for creating full-color knitted samples in 15 minutes—a process that previously took two weeks. A second system, introduced in 1975, included an argon laser camera for color separation negatives for decorative applications.

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In just 10 years, SCI-TEX has become the acknowledged leader in the field of electronic data-processing of color images.

"We are running between the legs of giants, we are doing something here and something there which otherwise should have been Control Data, IBM, or RCA."

Arazi is an expert skier and motorcycle racer. "Most of my real racing is against myself. I won't take silly chances, but I love to race very hard." His son, Michael, and daughter, Monica, join him on outings to the historic countryside around Jerusalem. The Judaean Desert is Arazi's practice area for dirt bike competitions.

A man who constantly ventures into new markets has to be well-informed. Arazi puts SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN at the top of his reading list.

"I tell people I need it because it puts me in touch with what's new in other fields, and of course it does that. But I really read it for fun."

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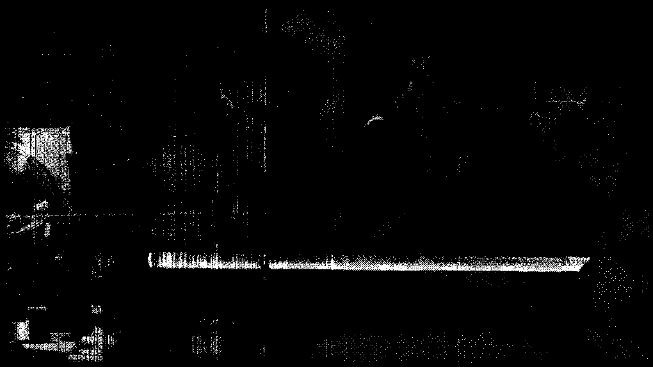

Photography by Frank Maresca

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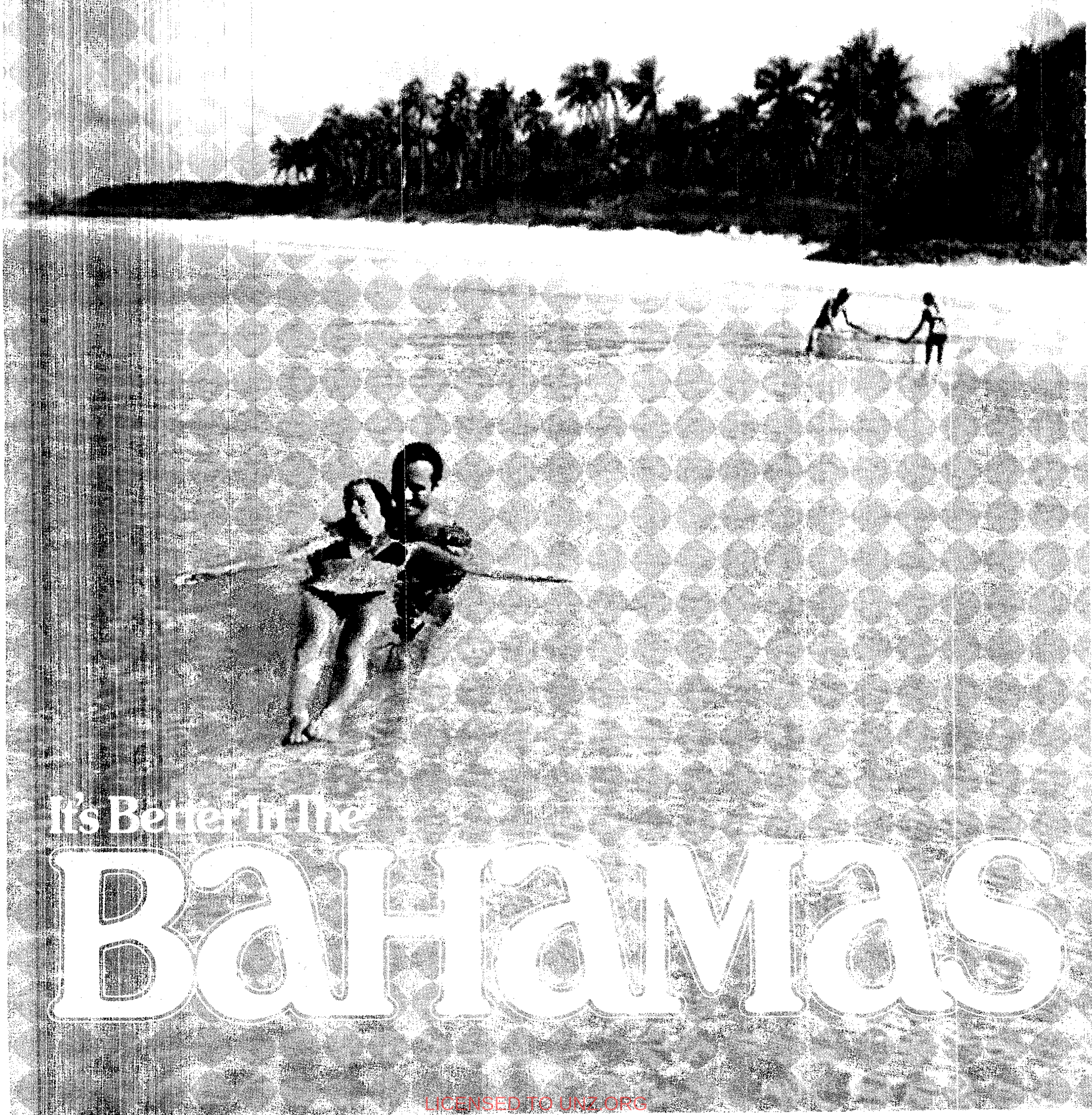

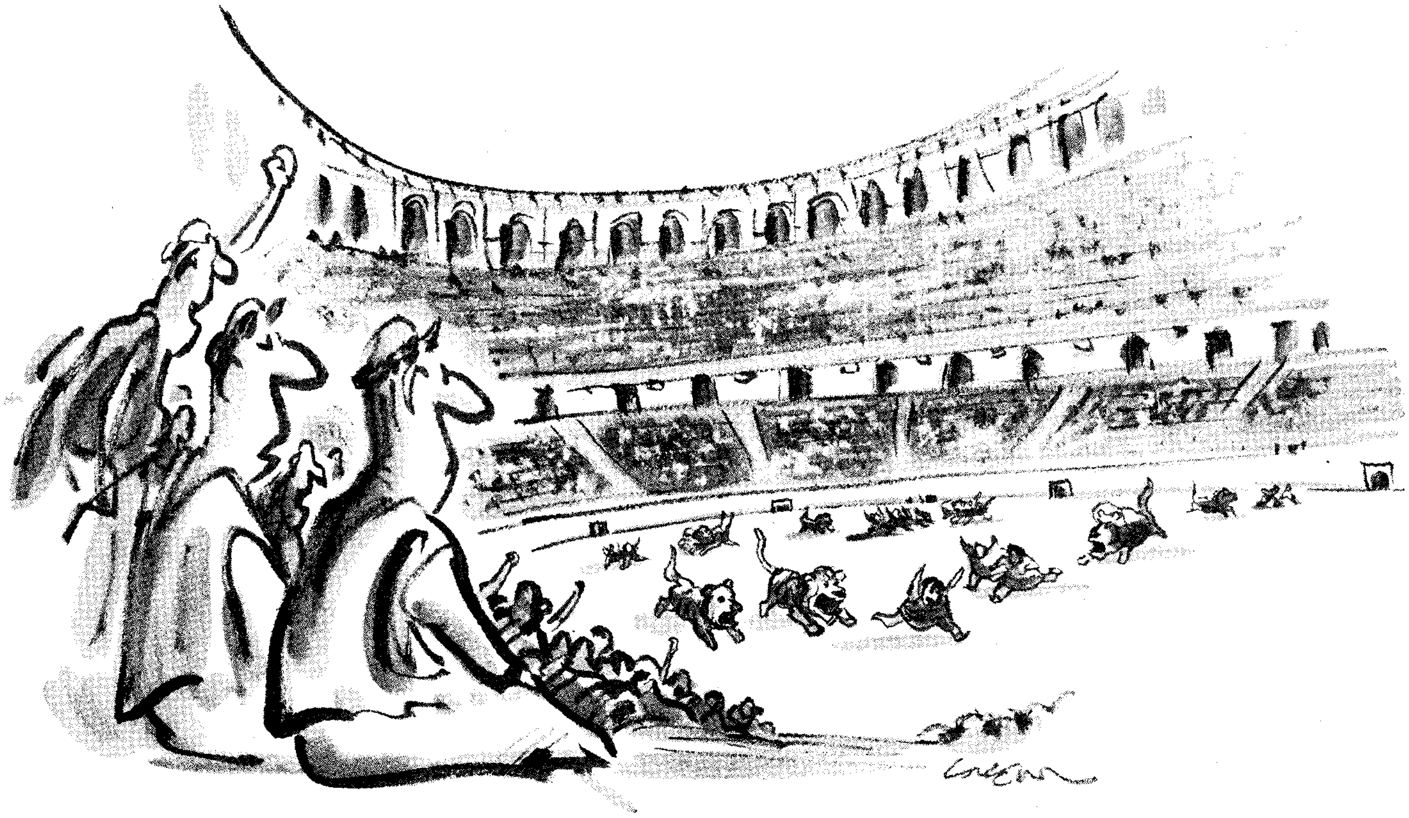

"Oh, I enjoy the spectacle, all right, but I don't believe in mixing sports and politics."

• •

did, no different from thousands of years ago. Here and there a small chapel; a faded Virgin Mary behind rusty wire netting, a rusty can containing withered flowers in front of it, frescoes under the porch eaves, some of them spoiled, since the goats have been licking the walls for saltpetre.

A valley with no Baedeker stars.

At the end of the valley, where the highway stops, there are Italian border guards, youngsters from Palermo and Messina, standing with their hands in the pockets of their uniforms, glad when some woodcutter or angler stops to talk to them. These days smuggling is not profitable in untracked mountain areas. At the end of the valley there are some quarries, now and again a blasting operation—a series of explosions, then a cloud of dust over the forest; shortly afterward, trucks drive down the valley, loaded with squared stones or slabs. Panning for gold in the streams has never been worth the trouble. In summer there are cranberries; also mushrooms. When it is not raining, the white trails of passenger planes can be seen high up in the blue sky above the mountains, though one does not hear them. The last murder in the valley—and that only rumored, since it never came to court—happened whole decades ago. Ever since the young men have owned motorcycles, incest has been dying out, and so has sodomy.

Women have had the vote since 1971.

One summer the woodpeckers got a sudden idea, as it were: they stopped pecking the bark of the old chestnut tree and started on the windowpanes; more and more of them came, all seemingly obsessed by glass. Not even strips of glittering foil frightened them off for long. It became a real nuisance. If one went to the window to shoo them away, they at once moved to another, and one could not be at every window, clapping one's hands. Geiser found it more effective to strike the granite table with a lath, which made a sound like the crack of a shotgun—then they flew off to wait in the surrounding branches. Later you would hear them again at some window or other; they could not get a grip on the smooth glass, and, with their wings fluttering, they could tap on the pane only two or three times—occasionally, but rarely, even four times. By the following summer they had forgotten all about it. Twice a week a blond butcher woman drives the length of the valley, selling meat from her Volkswagen; she is of German extraction, married to a man from Ticino. Fishing produces very little. Many of the chestnut trees are cankered, but all in all it is a green valley, wooded as in the Stone Age. The bracken grows almost head-high. In August, when it is not raining, there are shooting stars to be seen, or one hears the call of a little owl. When there is mist in the lower valley, the moonlight on the mist can give the effect of a lake with jagged bays, a fjord; all it needs is a ship lying at anchor below the village, a black cutter or a whaler.

Before the highway was constructed in 1896, the mule track, built in 1768 by the Remonda brothers from Comologno at their own expense, provided the only connection between the Valle Onsernone and the outside world.

Despite the basic poverty of the soil, the shortsightedness of the provincial government, the damage done to communities through the continual partitionings and lootings perpetrated by the French, Austrian, and Russian Armies at the time of the French Revolution and under Napoleon I, the people of Ticino performed veritable miracles in constructing good and practical highways; these extended from Chiasso to Airolo, from Brissago to the Lukmanier Pass; they even penetrated into the adjacent valleys and up the slopes of the steepest mountains, bringing the remotest Alpine villages into contact with civilization.

In Iceland there are moraines from the late Ice Age that are still not overgrown, whole valleys full of rock debris that will never be anything but desert. There one would be lost without a Land-Rover. Glaciers overhang the sea. One of these, Vatnajökul, is larger than all the Alpine glaciers together. There are rows of volcanoes, cones of ash; it is possible to climb them, only to find oneself looking down on a different kind of desert, where even a Land-Rover is of no use—a desert of black and brown and mauve lava. No trees. What looks from a distance like a green oasis is usually a moor. One can drive for days without seeing a farm; now and again a few isolated sheep—what grows amid the debris is not enough to feed a herd. When one steps outside the tent at night, there is not a single light on land to be seen. Not a sound. During the day there are birds, many birds. When the sun shines, as it does once in a while, the flat crowns of the unending glaciers gleam in the distance. Usually all there is to see is clouds, beneath them the gravelly plains. Here and there on the plains large stones can be made out, round and smooth, lying just as the Ice Age glaciers shaped them. The weather changes from hour to hour, but the desert remains as it is, simply changing color—and there is no color that cannot be seen at some time during the long days. The wheel tracks left in the gravel or mud by one's own vehicle provide the only sign that there are people on our planet. There are flowers, small ones, as in the Alps; all kinds of moss and lichen. Elsewhere, a hissing on the surface, a greenish bubbling and splashing between crusts of yellow, and a smell of sulphur. There are whole ravines and hollows stained with sulphur, elsewhere a plain covered in clouds of white steam, somewhere else a waterfall. A broad river of glacier water tumbles down over a slab of basalt or a series of slabs, a thundering cascade of gray water; the wet basalt glistens like bronze, and a cloud of spray can be seen for miles, accompanied by a rainbow. The rain, when it comes, does not last very long. A blue sky is a rare sight. The clouds lie low over the highlands and drift along the glaciers, turning them gray, and all one sees of the sky is a yellow stripe along the horizon, the color of amber or lemon, and, toward midnight, lilac. Dawn follows almost immediately, in the distance a reddish dust, a sandstorm. Somewhere else rivers tracing a shining network of veins across the plain. There are fjords without a single ship, without a single living soul, except for a young seal. No farm, not even an abandoned one—nowhere the works of man. Surf around a black tower of lava; the cone of ash has been washed away. Encircling the fjord, the horizontal mountains, identical slabs of basalt; the slopes down to the sea are green. A world before the creation of man. In many places it is impossible to guess in what era one is. But seagulls have already been created, their fluttering wings over the pale and leaden sea white against the ink-blue clouds. As a rule there are no icebergs visible, but the sea is icy. Despite the Gulf Stream. Strips of old snow, and not only on the northern slopes; summer does not last long enough to melt them. Despite the excessively long days. If the Arctic ice were to melt, New York would be under water. A sign that the Creation has already taken place is a lighthouse, somewhere else an American radar station. Here and there driftwood from Siberia. Beneath the deep clouds the sea is black with varying patches of quicksilver; for an hour it looks as blue as the Mediterranean, at midnight like mother-of-pearl. There are volcanoes covered with glaciers; Hekla the only volcano now emitting smoke. Another volcano, a new one, has risen from the sea, an island of ash and basalt; its first inhabitants, when the ash cools, are birds that feed on fish; their excrement will form the beginning of an oasis in which human beings can live, until the next stream of lava smothers it all. Probably the fish will outlive us, and the birds.

Man, Lat. *homo*. Gr. *anthropos* (see illustration, p. 685, and tables, pp. 676 and 684).

(1) *Man's singularity*. Man has always been conscious of the mystery surrounding his origin and development as a species, and an inexhaustible field of inquiry is opened to him by his ability to regard himself (the "subject") in relation to the world in which he lives (the "object")—(*see* Philosophy). This objective attitude toward the world is what gives M. his ability to conquer it, and is thus responsible for his special status in the universe.

Since M. is unable to understand himself through insight, he has from earliest times tried to reach out toward the idea of a divine being (*see* Religion) or some other nonhuman presence, with which he equates himself while at the same time distinguishing himself from it; it may be an animal (*see* Totemism), the spirit of an ancestor (*see* Ancestor Worship), or some other alter ego (*see* Mask); in rationalistic times it might even be a machine (La Mettrie: "L'Homme Machine").

That M. is a *historical being* is shown in the fact that he is shaped, both outwardly and inwardly, by inherited skills, arts, sciences, customs, standards of conduct, and value systems; toward these he adopts a critical attitude, which he then complements, improves, simplifies, complicates, modifies, and alters.

Additionally, he is able to envisage different states of being and to plan these deliberately, to provide himself with purposes and aims, through the use of his productive imagination and will. The more highly developed animals display hopes and fears, but only M. works toward a "future."

Such abilities are brought about by a retrogressive metamorphosis of those fixed, innate behavior patterns which in animals we refer to as "instinct." M. does not live as an integral part of his natural environment, finding his bearings through instinct; his intelligence, his actions, and his labor enable him to modify and adapt his environment. This provides scope for innumerable varieties of behavior inimical to his survival, for errors and aberrations of planning and purpose, but despite this M. has succeeded in spreading his species across the entire globe and adapting his way of life to diverse conditions. He has transformed large areas of the earth's surface to meet his needs, and the proportion of civilized areas in the world is constantly increasing.

There have been some landslides, not here but farther up the valley. It looks chaotic, Geiser has been told: the stream has altered course, the birch grove has vanished, simply been swept away, the valley bed covered entirely with debris. Geiser knows the place from rambles with his grandchildren, but now, he is told, it is unrecognizable, the iron bridge leading to the sawmill gone, and no longer necessary anyway, since the stream has changed course. The road has disappeared. The sawmill, of which a third has been destroyed, is now on the left bank of the stream instead of the right, and the ground floor, where all the machines are kept, is full of pebbles and sand,

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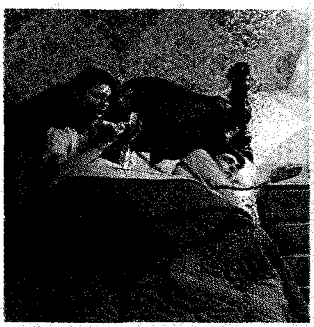

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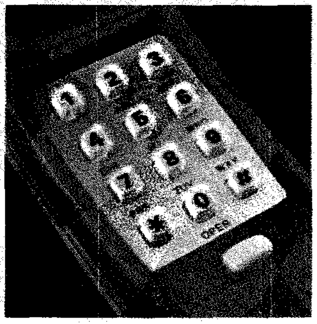

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the stream full of tree trunks, their bark torn away by the stones, and sheet iron. Nothing is left but a bare passage, the slopes stripped of trees and soil—from top to bottom nothing but naked rock; it looks chaotic.

There has been no loss of life.

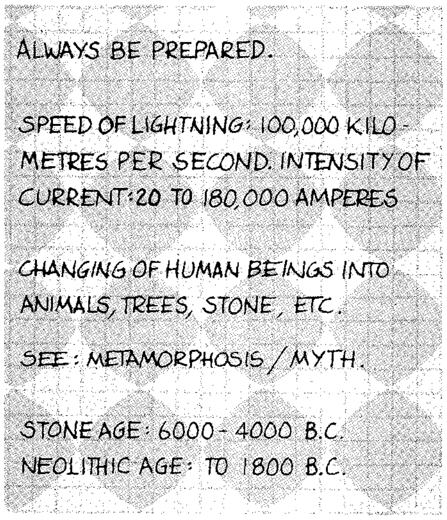
Who could have told him that? Only the parish clerk, Francesco, who came along yesterday to borrow his field glasses; apart from him Geiser has not seen anybody in the past few days.

CHE TEMPO, CHE TEMPO!

The old bridge over the Isorno is also said to have gone—an arch slung from rock to rock at least ten metres above the stream, a construction that has held for centuries—which means that the former mule track is out; presumably the narrow gorge became blocked by tree trunks, which caused the water to pile up.

And it is still raining.

The German solar investigator has not returned. Geiser finds this quite understandable; a scholar cannot help being bored by the questions of a layman who finds the idea of curved space impossible to grasp but continues to ask questions. And in any case he does not want anyone to come into the house and see his papers on the wall.



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CHANGING OF HUMAN BEINGS INTO ANIMALS, TREES, STONE, ETC.

SEE: METAMORPHOSIS/MYTH.

STONE AGE: 6000-4000 B.C.
NEOLITHIC AGE: TO 1800 B.C.

The power is on again, and there is Geiser, candle in hand, unable to remember why he has his hat on.

The hot plate is glowing.

Light in the cellar, too.

Geiser has not forgotten that the freezer, which is humming again, is empty, and he also remembers why he has his hat on: he meant to go to the post office. No point in the hat; he had forgotten that the highway is blocked and no mail is getting through. There is no point in the candle, either, since the power is on again.

One always forgets something.

Who told him about the damage in the valley?

While Geiser is failing to remember where he put the candle in case the power should go off again, the hot plate continues to glow; unfortunately, the soup left there for warming, the minestrone, has gone sour; there is no point in the hot plate.

There have been some landslides—

Geiser now remembers what he was looking for in the closet—sealing wax—and as he at last turns the glowing hot plate off, he also remembers why he went into the kitchen instead of searching in the closet; he saw the hot plate glowing. Evidently, the power has been on again for some time.

Geiser is still wearing his hat.

The clock is also striking again.

3 P.M.

While Geiser is wondering why he wanted a candle in the middle of the afternoon, he remembers having intended to seal a document—his final instructions in case anything happened. His resolve, as he searches for a pan, is to clean out his closet one of these days. But the pan, the little one, is already standing on the hot plate, the water in it bubbling, though the hot plate is no longer glowing. He forgot, while thinking about the untidiness of his closet and about his heirs, that he had already drunk his tea; the empty cup is warm, the tea bag dark and wet.

In the closet he discovers:

Income-tax documents, a land-registry map of his property, receipts, the key for a Fiat that ceased to exist years ago, his polytechnic diploma, letters of all kinds that are no concern of his heirs, and an out-of-date X-ray picture of his spine, his gray ribs, his white hip bones, plus sealing wax, but no seal. And there is also something else he cannot find—his passport.

It is 4 P.M.

At the moment he does not need his passport, but he could do with an aspirin for his headache, which is not raging, just irritating, and it would also be a good time to clean out his medicine chest, to throw away all the things of which he no longer knows the use: whether for itching or for acid in the urine, for heart trouble or for constipation, for gnat bites or for sunburn, etc.

A spotted salamander in the bathroom—

When Geiser sees in the mirror that he is still wearing his hat, he remembers where his passport is.

The headache is gradually fading.

The spotted salamander must have fallen in through the open window, and since it cannot climb up again on the smooth tiles, it is just lying there, black with yellow spots, motionless. One does not feel like touching it, though spotted salamanders are harmless. When Geiser prods it gently with the toe of his shoe, it just kicks out with all four legs. Quite automatically. Then it goes quiet again, its skin armored, black with yellow spots, and slimy. The cat, Kitty, does not touch the salamander, either, but begins instead to rub against his trouser legs as soon as he returns to the kitchen.

The hot plate is turned off.

Cats always fall on their feet, but in spite of that she is now yowling outside the front door; perhaps Geiser said, "Get out." But after that not a word in the house.

Outside it is raining.

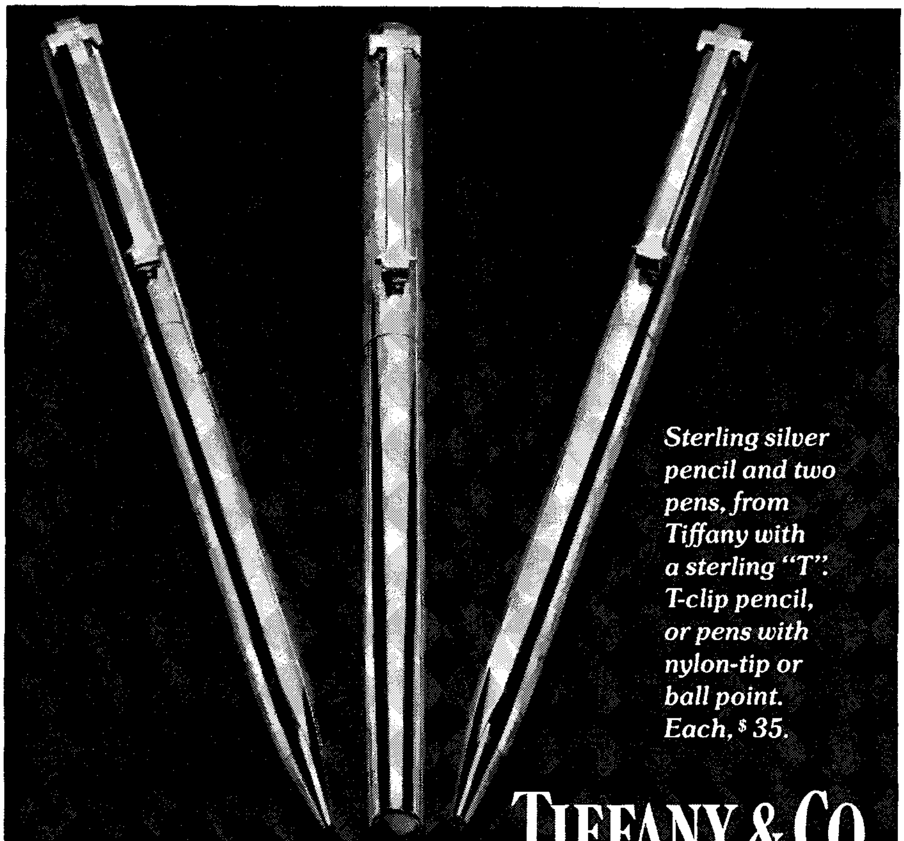
There is no ladder in the house.

It is true that the gray cobwebs on the ceiling have been there a long time, but when one becomes conscious of them one finds no rest; an ordinary broom is not long enough, since the ceiling above the stairs is too high, and you cannot set a chair on the stairs.

Geiser finds no time for reading.

Sometime later the spotted salamander is lying on the carpet in the living

GRADUATION PRESENT



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room, and that is a repulsive sight. Geiser picks it up with the small shovel and throws it into the grounds, but the cobwebs are still there above the stairs. There is only one way of getting them down: unscrew the long handrail of the bannister, then attach a little broom to the handrail with wire—

Kitty is still yowling outside the front door.

The cobwebs are gone.

Water in the cellar, but that is not what Geiser went to the cellar to inspect; he had already seen it. There, all of a sudden, are the pliers, but no idea now what he wanted them for an hour ago. Instead, Geiser remembers the men in blue overalls and the tip he gave them, and he does not need to check whether the oil tank is full.

It can get cold in September.

Sometime later, when his eyes again fall on the bent nail in the wall, he has no idea where he put the pliers.

The bent nail has to go.

In the process the scissors break.

Everything is breaking; yesterday the thermometer, today the bannister: the old screws refuse to return to their rusty sockets, and lining the stairs is now nothing but a row of upright posts without a handrail.

Man remains an amateur.

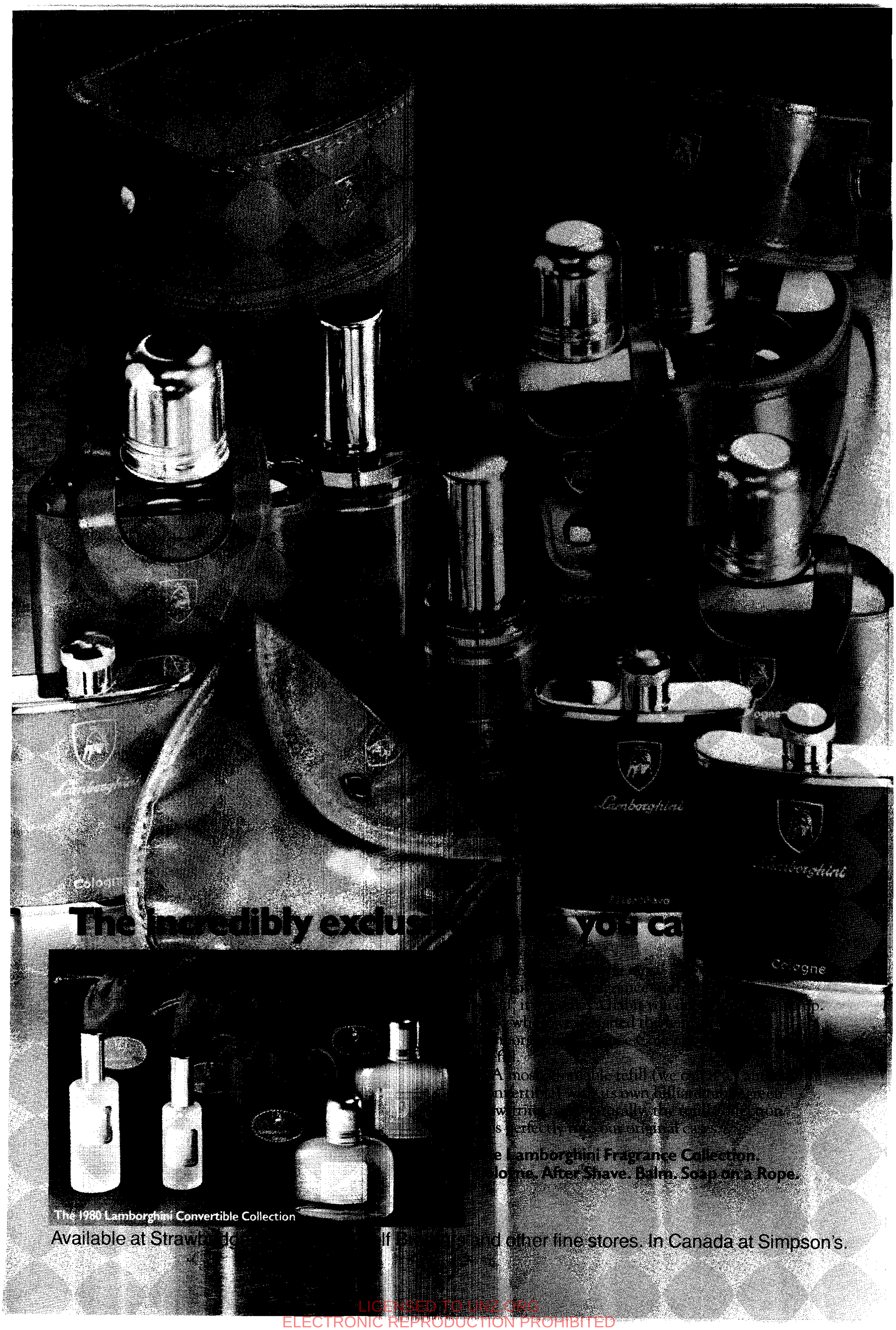
The spotted salamander on the carpet in the living room must have been another one; the first is still lying in the bathroom, black with yellow spots, and slimy.

The magnifying glass is in his rucksack.

Actually, Geiser meant to take a bath—since the water is hot again—following his fruitless work on the bannister; it made him sweat, and his hands are covered with rust from the screws.

It would be time for the news.

When one examines a spotted salamander through a magnifying glass, it looks like a monster: a dinosaur. Its overlarge head, the black, unfocussed eyes. Suddenly it moves. Its clumsy walk, rather in the style of someone doing pushups, tail held rigid. It



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For 1980 the Honda Civic Wagon has been redesigned. And how. Our new Wagon is slightly wider than last year's model and only 2.3 inches longer overall. Yet its interior space has grown by a whopping 23 cubic feet. That's an increase of 26%.

1980 HONDA CIVIC WAGON 5-SPEED

*31 EPA EST. MPG. USE THIS FOR COMPARISON. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON WEATHER, SPEED, AND TRIP LENGTH. 42 MPG IS HWY. EST. ACTUAL HWY. MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS. 49-STATE COMPARISON NOT APPLICABLE TO CALIF. AND HIGH ALT. CARS, WHOSE FIGURES ARE SLIGHTLY LOWER.

Naturally enough, all this additional space means additional comfort and convenience. For instance, front seat occupants can enjoy 10 inches more legroom. The rear doors are wider, so you don't have to squeeze in. And the tailgate is bigger, so your cargo or luggage is extended the same courtesy.

Of course, being a Honda, our Wagon has some built-in advantages. For one thing, it is the only 4-door wagon in America with front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine. This simple, space-saving layout is one of the main reasons why the Civic Wagon has so much room inside.

Last, and maybe best, is fuel economy. As you might suspect, it is good. In fact, no wagon sold in this country gets better EPA estimated gas mileage.*

And there you have it. Our Honda Civic Wagon for 1980, with more usable space than ever before. If you looked at our previous Wagon and felt it wasn't quite big enough, we have a simple suggestion. Look again.

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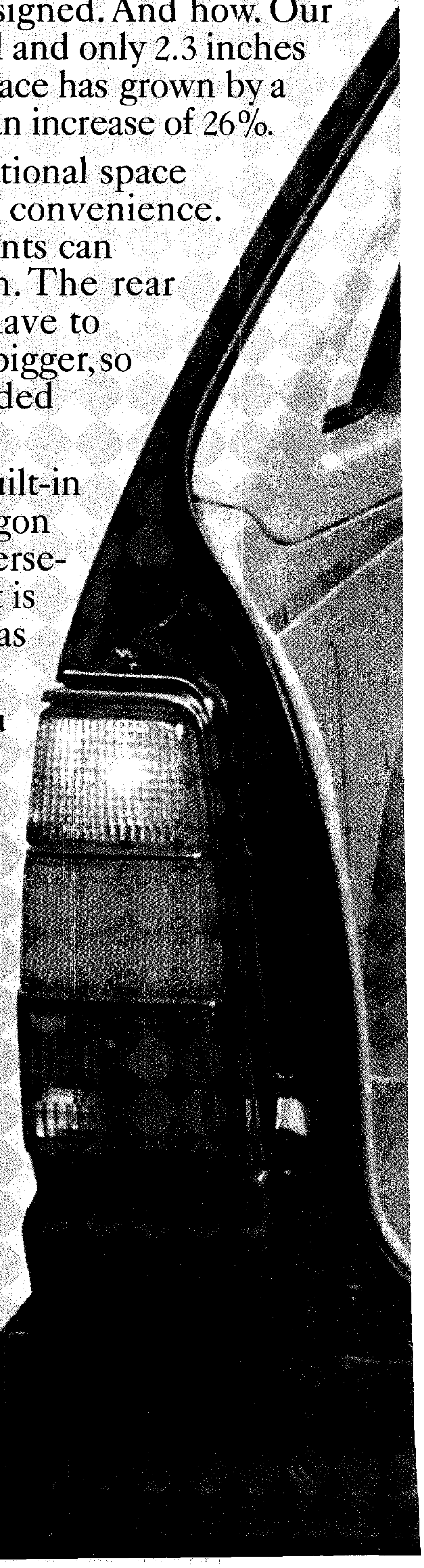

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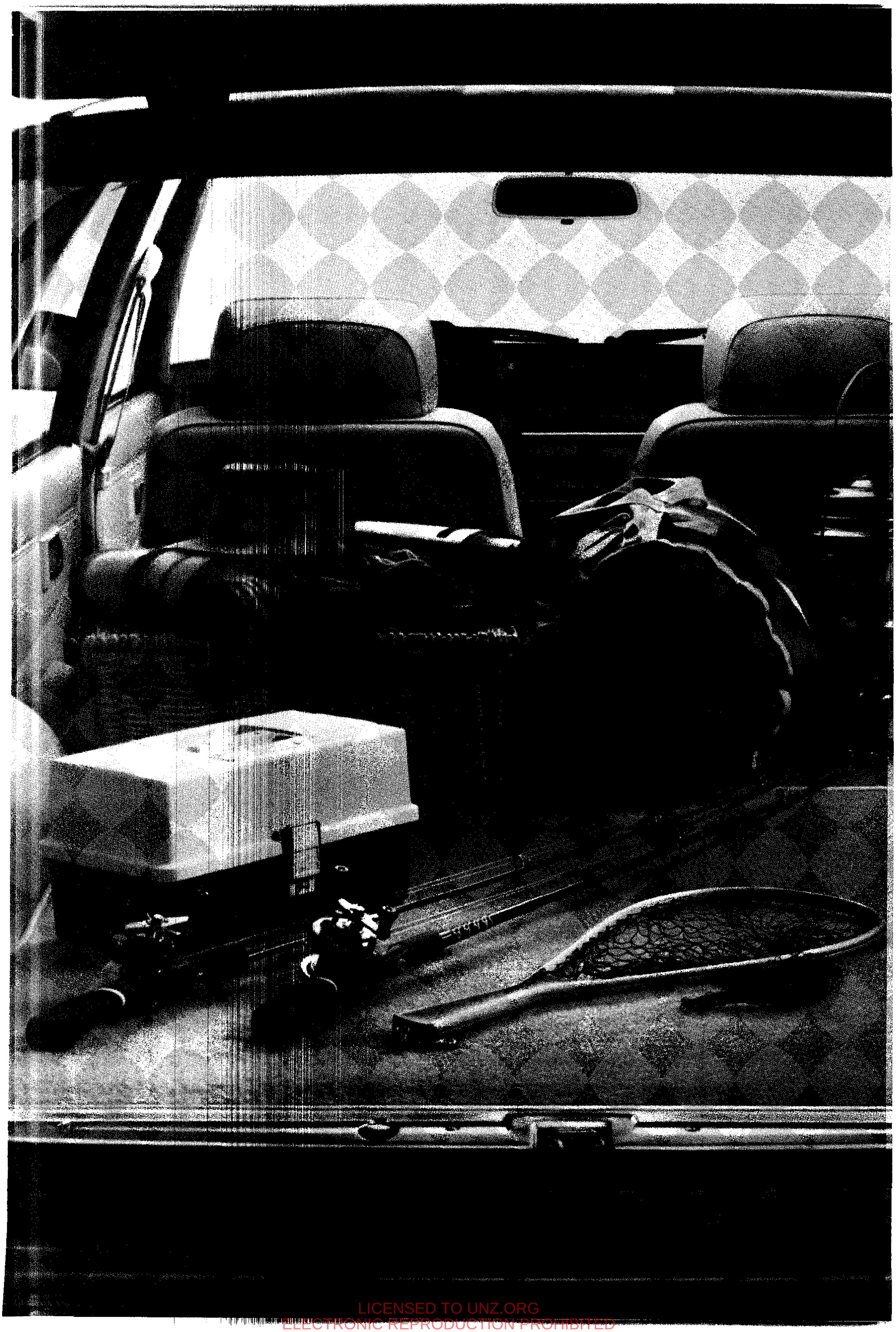


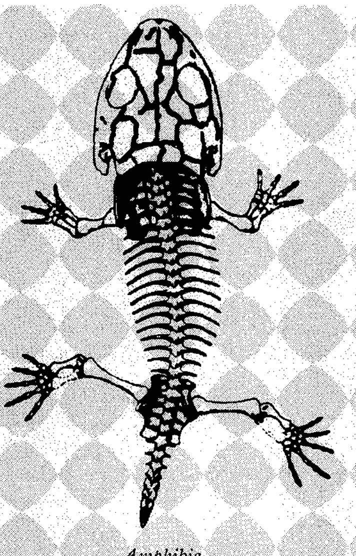
Strawberry Fair

[illegible] morning all year [illegible] soft romantic [illegible] and marvelous crawls doggedly in a direction in which it will never make any progress. Suddenly it lies still again, its head raised. One can see its pulse beating. An awful dullness in all limbs.

Salamander: member of the amphibian family Salamandridae. Land S.: (1) spotted or fire S. (*S. salamandra*); (2) black or alpine S. (*S. atra*). Water S.: *see* Newt.

Newt: tailed amphibian of the family Salamandridae (*q.v.*).

Salamandridae: amphibian family that includes salamanders and newts. The distinguishing mark of the newt is its tail, which is laterally compressed, whereas the salamander has a round tail. Both forms occur in Europe, and all possess 4 fingers and 5 toes. The spotted salamander (*S. salamandra*), black and yellow in color, occurs in two forms, spotted and striped, and varies in length from 10 to 20 centimetres. The black or alpine salamander (*S. atra*) is entirely black. The commonest varieties of newt are the common or spotted N. (*Triton vulgaris*), the great or crested N. (*T. cristatus*), and the alpine N. (*T. alpestris*). The crested N. is distinguished by the notched crest that comes into prominence in the spring; the male of this species attains a length of 13 to 15 centimetres, whereas the common N. is rarely more than half that length.



Amphibia
Microppholis Stowi: skeleton, seen from above. Early mid-Triassic

Amphibia: cold-blooded vertebrates capable of living either on land or in water. Most of them lay eggs in water, and after hatching the young undergo a process of metamorphosis (*q.v.*), passing through a tadpole stage, in which they breathe through gills, later replaced by lungs. Some A., however, are viviparous. A. are divided into 4 orders: (1) Apoda (limbless and snakelike); (2) Urodela (usually with 4 limbs and a tail, e.g., salamanders, newts); (3) Anura (4 limbs but no tail, e.g., frogs, toads); and (4) Stegocephalia, an extinct lizardlike order, existing from the Carboniferous to the Triassic and reaching a length of several metres. The largest amphibia still in existence are the Goliath frog (*Rana goliath*) of Africa and the giant salamander of Japan (*Megalobatrachus japonicus*), which can attain a length of more than 1 metre.

Whether the spotted or alpine salamanders of today can be regarded as the successors of dinosaurs or as an early form of them is not clear from the encyclopedia.

SAURISCHIA:
GREEK: SAUROS = LIZARD
DINOSAURS:
GREEK: DEINOS = TERRIBLE

Since the scissors, the usual ones, broke, Geiser has been using nail scissors, and after the thumbtacks have been used up, there is still a whole roll of tape, Magic Tape, which sticks on wall plaster.

THE ERA OF THE DINOSAURS

Huge and grotesque as the Saurischia of the earth's middle period were, the golden age of the dinosaurs was still to come. During the Jurassic and Carboniferous periods the warm seas rose and engulfed a large part of Europe and almost half of North America. Corals built their reefs up to 3,000 kilometres farther north than their present outposts. Fig and breadfruit trees flourished in Greenland, palms in Alaska. And the terrible cold-blooded dinosaurs also moved north and, amazingly, flourished everywhere.

In the luxuriant swamps and stagnant lakes these huge herbivores of the Saurischia family made their homes amid the tall grasses and the bracken. "In armor clad, by light surrounded, The host which many a nation doomed; As they advanced, the earth resounded, As they passed, the thunder boomed." Goethe might almost have intended these words from his "Faust" to apply to these monsters, for beneath the footsteps of such giants, ten to eleven times heavier than the elephant of today, the earth must indeed have boomed like thunder. In order to bear their own enormous weight they had

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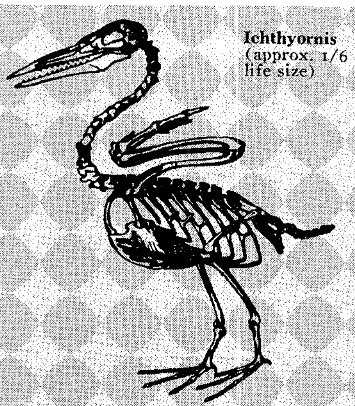
once again taken to all four limbs; their legs were veritable pillars, monolithic in size and strength. Opinions have long been divided over the manner in which these walking mountains of flesh deployed their clumsy legs—whether, like crocodiles, bent scissorlike, allowing their bellies to drag along the ground and only occasionally raising themselves up, or, in the manner of the hoofed giants of today, such as elephants, bearing the weight principally on the massive hind legs, splaying the front legs slightly outward from the elbows, like a bulldog. Everything points toward the latter interpretation. These giants were so heavy that they could only have lived half submerged in swamps and shallow lakes, where the water would help to carry their weight. The prototype of this titanic family was the *Brontosaurus,* the "thunder lizard"—weighing about 30 tons, and more than 20 metres in length. Its tiny head, hardly more than a slight swelling at the front end of its snakelike neck, contained a few spoon-shaped teeth and a small, primitive brain, which probably had little to do except control the jaws and interpret the weak impressions conveyed to it by the monster's very limited senses. The hind legs were controlled by a relatively large nerve center located far back in the base of the spine; this was much bigger than the sparrowlike brain in its head.

It was, however, with the development of the amazing *Tyrannosaurus rex* that the dinosaurs reached their apex; no more terrible and powerful carnivore has ever arisen to terrorize the earth. Gigantic both in size and in strength, this awe-inspiring creature, 15 metres long and almost 6 metres high, moved on massive hind legs, each equipped with three toes and horrible claws. Its main weapon of attack lay in its murderous jaws, with sabre-shaped fangs 15 centimetres long. Although these true tyrants among the dinosaurs had nothing to fear anywhere on earth, their reign was of short duration. They first emerged in the Late Cretaceous and vanished—along with all the other dinosaurs—at the end of this period, when they were suddenly and inexplicably wiped out.

Luckily, it was his reading glasses, and not the others, that fell on the kitchen floor and broke. That would have been a worse disaster, for it makes one dizzy to gaze at everything through reading glasses. And, if necessary, one can always use the magnifying glass for reading.

Plesiosaurs: extinct group of reptiles with elongated necks (e.g., *Elasmosaurus*), short tails, and paddle-shaped limbs. Complete skeletons discovered in Germany and England, particularly in Lias.



Ichthyosaurs (Gk. fish lizard): extinct order of aquatic reptiles living in the sea during Mesozoic times, particularly the Jurassic. Their body was fishlike, with a large caudal fin, and the caudal vertebrae continued into the lower lobe of the double tail fin, shaped like a shark's. The skull had a long beak with numerous conical teeth, and the eyes were surrounded by sclerotic plates; the limbs were well adapted for use as steering paddles. Up to 15 metres in length, they were viviparous. Their diet consisted mainly of fish and cuttlefish.

To keep on looking at one's wristwatch, just in order to convince oneself that time is passing, is absurd. Time has never yet stood still just because a person is bored and stands at the window, not knowing what he is thinking. The last time Geiser looked at his watch, it was six o'clock—or, more exactly, three minutes to six.

And now?

—one minute to six.

There is always something one can do.

So one would imagine.

The portrait of Elsbeth that he recently took from the wall and put in the hallway is out of place there. Where should it go? This indicates that, since last looking at his watch, Geiser has been in the hallway; otherwise, the

A Saab is designed and built to be everything. This accomplishment is so rare in a car, Saabs are worth your attention on curiosity alone.

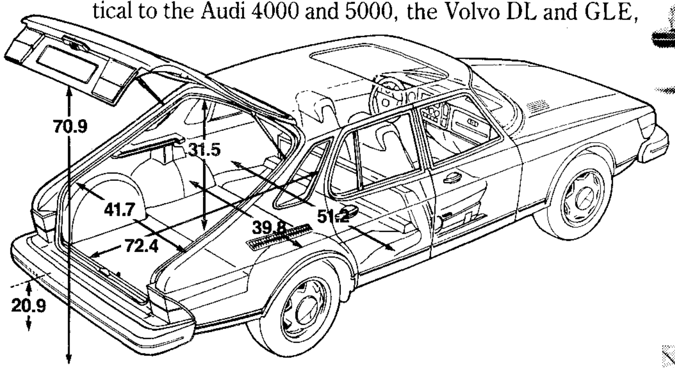
"If we had to pick one target at which to aim the sedan of tomorrow," the editors of *Car and Driver* recently wrote after assessing the Saab 900, "this would be it."

To those perhaps more familiar with the Audi, Volvo, BMW or Mercedes, this may be a surprising choice.

Based on the facts, however, it's the only choice *Car and Driver* could logically make.

Room.

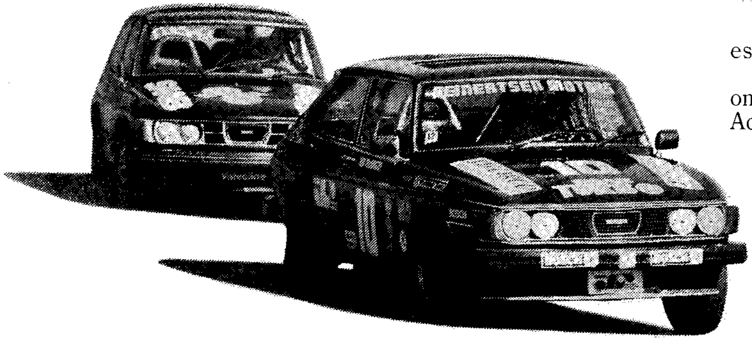
Despite having exterior dimensions virtually identical to the Audi 4000 and 5000, the Volvo DL and GLE, the BMW 320i and 528i and the Mercedes 280E, the Saab 900 is bigger inside than all of them.



The Saab, in fact, is officially designated a mid-sized car by the EPA. While the others are all compacts.

Performance.

Against such cars as the Porsche 924, the Datsun 280Z and the Alfa Romeo Spider, a Saab Turbo won the 1979 SCCA Showroom Stock "A" championship.



And against the clock in two years of road tests—all of '78 and '79—the four-cylinder, front-wheel drive Saab 900 Turbo was faster than a number of cars on the *Road & Track* slalom course, among them two Ferraris, two Jaguars and a couple of Porsches, including the 928.

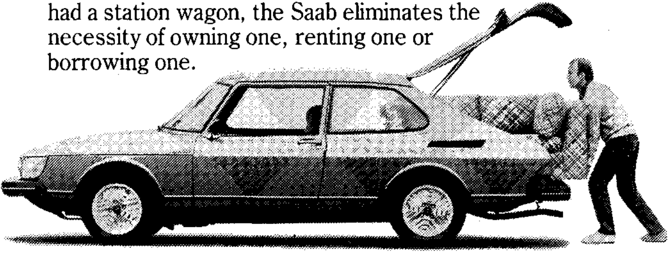
Braking.

From 60 to 0 in the two years of *Road & Track* tests, the Saab 900 Turbo stopped quicker than two Audis, two Jaguars, five BMWs, a Ferrari, a Maserati, a Mercedes and a Volvo.

Which is really stopping.

Versatility.

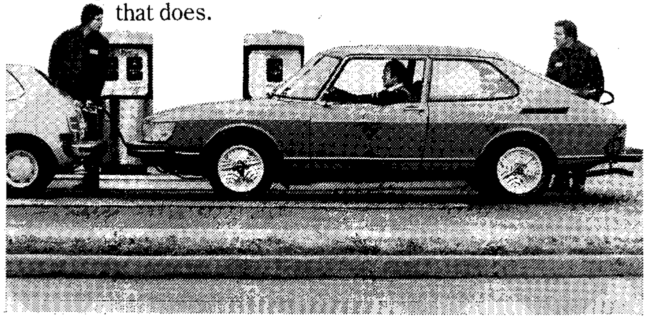
For those few times every year when you wish you had a station wagon, the Saab eliminates the necessity of owning one, renting one or borrowing one.



Fold the rear seat forward, lift the rear hatchback and the Saab presents a station wagon-like space over six feet long and 53 cubic feet big.

Economy.

The Saab 900 is not a tiny car that gets good gas mileage. The Saab 900 is a comfortable *mid-sized* car that does.



The Saab 900 EMS, for example, gets ㉑ EPA estimated mpg and 30 estimated highway mpg. (Remember, use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

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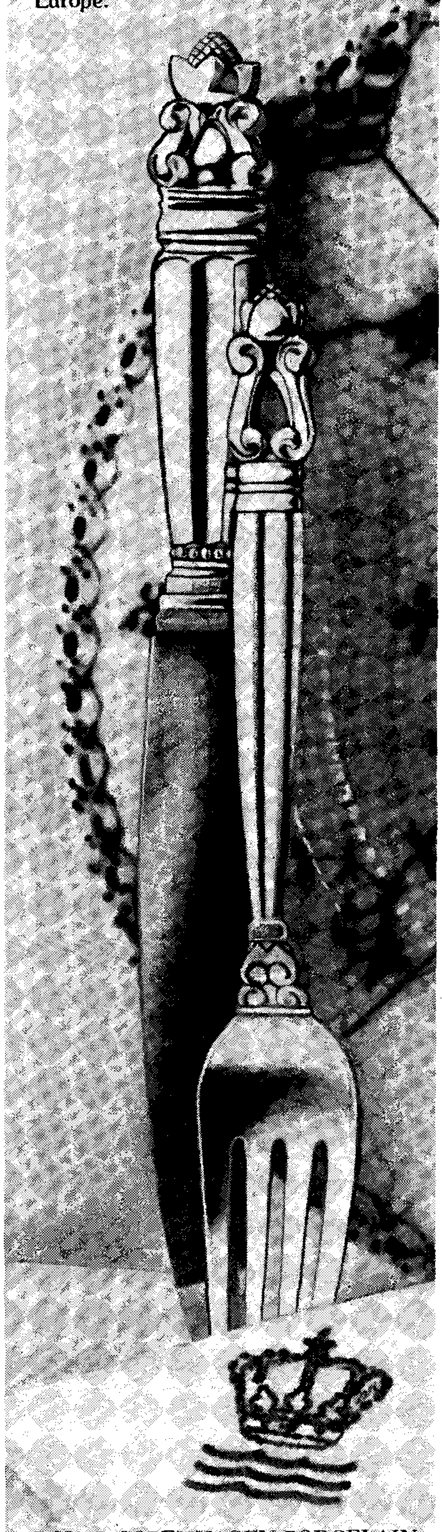

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portrait would not be in his hands, and he is now standing in the bedroom.

Presumably, his watch has stopped.

The portrait of Elsbeth, depicting the nineteen-year-old daughter of an executive in the chemical industry, and painted by a local artist who has since become famous, has no place in the bedroom, either; it shows a face Geiser never knew, and the eyes do not look at one. The best place for it would be an art gallery, where these days it would be considered valuable.

—That is what Geiser was thinking.

The Basel art gallery is famous.

For the time being it is standing behind the bureau.

When Geiser goes back to the window to convince himself, by watching the slowly gliding raindrops, that time is not standing still—and in the whole of history it has never done that!—and when he cannot resist looking at his watch again, it reads seven minutes past six.

Somewhere a tapping on metal again.

The other noise:

Footsteps in the house, his own—

There is still firewood in the basket beside the grate; all Geiser needs to do to start a fire is to crumple up an old newspaper and stuff it beneath the firewood, put a heavier log on that, lean another against it, and finally a weighty branch, still with its bark, on top—

So now that has been done, too.

For someone to climb on a chair, attach his suspenders to a beam on the ceiling, and hang himself, in order to escape the sound of his own footsteps—this is something Geiser finds it possible to imagine.

However, it is no longer six o'clock.

This evening also will pass.

At the moment Geiser is standing before his gallery of papers, hands in pockets, and the fire is crackling.

A forked branch like that will glow for hours—

As far as Geiser knows, it is doubtful whether there are any people on Mars; probably there are whole Milky Ways without a trace of brain matter.

A night without rain—

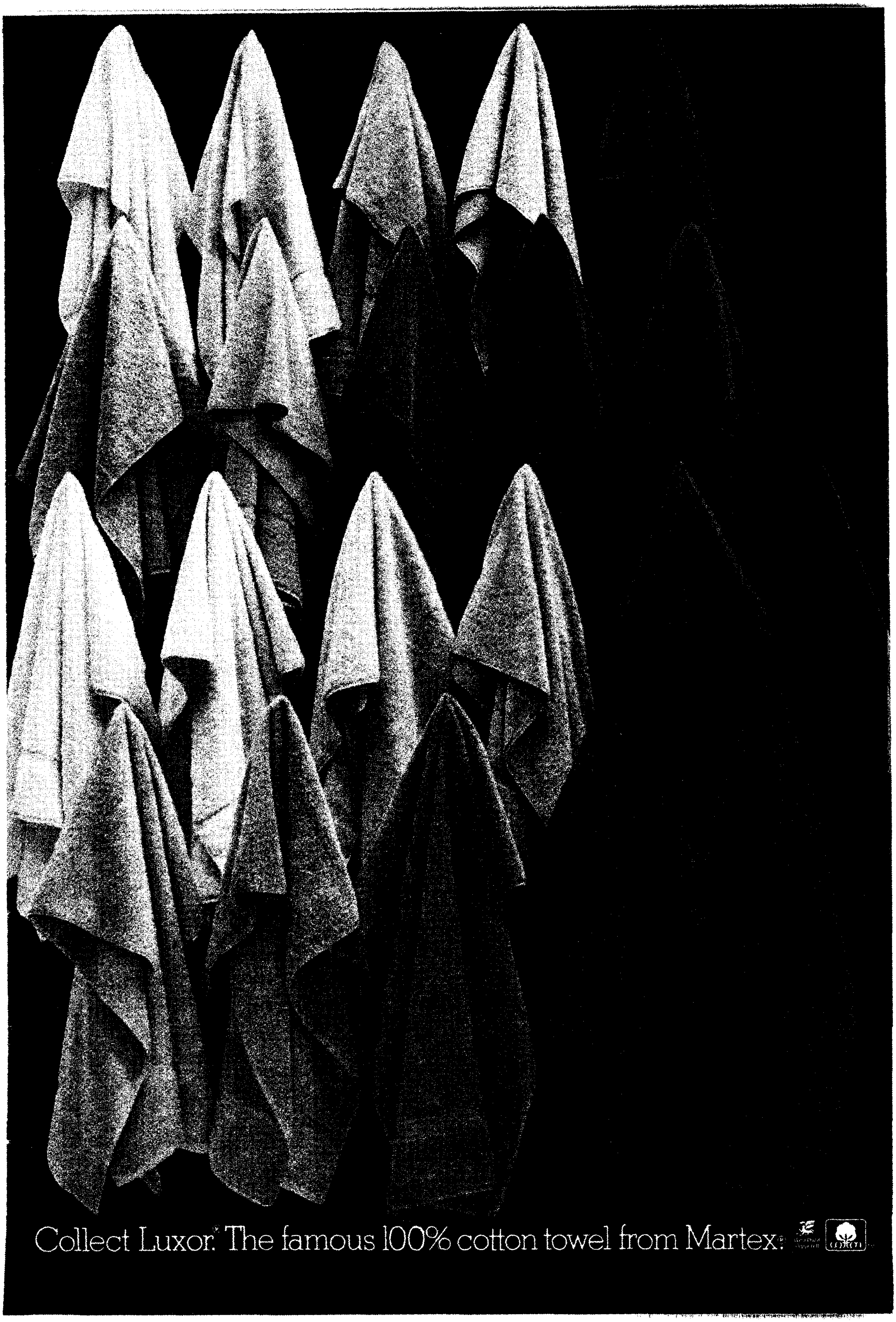
Despite this, Geiser cannot sleep. His rucksack is packed, the flashlight back in the rucksack, the magnifying glass, too, though actually he needs it again now. To read. He has not yet gone to bed, though it is already midnight. The tapping on metal has stopped. When he holds his breath, not a sound can be heard, nothing except his own pulse. There is still a glow in the fireplace. Geiser has no desire for sleep; a person does not have that much time—

Geology is a science devoted to tracing the development of the earth through its various eras since the formation of the earth's crust, and it covers a period of 2,000 million years—according to recent discoveries, 5,000 million years (*see* Geological Eras). The eras vary considerably in length; the Paleozoic, for instance, lasted 340 million years, the Mesozoic 140 million, and the Cainozoic 60 million. Geology embraces the history of the lithosphere (land and sea), volcanic phenomena, and the world of plants and animals. One recognizable feature is the frequent recurrence of the process by which geosynclines become filled with deposits, which are then transformed by orogenesis into firm masses; these tend generally to form continents, which are then exposed to erosion by endogenous and exogenous forces. Organic life originated some 1,500 million years ago, but the first traces are discernible only in rocks dating back some 1,000 million years; the trend has been toward the evolution of higher stages and a greater variety of forms, along with improved quality. In this process the changing pattern of the earth has played an important role, making it imperative for plants and animals to adapt to new living conditions, to migrate, or to die out.

At dawn, before the brief peal from the church bell, Geiser took his packed rucksack, his hat, raincoat, and umbrella, and left the house. The rucksack is not too heavy, and by the time he reaches the woods his heart has stopped pounding. In the village there is nobody to catch sight of him and ask where Herr Geiser is going, climbing the mountain with his rucksack in this weather.

Geiser knows what he is doing.

The pass lies 1,076 metres above sea level, and Geiser knows the way—at any rate, as far as the top of the pass—from expeditions in previous years;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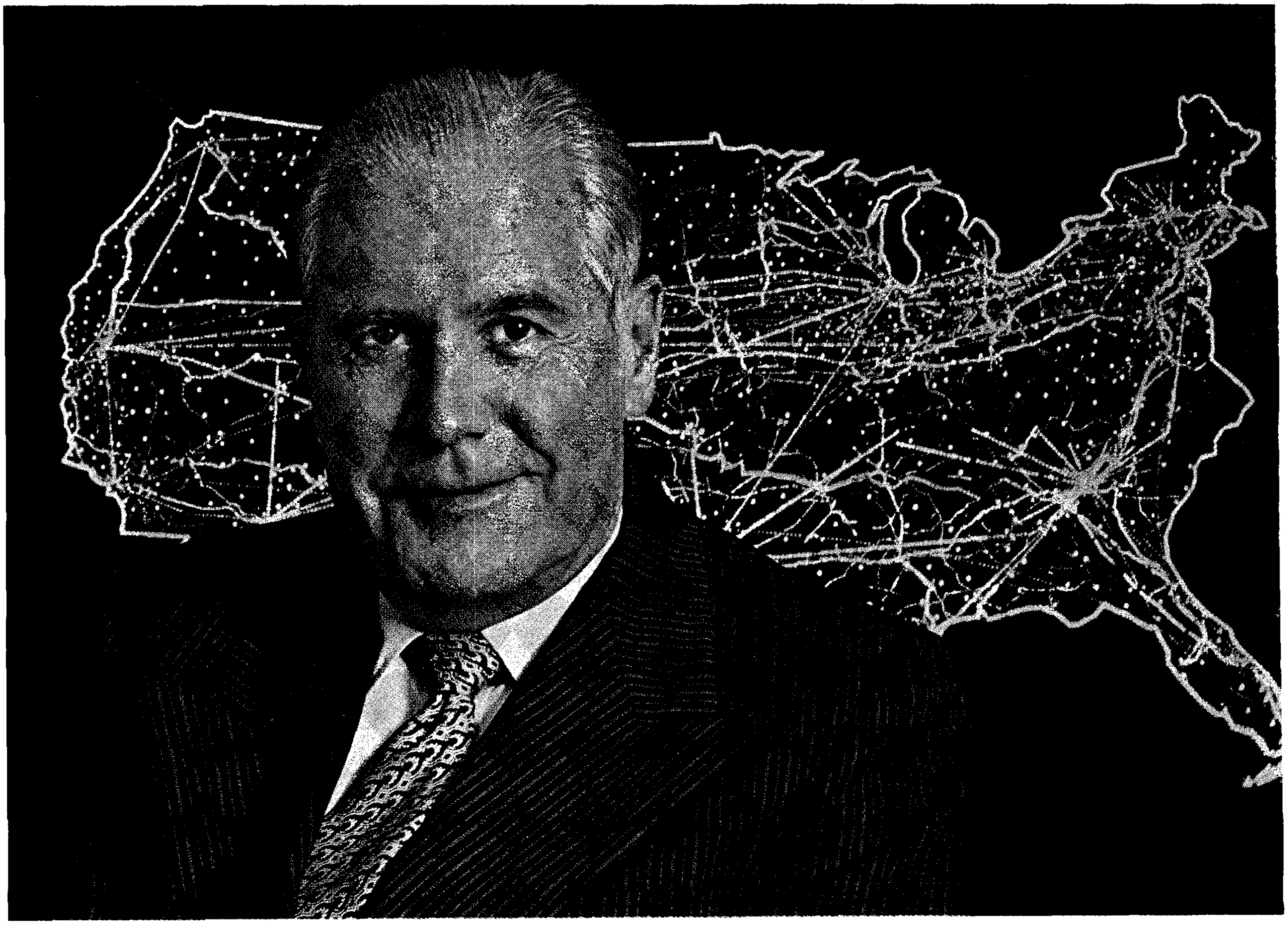

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besides, he has a map. He knows that one must keep to the left where the path forks, and that there are barns along the route in which one can shelter in case of a heavy thunderstorm, and more barns on the pass itself—

A path is a path even in fog.

At least there has been no thunder.

The path is not steep at the beginning; the slope is steep, but the path is almost horizontal, parts of it covered with slabs—a safe path even in fog, when one can hear the roar of the waterfall though one might not see it.

Farther on, the path grows steeper.

Later, Geiser gives up looking out for a chapel—below the path, to the right, if memory serves; perhaps it was invisible in the fog.

The woods must begin to thin sometime.

He has forgotten whether the path leads over two or over three bridges before it leaves the woods. When one can hear a stream close by, even if it cannot be seen, one ought in spite of the fog to be able to make out the railings of a bridge—or perhaps he just crossed a bridge without noticing it—

The high bridge has railings.

(Unless it has been swept away!)

The field glasses jogging against his chest are not really heavy—only useless. All he can see in the fog: the nearest tree trunks (their foliage hidden in fog), bracken, a few metres of the path ahead, somewhere a red bench, rocks indicating a gorge, then, all of a sudden, the railings.

The tubular uprights are twisted.

After one hour precisely Geiser takes his first rest, though he does not remove his rucksack or sit down. The climb is, of course, more laborious than in previous years, but his heart stops pounding.

He has plenty of time.

Many of the slabs that form the path look very heavy; it must have been hard work finding all these slabs, dragging them to the right spot, and fixing them in such a way that the path would stand firm in all storms—the trouble he himself is having with them,

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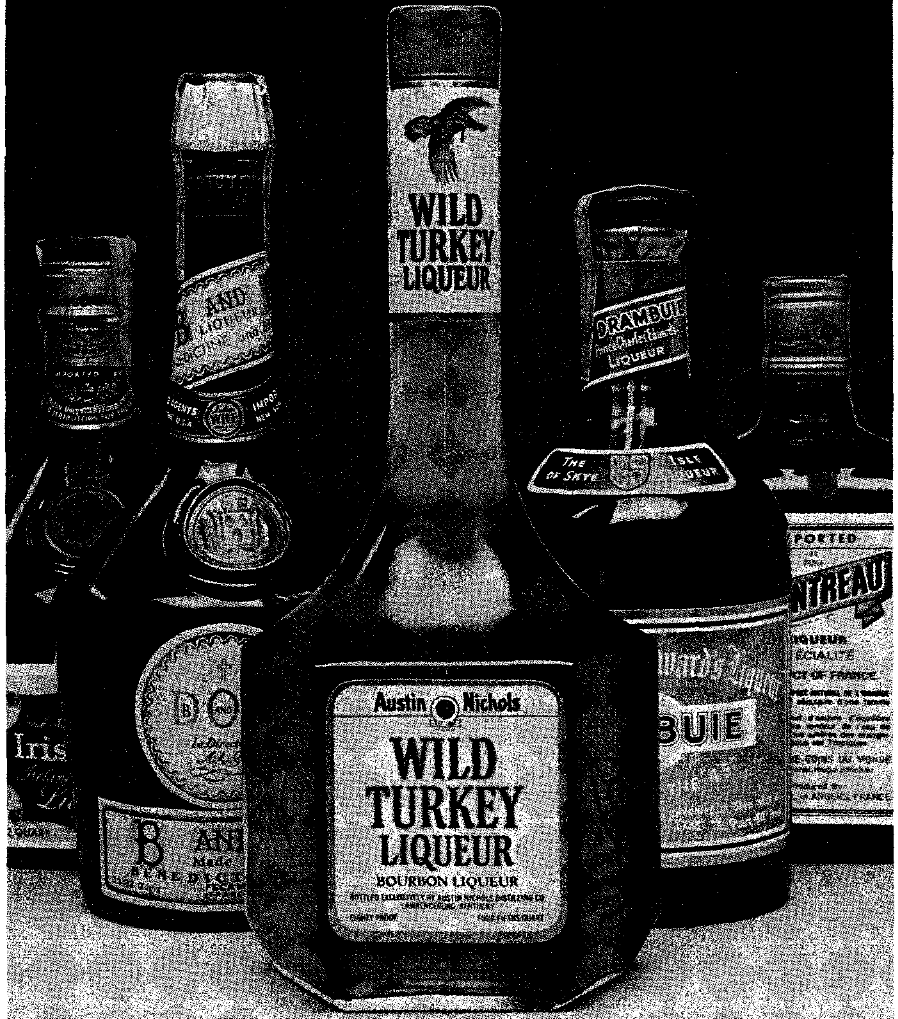

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treading step by step from one to the next, is nothing by comparison; at times the steps are rather too high, which robs one of breath and proves discouraging.

The umbrella is a nuisance.

Now and again the path forks, but none of these can be the fork marked on the map, and Geiser feels no need yet to consult his map; the important fork, at which he must veer left, is somewhere above the first barns, and Geiser has not yet seen any barns. Despite this, he feels briefly unsure of himself at one fork—perhaps the fog prevented him from seeing the barns—until he realizes that it was only a shortcut; the paths, both the steeper and the other one, come together again.

The day is still young.

Even if in the fog it is impossible to know exactly where one is, the path is leading upward at every curve; the important thing is to keep going, without haste, step by step, regularly and without haste, so as never to run short of breath.

The barns at last—

A silly dog barking.

After half an hour, earlier than planned, Geiser takes another rest, without removing his rucksack—no desire for Ovomaltine; however, he does sit down on a mossy rock, drenched through, in spite of his umbrella, but confident:

His plan is workable.

At the fork—the other path leads to a spring pasture, to a group of houses on the farther side of the valley, where, according to the map, it comes to an end—he chose correctly, also at a second fork, not shown on the map. A white-red-white mark on a rock confirmed it. Later, the path became narrower, and it had no slabs.

Geiser has made two resolutions:

1. To keep to a path at all times.
2. To give up at any sign of heart trouble and on no account to exhaust himself.

Once already, Geiser has tripped over a root; a little blood on his skin, mixed with rain—a graze on his right arm, with which he is holding the umbrella—but not enough to make it necessary to undo his rucksack for a bandage. A walking stick would have been more useful than the umbrella, an oilskin better than the gabardine raincoat, which becomes heavy when wet.

The rain has not eased up.

An unbridged stream, not a proper stream but a stretch of flowing water that is just the result of persistent rain and is not marked on the map, water flowing over debris, wide, but nowhere so deep or swift that one could not wade it in knee-high boots—this has cost Geiser a lot of time, since he is wearing ordinary walking shoes. Half an hour at least. He walked up the slope and then down it, looking for stones he could trust, stones as large as possible, which would not tip or roll over when he set foot on them, and close enough for him to step across. But it was more or less the same everywhere. In the end there was nothing left but to risk it. One of the stones in which, after lengthy examination, he put his particular trust did then tip over—he did not fall, but he got a shoe full of water. This happened at nine in the morning—that is to say, while the day was still young.

Nearer the pass the ground becomes more even—

Ten years ago (Geiser is now approaching seventy-four) and in sunshine, it had been just a pleasant walk, an outing of two and a half hours there and back.

His memory has served him correctly:

A wide pass, pastures, rectangular dry-stone walls, and woods with clearings, the trees mostly deciduous (though beeches, not birches), and a few scattered houses (not barns but deserted summer houses); and the path disappears in the open pastures, as is usual.

It would be time for a rest.

The thought that nobody could possibly know where Herr Geiser is at this particular moment pleases him.

No cattle—

No birds—

Not a sound—

To survey the landscape and find out before taking his rest what still lay

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ahead of him—the map shows a path with plenty of crosshatching, which means rock—Geiser went on farther. No path, and no view down into the other valley—just woods, growing ever steeper, undergrowth covering mossy debris, on which he kept stumbling, and in the end he found himself unable to move without slipping. Besides the gasping for breath, there was now anxiety, haste, irritation with himself, and sweat, and where the undergrowth began to thin the slope became even steeper; it was scarcely possible for him to remain upright. His progress turned into a crawling on all fours, an hour of which can use up more energy than three hours on a path, from one root branch to the next, and suddenly great walls of rock—

One false step and it is all over.

Geiser would not be the first.

Suddenly it has all become a question of luck.

By the time Geiser regains the open pasture of the pass, glad that there has been nobody to see him, it is noon. A gray noon. Beneath a large fir tree, where the ground is almost dry, though unfortunately teeming with ants, Geiser changes out of his sweaty shirt and waits for his confidence to return—his self-reliance, the feeling of not being lost.

He is not conscious of hunger.

A year ago two younger people, who had also lost their way, were not discovered for three weeks, even by a helicopter; it was only when someone noticed a number of birds circling over the woods, always in the same spot, that they were found.

Geiser has forgotten his thermos.

The weather does not seem to worry the red ants in the least; their silent industry in a heap of fir needles—

He could do with his afternoon nap.

When one is not moving, one begins to feel chilly. Geiser has changed out of his wet socks as well, but his wet trouser legs still feel like cold poultices.

He has not forgotten the map, however.

The path leading seven hundred metres downward on the other side of the pass, to the right of the gorge, according to the map, is bound to be a steep one, and when Geiser gets up to put on his rucksack he feels a wobble in his knees. However, it has stopped raining. For a while, walking over the open pastureland, he is not sure what he may decide to do.

AURIGENO/VALLE MAGGIA

Not far from the place where, three hours ago, Geiser was lost in the undergrowth, he sees this inscription on a rock in white paint, with an arrow pointing to the path, which leads right, through the beech trees. A narrow path, stony in places, then one is again walking on woodland soil, which is kinder to wobbly knees, and as long as one does not tread on the roots, which are slippery in the wet, it is an innocuous path. In the woods one cannot see the gray clouds; the foliage is green, the ferns green, and to turn back, as Geiser was contemplating during his rest, would have been silly.

His plan is workable.

Geiser had figured on five to six hours (his son-in-law claims it took him just two and a half hours), making allowances for his age.

The first gully is nothing to worry about.

The second looks more troublesome—a steep hollow filled with debris, a tangled mass of boulders and shattered tree trunks, rivulets but no raging streams. One trudges through pebbles and mud, holding on to a rotting branch or a rock, not without some palpitations—but in the end one finds the path again. The warning in the guidebook ("Descent via the Valle Lareccio: care needed in bad weather") seems somewhat exaggerated when one is actually there, even though the slope is getting steeper and steeper. But one does not have to glance down into the gorge. A zigzag path with good steps. The crosshatching on the map is no exaggeration; on the far side of the gorge there are cliffs and a waterfall dissolving into spray—

A third gully presents no problems.

The house Geiser left at dawn, his house, standing now in a different valley, seems hardly to belong to the present anymore when Geiser reflects that

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he has been living there for fourteen years.

Usually, on a walk, one thinks about nothing.

The important thing is the next step and the one after that, so that one does not twist an ankle, one's knees do not give way, one does not slip suddenly. The umbrella is no use as a walking stick—it frequently slides on the stones and offers no support when one's footing is uncertain. But the path is still good; just now and again the steps in the stones are too high for someone whose knees have already become wobbly.

At times Geiser is beginning to think—

Suddenly it is his calves that go on strike: a pain at every step, like being pricked by needles. The Maggia Valley is already in sight, its green plain spread out below, but the houses on it still look no bigger than toys, and it is better just to keep his eyes on the path.

At one point the path leads uphill again—

A chapel with an overhanging roof, and even a seat under the shelter of the porch, provides a chance to sit down and shake off the cramps in his calves; it is marked on the map, which is always comforting: one knows from a map exactly where one is at a particular moment. In somewhat less than an hour he has descended more than four hundred metres, and now there is not far to go:

Another three hundred and thirteen metres downhill.

The ants in his rucksack do not disturb him; Geiser permits himself a little cognac, then a glance down into the gorge, where almost certainly no human being has ever set foot, and a glance upward: ridges and cracks, slopes so steep that one wonders how one ever descended them. It is a tangled sort of valley.

It is now around two o'clock.

What is there to think about?

—EB : AE = AE : AB

—The Bible and the fresco of the Virgin Mary do not prove that God will continue to exist once human beings, who cannot accept the idea of a creation without a creator, have ceased to exist; the Bible was written by human beings.

—The Alps are the result of folding.

—Ants live in colonies.

—The arch was invented by the Romans.

—If the Arctic ice were to melt, New York would be under water, as would Europe, except for the Alps.

—Many chestnut trees are cankered.

—Only human beings can recognize catastrophes, provided they survive them; Nature recognizes no catastrophes.

—Man emerged in the Holocene.

It is almost four o'clock when Geiser wakes up. He has heard only the last faint rolls of thunder; obviously, there was a brief rainfall. Clouds encircling the steep mountains, but billowy clouds, full of light, almost sunshine. In a little while one may even see blue sky here and there. Drops falling from the trees, which are glistening, and a twittering in the glistening leaves.

The cramps in his calves have subsided.

The church in Aurigeno (from which a mail bus runs to Locarno) is not yet visible, but Geiser can quite distinctly hear its clock striking the hour—a harsh, hoarse bell, with hardly any reverberations.

The ants have disappeared.

After finishing the cognac (a small flask), placing his field glasses in the rucksack, and slowly tying the rucksack up again, Geiser remains seated for a while, not telling himself what he is thinking, what he has decided in his head. Then he rises, straps the rucksack to his back, looks around to make sure that he has not left an Ovomaltine wrapping on the ground or on the bench in front of the chapel—which is not, incidentally, a chapel. It is just a fresco of the Virgin Mary, with an overhanging roof.

Geiser almost forgot his umbrella.

The ascent is laborious, just as he expected, and Geiser knows that it is four hundred metres up to the pass. The confident knowledge that the three gullies are not insuperable, that the

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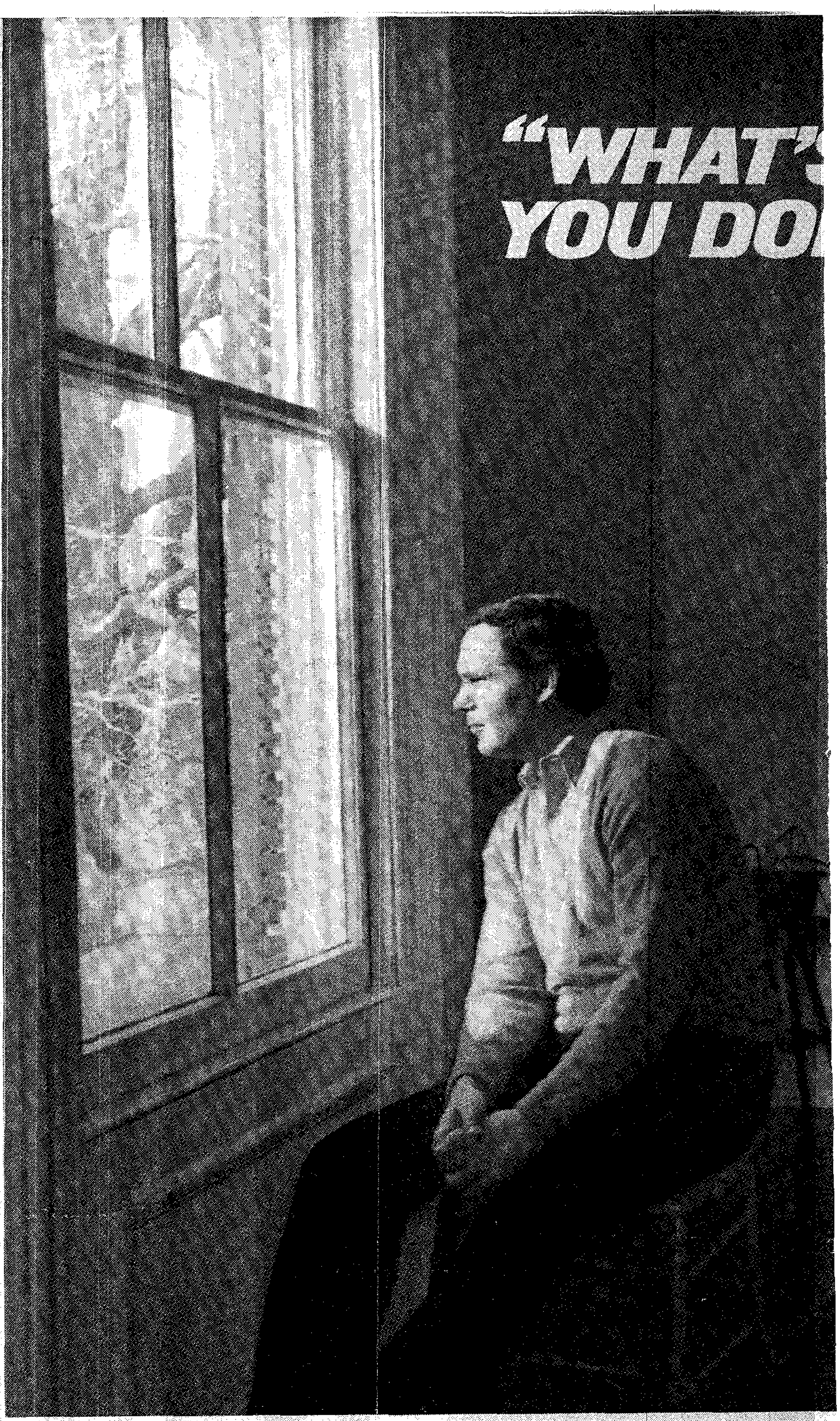

It starts out innocently enough.

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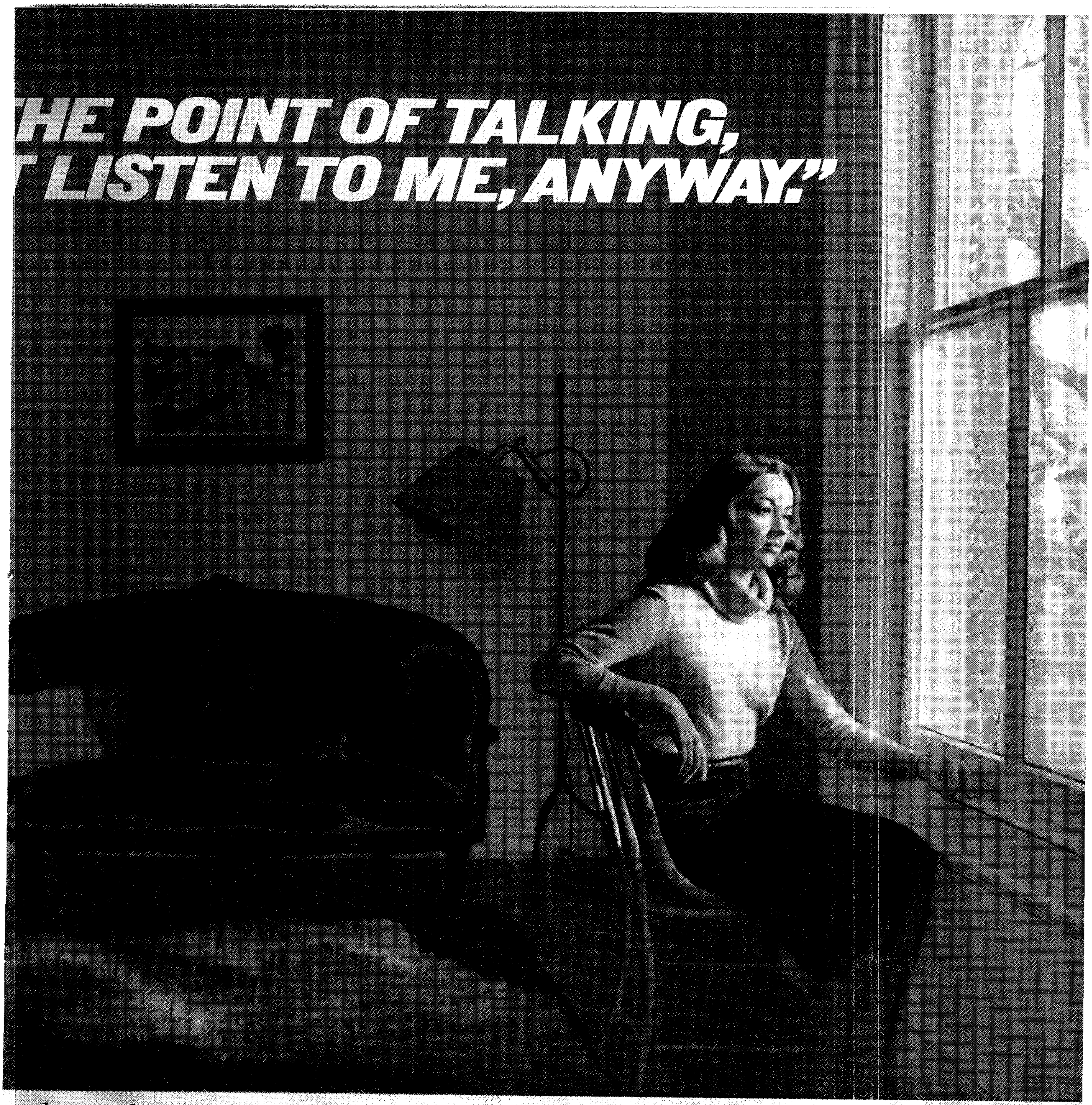
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the speakers to share more of their thoughts and feelings, bringing everyone closer together.

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track is a good one on the whole and not dangerous so long as there is daylight, and that the zigzag path in front of him is not interminable—these things hearten him, even though a path known only from the descent can often be unrecognizable when one comes to ascend it. It is not his calves that are on strike now but his thighs. When will he reach the second gully, the large one? There are stretches Geiser cannot remember; all the same, there they are, fairly steep, and now and again, in order to surmount a high step, Geiser has to provide help for his thighs by putting a supporting hand, the right one, on a knee; the left hand is holding the umbrella as a walking stick. With increasing frequency Geiser finds it necessary to sit down on the nearest bank to regain his breath, both hands grasping the handle of his umbrella, his chin resting on his hands.

What use would Basel be to him?

By the time he reaches the pass, it is already about seven in the evening and growing dusky; at the pass it is raining again.

It has been a long day.

Once more, the open pasture, where the path disappears, where in the morning Geiser enjoyed the thought that nobody could know where Herr Geiser was at this moment—

Nobody knows now, either.

—and once more the wide stretch of water without a bridge:

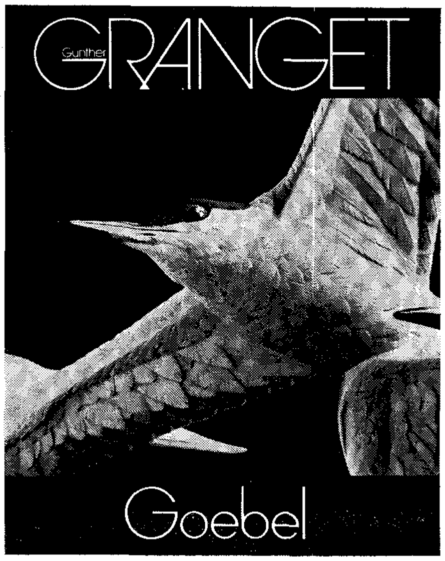
The water over the debris is flowing no more swiftly, but it is now dark, and not even the best flashlight casts much of a beam in the rain. What it principally shows is glittering needles of rain. Each time he felt distrustful of the next stone within stepping distance, Geiser turned back. Here and there a vigorous leap would probably have done it, but Geiser no longer trusted his legs. If nobody was to know about this expedition, it was important to avoid an accident of any kind, even something as simple as a fractured arm. Once, he tried still farther up, then lower down. He took his time about it—no one at home, waiting and counting the hours—no giving in to hastiness. Everywhere the same wash of water, with the difference that it is easier in daylight to guess where the water is deep or shallow. The thought that if, on the bench in front of the Virgin Mary, he had not chosen to return he might now be sitting on a train or in a restaurant was not exactly helpful when Geiser was standing on a stone surrounded by water as far as the flashlight beam could reach, and when even to turn back was risky; a stone on which he had previously stepped seemed to have shifted, and water was washing over it. What now? In the end he did lose patience, and closed his umbrella: one needs both arms free to keep one's balance. Suddenly the water was up to his knees, and after he lost his prodding umbrella it became difficult for him to stand upright in the water—but he made it without losing his flashlight, and a flashlight was more important now than an umbrella.

A path is a path even at night.

As long as one keeps on walking, exhaustion is almost a pleasant feeling in one's veins, and Geiser knows he must not stop now to sit down; otherwise, he will find himself unable to get to his feet again.

There is always ground, even at night.

What can be seen in the glimmer of a flashlight is for the most part enough for him: slabs, indicating a path, the next step, then woodland soil with roots, tree trunks on both sides, but a drop either to the left or to the right, then once more slabs in the bracken, debris and thistles, at one point a dead tree root, and beyond it nothing but the glittering needles of rain—bottomless night, forcing one to go not forward but back, and there is the path again, and the sharp bend Geiser had overlooked before, clear to see. At times Geiser has the feeling that he knows more or less where he is, that he should now be approaching the meadow with the barns. Instead, more woods. Perhaps he did not see the barns he was expecting because they lay beyond the radius of his flashlight. Even when rain is streaming down, one ceases to notice it after a while. For the past two hours Geiser has simply been walking, not even wishing to know where he is. Now and then a knee gives way, but only once has he fallen. Woodland soil and pine needles sticking to his hands, but nothing more. The path is leading downward, and that is the main thing. The barns he has been expecting for the past hour come suddenly into sight. Geiser might have taken shelter there, but what is the point, when he is shivering in wet clothes? It cannot get any



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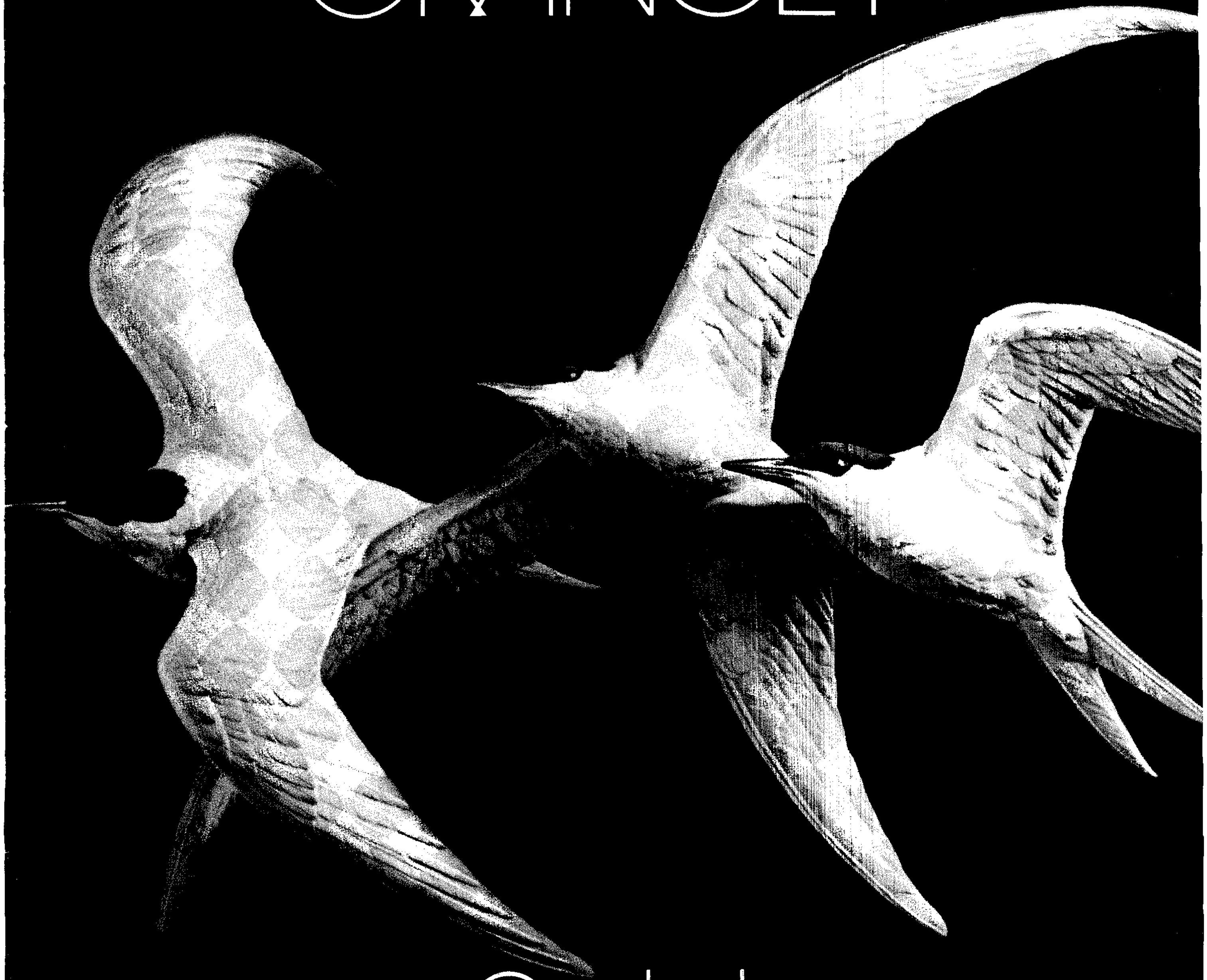

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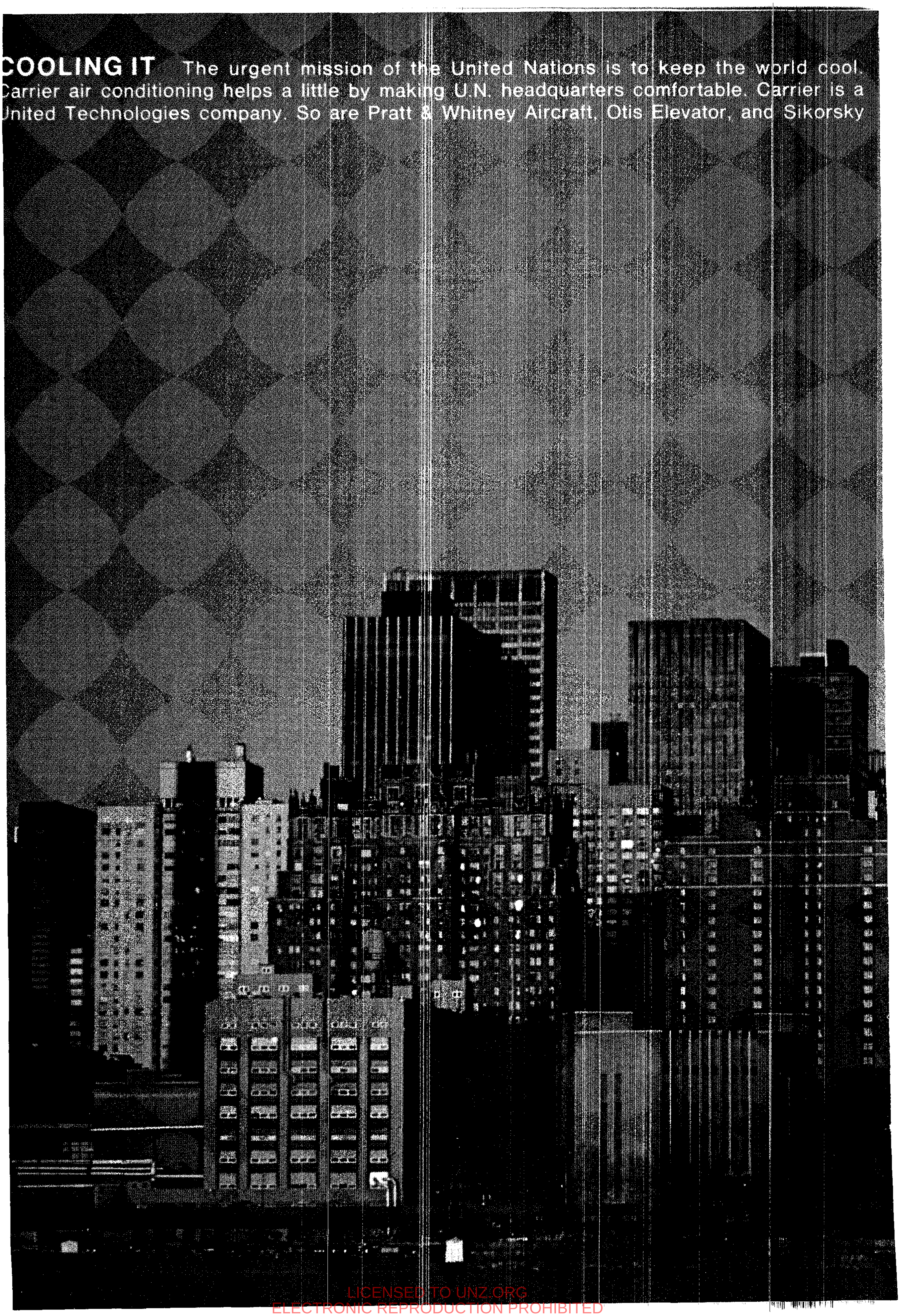

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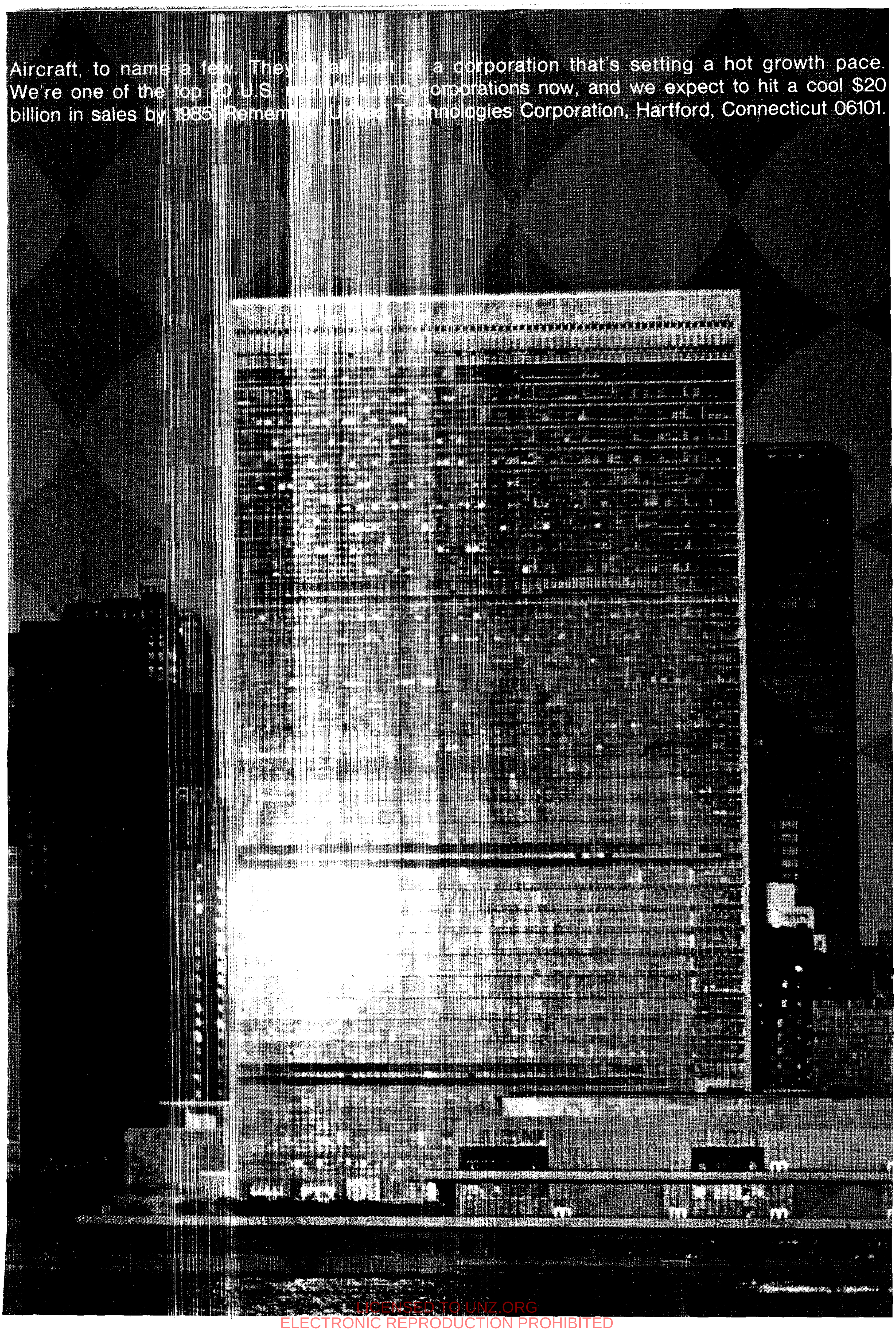

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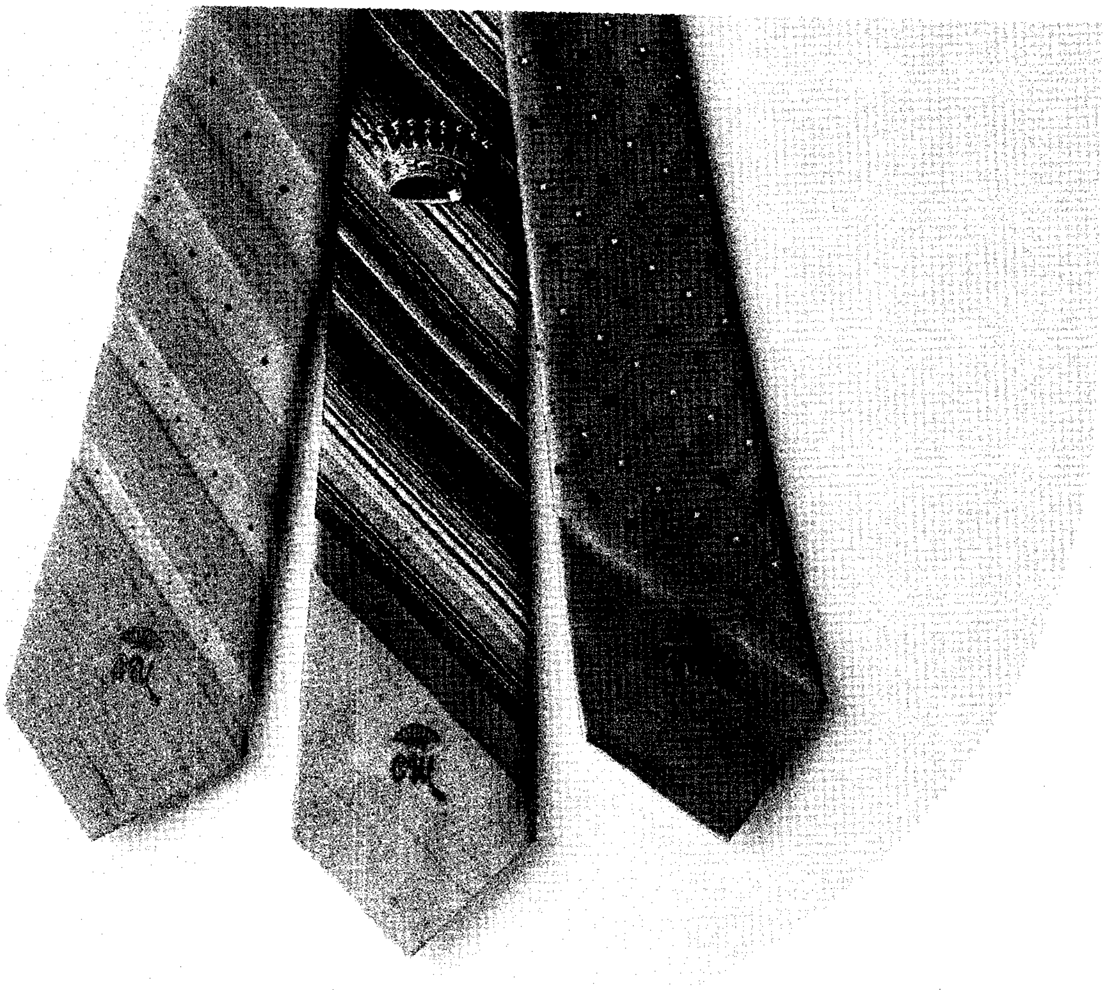

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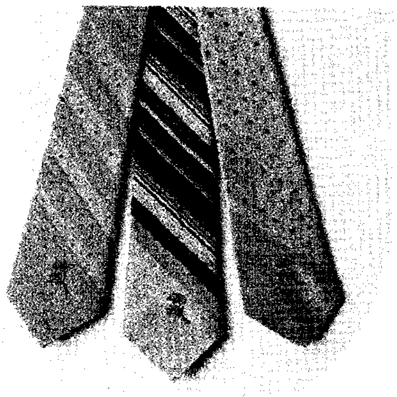

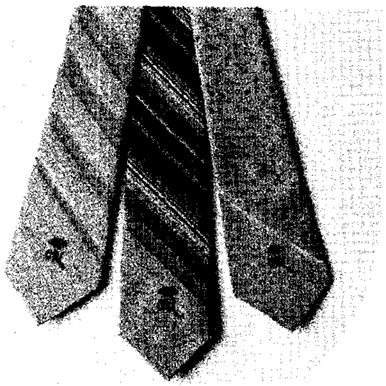

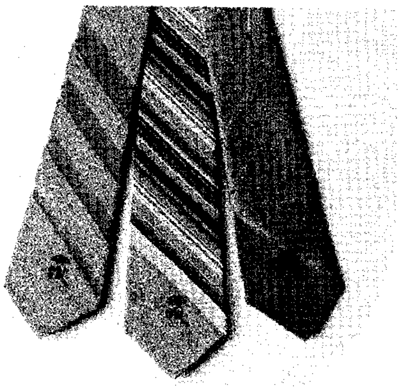

darker than it has so far. What will come next Geiser already knows: a zigzag through the woods, in which one must be careful not to miss a bend, and, later on, the bridge with its twisted tubular railings; after that the path becomes more even, a good path that cannot be missed, so long as the battery of the flashlight holds out—

Nobody will ever hear about his outing.

Every time Geiser found it necessary to stop for a while and wait until his heart ceased its heavy pounding, he switched off his flashlight to preserve the battery.

What use would Basel be to him!

The village was asleep; it was past midnight when Geiser reached home, unseen by anyone.

In the Ice Age one arm of the Maggia glacier stretched across the Passo della Garina (1,076 metres), leaving only the Salmone peak barely showing above the massive sheet of ice.

The soup, the same kind of minestrone that Geiser emptied out into the ground days ago, is back—a whole basinful, and beside it a reprint from a scientific periodical with a greeting, in pencil, from the German professor; obviously, during the day, while Geiser was asleep, someone came to the house, and surely not without ringing the doorbell.

What is the cure for aching limbs?

Whether today it is still raining or raining again, whether the rain is coming down diagonally or vertically, whether it is possible at this moment to see the village and the whole valley or just the nearest fir tree in the mist, the raindrops gliding slowly down the wires, the glistening, dripping ivy—these are things in which Geiser can take no interest.

The graze on his arm is not worth bothering about.

The spotted salamander in the bathroom—

Once already, Geiser meant to fetch the shovel to pitch the slimy monster out into the grounds, but on the way to fetch it he forgot.

The bannister without a handrail—

Whoever it was who brought the soup, the solar investigator in person or his wife or his daughter, somebody saw the papers on the wall; this is more annoying than the aching limbs (the thighs in particular), and there is now something even more urgent than the shovel for the spotted salamander—that Geiser should lock his front door.

Geiser has no wish to leave the valley.

(He could have done so!)

The solar investigator's essay, a lecture given at an international congress, is fairly comprehensible to a layman using the dictionary of foreign words until it comes to the mathematical formulas. Geiser skipped the first of these, but unfortunately there are more of them, chemical ones, and Geiser has to give up.

(All the things one has never learned!)

The hot plate is growing warm—

Two statesmen greeting each other in some airport; it is all still going on, and when, later, one looks again: advertisements for all kinds of things one will never need.

The front door is now locked.

The hot plate is glowing.

When a house catches fire here in the valley, firemen come from the neighboring villages, mostly people getting on in years; by the time they bring the hoses to the right spot and screw them together, the beams beneath the heavy granite tiles of the roof are ablaze, and when, shortly afterward, the roof collapses, the tiles' weight carries them down through the ceiling and then through the floor, to crash to pieces in the cellar.

The hot plate is turned off.

At the moment Geiser is standing before his gallery of papers.

18 And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him.
19 And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.
20 And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but

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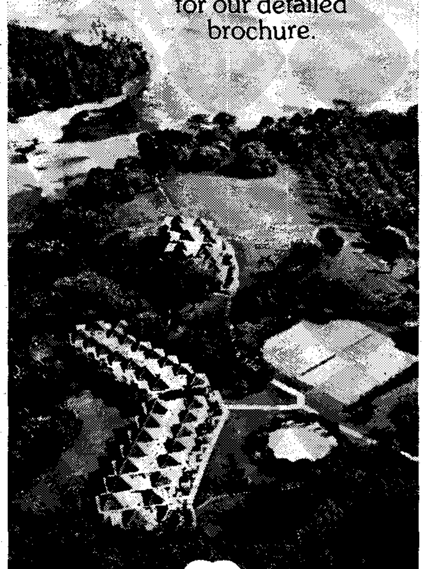

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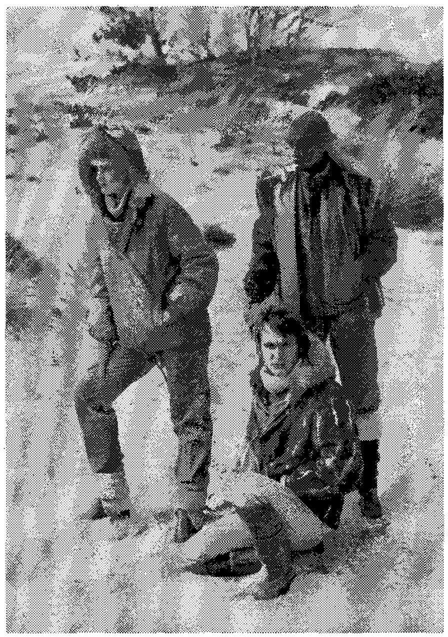

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for Adam there was not found a help meet for him.

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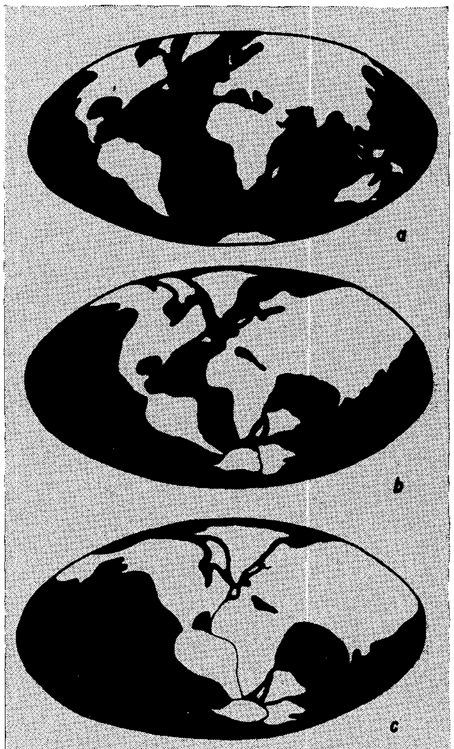
DIMETRODON
DINOCERAS
ANTRODEMUS
TYRANNOSAURUS
RHAMPHORHYNCHUS
MAMMOTH
CERATODUS
ICHTHYOSAUR
TRICERATOPS
TRINACROMERUM
ARCHAEOPTERYX
STEGOSAUR
RHINOCEROS
PALAEOSCINCUS
DIPLOCAULUS
SYNDYOCERAS
DSUNGARIPTERUS
LEPTOLEPIS
ENDOTHIODON
HESPERORNIS
PTERODACTYL
GLYPTODON
EOHIPPUS
TETRABELODON
PTERICHTHYS

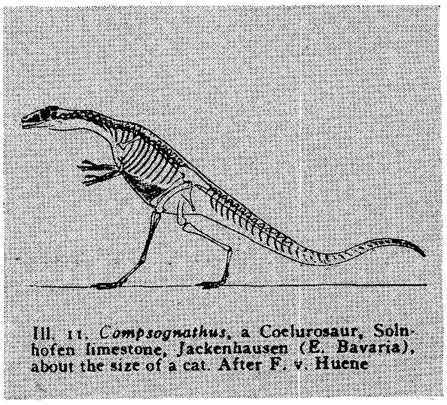
ETC.

The vital functions of human beings and animals are influenced by thunderstorms to the extent that unstable weather conditions (*see* Weather) exacerbate the responses of the sympathetic nervous system. In human beings, circulatory disturbances in the capillaries of the skin have been noted, and, independently of these, a temporary aggravation of certain skin diseases (eczema, prickly heat), while embolisms can occur more frequently on days when the atmosphere is thundery. It is sometimes asserted that attacks of glaucoma, epilepsy, and eclampsia occur more frequently during thunderstorms than at other times, but there is little proof of this. As a general rule it can be stated that, in both human beings and animals, the psychological effects of a thunderstorm (feelings of anxiety or tension) tend to outweigh the physical ones (the occasioning or aggravation of an illness).

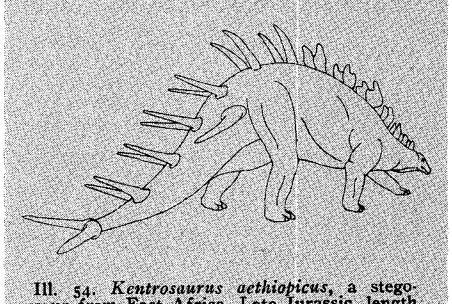
Cutting things out with the nail scissors has the advantage of enabling Geiser to make quicker progress; not only that, but the tape also adheres to wall plaster, so that he can now use all the walls.



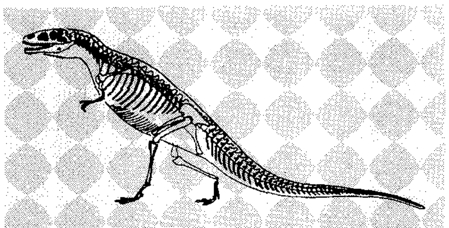
Ill. 68. Wegener's theory of continental drift; the earth today (a), in the Late Cretaceous (b), in the Jurassic (c). Drawing: R. Steel, 1968



Ill. 11. *Compsognathus*, a Coelurosaur, Solnhofen limestone, Jackenhausen (E. Bavaria), about the size of a cat. After F. v. Huene

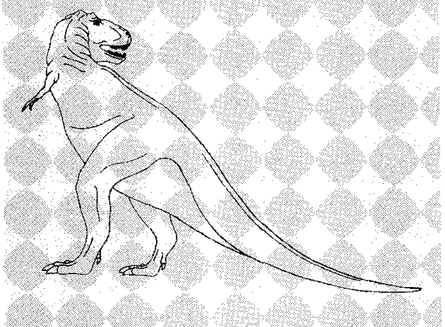


Ill. 54. *Kentrosaurus aethiopicus*, a stegosaur from East Africa, Late Jurassic, length approx. 5 metres. Drawing: R. Steel, 1968

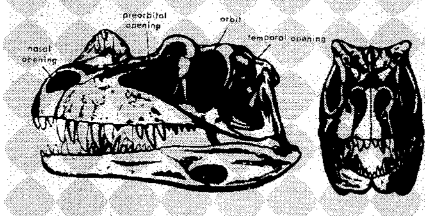


Ill. 23. *Megalosaurus bucklandi* Meyer, Dogger (mid-Jurassic), length approx. 7.3 metres. After Huene, 1956

Something Geiser has not taken into account: The text on the back of the page might be no less illuminating than the picture on the front that he has so carefully cut out; now this text has been cut to pieces, useless for his gallery.

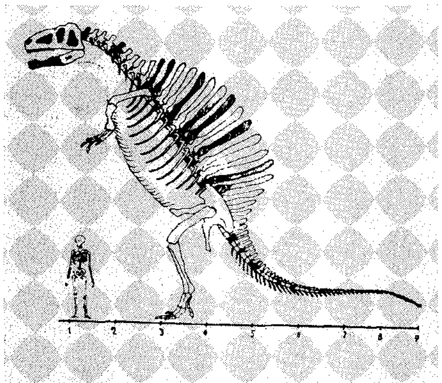


Ill. 26. *Tyrannosaurus rex*, one of the largest carnosaurs, length approx. 15 metres. Original drawing: R. Steel, 1968



Ill. 24. *Ceratosaurus nasicornis* Marsh, skull, length 63 centimetres, Late Jurassic, Colorado. After O. C. Marsh

Now and again Geiser finds himself wondering what he really wants to know, what he hopes to gain from all this knowledge.



Ill. 27. *Spinosaurus*, reconstructed skeleton, beside it a human skeleton, Cretaceous, Egypt. After Stromer

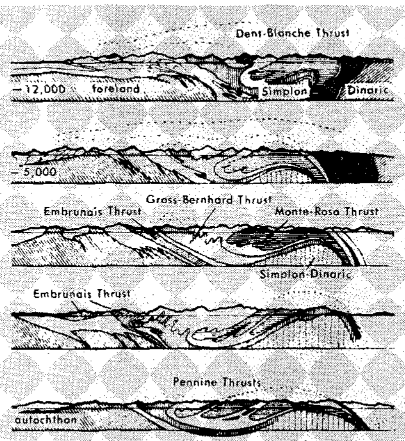
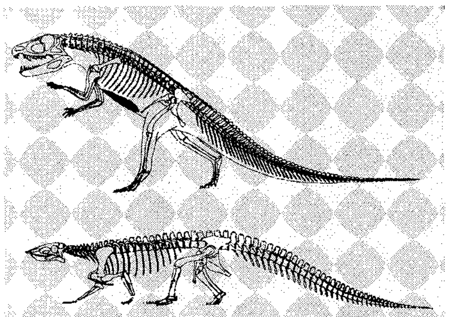


Diagram showing folding in the Pennides (Pennine Alps), based on Argand. The sections west of Simplon show the orological construction to a depth of 12 kilometres: its ramifications are revealed most clearly in the Monte-Rosa Thrust. The uppermost thrust (Dent-Blanche Thrust, to which the Matterhorn belongs) forms the connecting link between the Western Alps (Wallis), Graubünden, and the Eastern Alps (Grossglockner).



Ill. 2. Skeleton of the carnosaur *Ornithosuchus*, Trias, length approx. 4 metres (above), and of *Stagonolepis*, a pseudosuchian (Trias), both members of the dinosaurs' ancestral group. After Walker. Krebs (1969) places *Ornithosuchus* among the pseudosuchians on account of its foot structure.

It is clear that Geiser must have been wearing his hat. Otherwise, it would not be lying beside him on the floor. It is daytime. Why are all the lights on in the house? The fire is still glowing. Geiser finds he can sit up. No bones broken; at any rate no pains anywhere. He is just feeling dizzy, which is why he has to wait a while before venturing to rise to his feet like a human being.

His spectacles, lying on the floor, are not broken.

Presumably—he cannot remember—Geiser fell down the stairs, because of the absence of the familiar handrail.

The house is still standing, unharmed.

Since yesterday—Geiser remembers this—the mail bus has been running again. One hears its triadic horn sounding in the valley: first loud, then soft, since the highway passes through a gorge to one side, then, after the next curve, louder than before; for a while the bus's motor can be heard, then it suddenly grows quiet again, the bus

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having vanished around the curve, and only five minutes later a muffled, triadic hoot from far away—

Geiser can hear that.

There is a mirror in the bathroom in which he might see whether he has a cut on his face. But there is no hurry. The handkerchief he just pressed to his face shows no blood—not a single drop.

The front door is locked.

Actually, Geiser is not at the bottom of the stairs but on the floor beside the table; a chair has fallen over—

The mirror reveals no cut on his face.

The spotted salamander is still in the bathroom.

It is his left eyelid. No pain. When one puts a finger on it, there is no feeling at all in the eyelid. Later, there was a ring at the front door. The power is on again, of course, and Geiser is not deaf. The bell kept on ringing.

Geiser wants no visitors.

In the kitchen there are still: almonds, a jar of pickled gherkins, honey, onions, a jar of olives, canned tomatoes, flour, semolina, oatmeal in plenty; no need for Geiser to leave the house.

All the same, he has his hat on his head.

It is not unusual for a large log (chestnut) still to be glowing on the following morning. Seven or eight hours could have passed since Geiser had his fall—

Perhaps the chair slipped.

Lying on the table are the twelve volumes of the encyclopedia, as well as the magnifying glass, the nail scissors, and various bits of paper, scraps of print that Geiser had cut out but not yet stuck to the wall.

There is still a lot to be done—

Perhaps it is his daughter who keeps telephoning; she probably tried to get through days ago, when the lines were out, and now she keeps on trying.

The telephone rings all through the morning.

What is there to tell her:

—Debris among the lettuces, but the mail bus is running again, the sunflowers all snapped in the middle, a lot of nuts in the grass, autumn crocuses already out in August . . .

Geiser looks for the tape.

—damage down in the valley . . .

He has found the tape.

Standing before his gallery, Geiser cannot remember what gave him the idea of cutting out illustrations of dinosaurs and lizards and sticking them to the wall—

There were never any dinosaurs in Ticino.

Toward noon the telephone stops ringing.

Probably the solar investigator has departed, since the highway is no longer blocked, and it was the solar investigator who rang the doorbell in the morning, to say goodbye until next year.

—there have been some landslides . . .

A crack in the plaster, fine as a hair, which was not there yesterday—that could spell trouble, as could the crack in the floor tiles in the kitchen; this could mean not that the whole slope is about to slide but that the house might no longer be able to withstand the pressure of the water coming down the slope.

(This once caused the collapse of a church.)

But it is not a crack—only a piece of string—that Geiser saw on the kitchen floor. If he ties something heavy to the string—an empty bottle, for instance—to insure that the string falls plumb, and if he holds this up against the wall, he will see that the walls and the whole house are still in line.

The eyelid, the left one, is still numb.

Otherwise, nothing has happened.

When Geiser looks in the mirror again to see his face, he knows that the name of his daughter in Basel is Corinne, and that the firm in Basel that his son-in-law has been managing and that has since trebled its output, bears his name, even if Geiser does look like a newt.

The spotted salamander is no longer in the bathroom.

Geiser has thrown it into the fire.

A flameless glow, a noiseless smoldering beneath the ash, and when one

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puts a dry piece of wood on top, first a blue flicker, then a flame; it crackles loudly, then later it glows for a while in silence. When a large log, partly charred, suddenly disintegrates into smoldering fragments, the familiar sound—

Geiser is not deaf.

Geiser knows the year of his birth and the first names of his parents, also his mother's maiden name, and the name of the street in Basel on which he was born, the number of the house—

(The things a newt knows.)

Geiser is not a newt.

It has been raining a lot in Basel, too; the railroad across the Gotthard was blocked for two days; there were floods in upper Italy, and several people lost their lives.

The tight feeling above his left temple persists.

Geiser cannot remember what he said to Corinne; she knew everything from the newspaper anyway. Not the faintest idea what he, Geiser, told her.

At some time a stray dog on the grounds—

Since yesterday, when he roasted the cat over the fire and then was unable to eat it, Geiser can no longer face even the soup, because there is bacon in it.

Geiser did not tell her about that.

It is a mongrel that does not belong to the village, nor is it the Dutch people's dog—they have presumably left by now; it is sniffing for scent marks on the grounds, but it finds none.

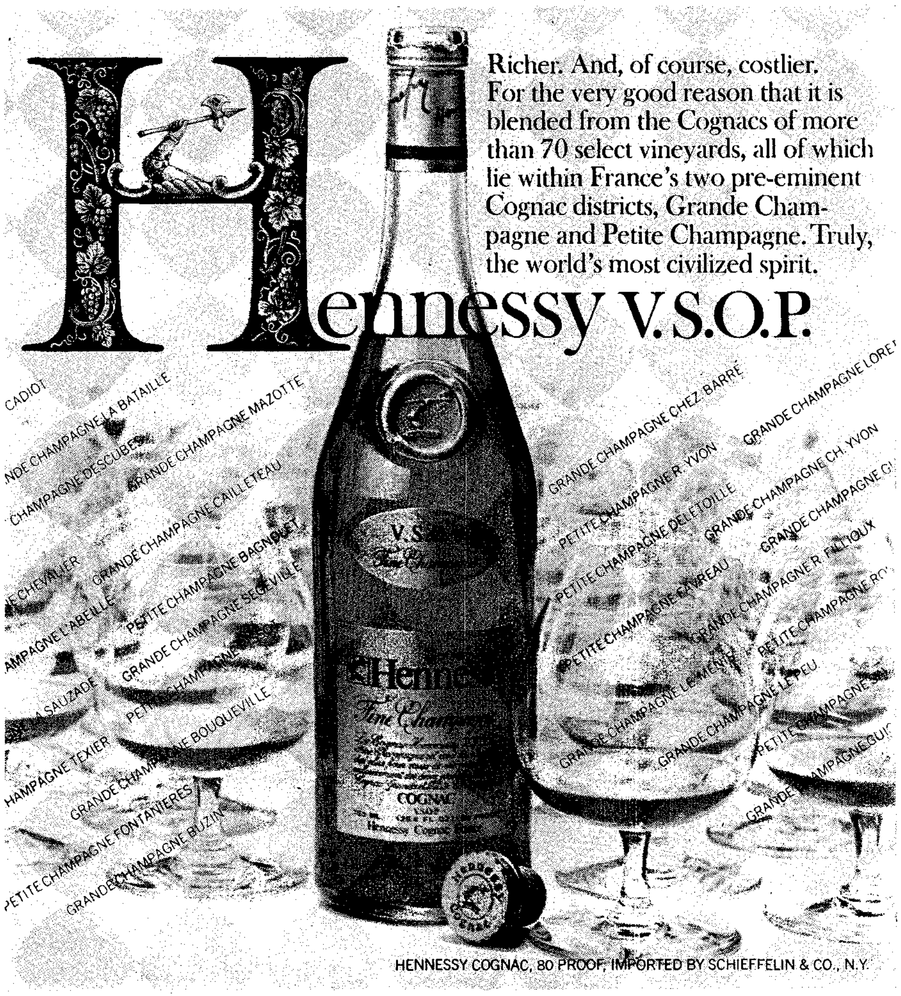
Kitty is buried near the roses.

It is not raining.

The soup, the minestrone, the sight or smell of which he can no longer bear, Geiser has thrown into the nettles.

The stray dog has gone.

Later, three men came: the parish clerk, Francesco, old Ettore, the laborer who has been working all his life on supporting walls and does not believe the whole mountain could ever



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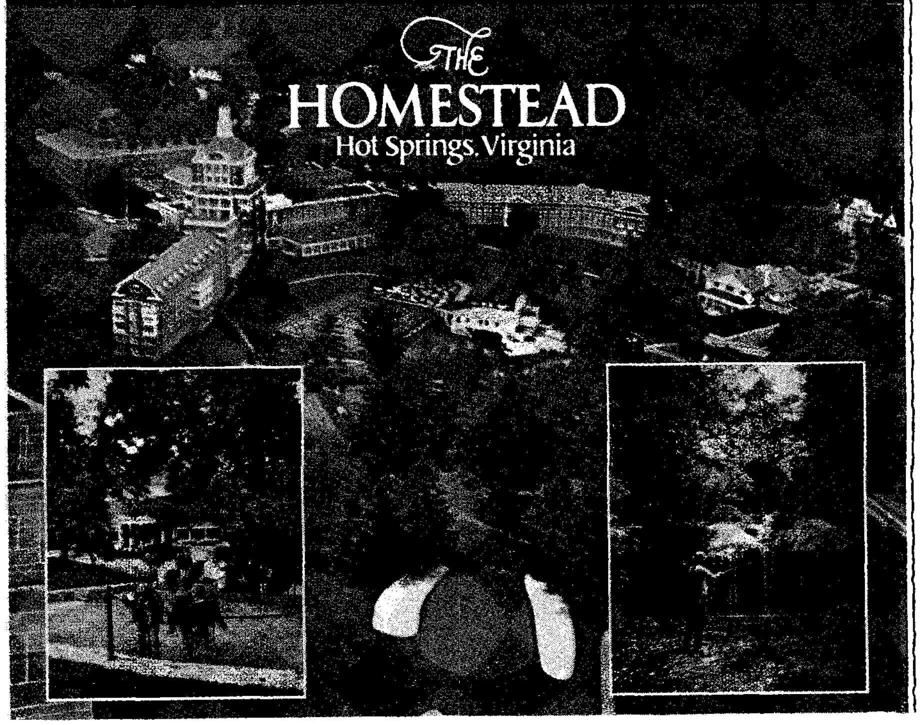

THE HOMESTEAD
Hot Springs, Virginia

begin to slide, and another man; they rang and rang at the front door, as if he were deaf, and shouted, and beat their fists against the door, then finally walked around the house and shone flashlights into the downstairs rooms; it was not until Geiser threw a cup at them that they disappeared.

But that was not today.

It was during the night—otherwise, they would not have been using their flashlights—and today the sun is shining.

At once the birds start singing again.

Geiser has closed the shutters; it is not right for strangers to gawk through the windows just because one refuses to open the front door.

Geiser knows what he looks like.

(A newt doesn't even know that.)

Geiser knows, for example, that:

When climbing a ridge at two in the morning, one needs no lantern, so bright is it above the glaciers, even when no moon is shining; the rock is the color of bone, not gray or black but pale like a bone, and since there are no shadows it seems unreal, even from close up. But one cannot deny it is there, icy to the touch, and hard as steel; not solid rock—here and there it crumbles when one tries to get a grip on it, and splinters go scattering downward. Not a sound, except for those one is making oneself—now and again the sharp ring of an ice axe tapping against rock. Otherwise, it is as still as the moon. The peaks and towers seem a jumbled mass when one glances up at them during the night; but later, in the first rays of the sun and against the blue morning sky, they look like yellow amber, while the Zermatt Valley is still lying in shadow—

That was fifty years ago.

His Matterhorn story is well known; Geiser has told it so often that even his grandchildren are tired of it.

What are the names of his three grandchildren?

Two hours out there on the face, making no progress, to left and right steep snow slopes, frozen over, interspersed

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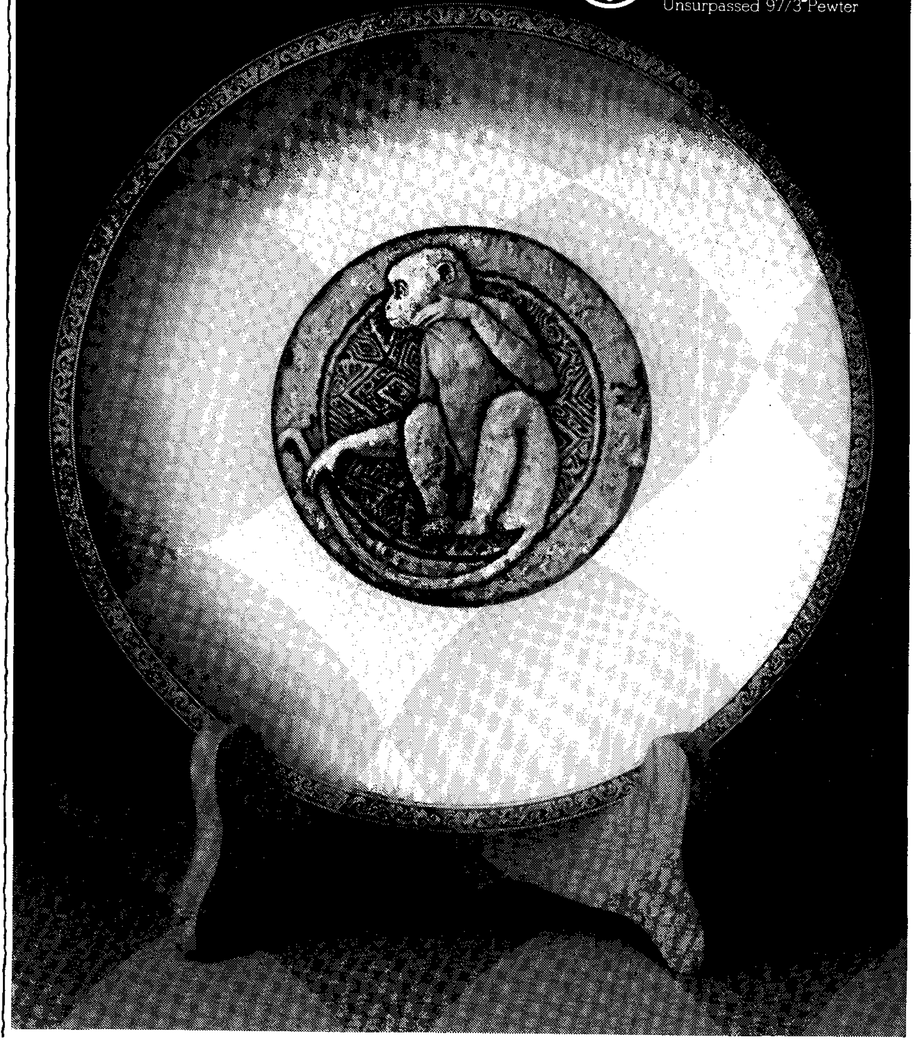

with slabs of smooth slate and rivulets of melting snow; two whole hours without safeguard for either of them—

That was all a long time ago.

Like the yellow sandstorm outside Baghdad.

The power is on again, there is no tapping on metal, not even sounds of splashing, no thunder, no gurgling around the house—

Klaus is buried in Baghdad.

The climb to the summit was calculated to take eight hours, and although they never moved at the same time or without the orthodox safeguard of a taut rope, they made good progress, paying out their rope length by length. By the time they reached the Solvay hut (4,003 metres above sea level), they had passed two other roped parties, one of them with a guide. It was only after this that they came to a little new snow among the rocks, powdery, easy to brush away with a hand, and when, occasionally, they had to cross packed snow, Klaus, his brother, stamped out good footholds or cut them out with his pick. The shape of the Matterhorn is familiar from countless pictures, but from close up, when one is leaning against a rock, granting oneself a short rest, the rope looped around a trustworthy boulder, there is nothing of this shape to be seen as one looks around—just jagged peaks and steep slabs and gigantic rocks, not all of them vertical, either, but overhanging, and one marvels that they have not broken off long since and hurtled down into the valley. At anxious moments, which they were unwilling to admit to each other, it was best to keep silent, to adopt a cool air of unconcern as the other searched for holds or for a crack in the rock in which a shoe could find a reasonably firm place. The weather remained excellent—just light clouds above the summit. In places it was as easy as child's play; one does not have to glance up at the wall above, or look down. Klaus was carrying the rucksack. Suddenly, shortly after ten o'clock, they found themselves standing beside the iron cross on the summit, proud, yet a little disappointed. So this is it! Standing on the Matterhorn eating a cold apple, while yet another roped party arrives, not one they had not overtaken: two men and a Japanese girl. From the summit there was not much to see. Here and

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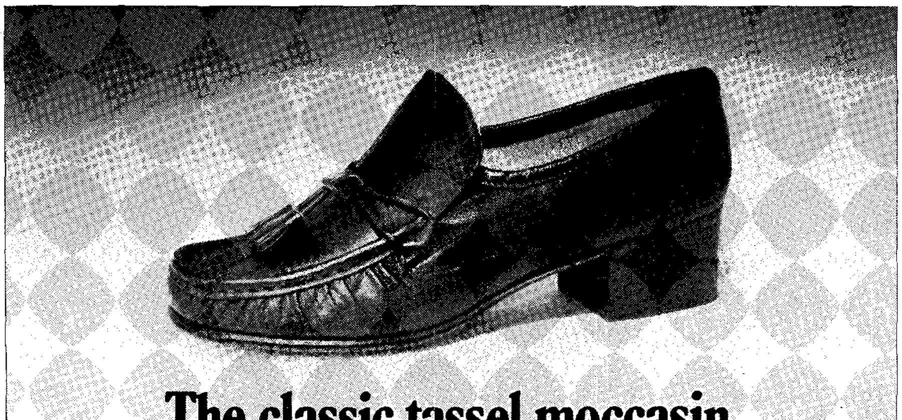

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there a break in the clouds: a view of bleak moraines or the dirty tongue of a glacier; elsewhere a green Alpine meadow in sunshine, streams like a network of white veins, and once they caught sight of the little lake, the Schwarzsee, beside which their green tent was pitched, though they could not spot it—a small ink-blue pool glistening in the sunshine, next to some things that looked like white maggots, presumably cows—

The names of his grandchildren:

SONJA

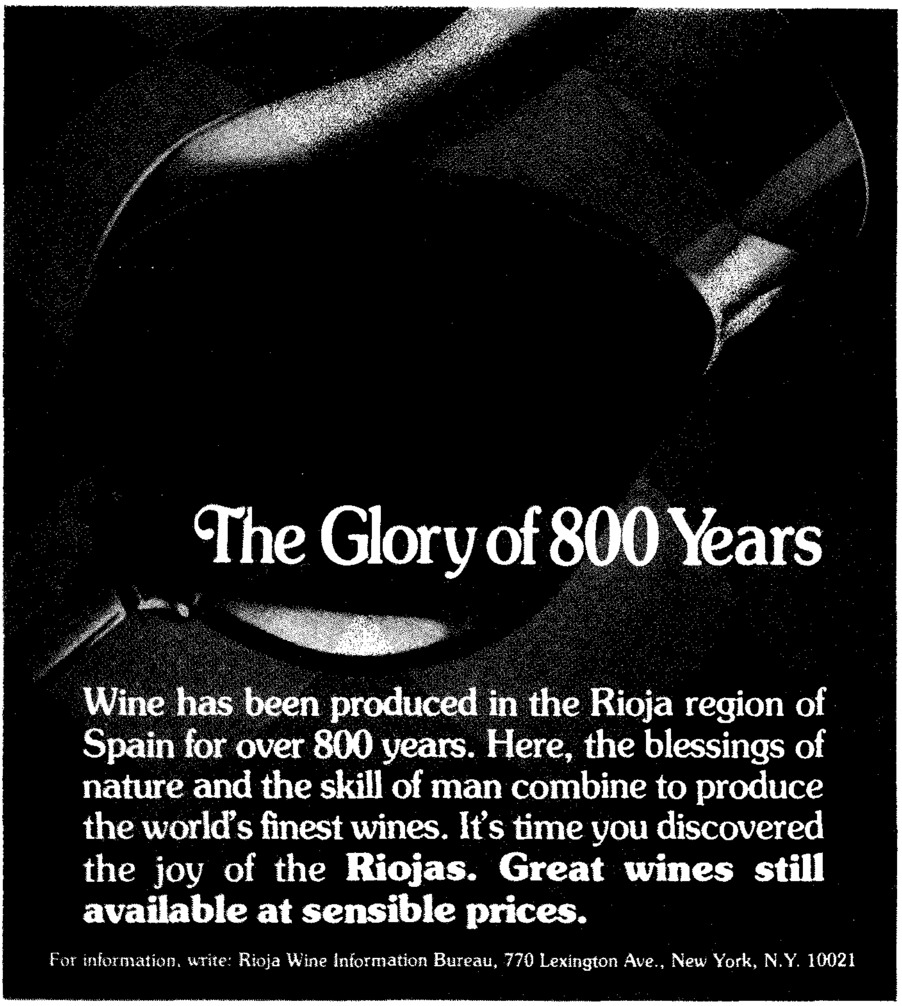
(surname: Krättli)

HANSJÖRG

—but what is the little girl called?

On the other hand, Geiser does remember:

The mountain guide whom they had overtaken did not respond to their greeting on the summit but served his German clients with hot tea, and only a long time later (the wind had meanwhile become so strong that almost all of them, whether drinking tea or not, were facing in the same direction with their hair and clothing blown forward, or, in the case of those wearing woollen caps, just their trousers and jackets blown forward)—only later, when Klaus inquired about something, did the guide remark to them that in overtaking him they had dislodged some stones; more than once, in fact. According to the guide, there was nothing to fear from the weather. Now and again blue sky could be seen among the racing clouds. As they began the descent, they felt apprehensive, for during a descent one has to look downward all the time, and often all one can see is the nearest rocks, hanging over a void; beneath them a place for birds. It is a long ridge, as they now knew. Klaus this time the end man: he made things safe by throwing the rope around a projection on the rock, so nothing much could happen to the man in front, even if he were to slip. For Klaus himself it was more difficult. Since, as end man, he could not always safeguard himself, their progress could not be measured in rope lengths. The descent was slower than the ascent. It is impossible to keep to the ridge throughout; here there is a spur of rock (*gendarme*) to get past, there a steep furrow (*couloir*) leading to the right or left of the rock face, so that one re-



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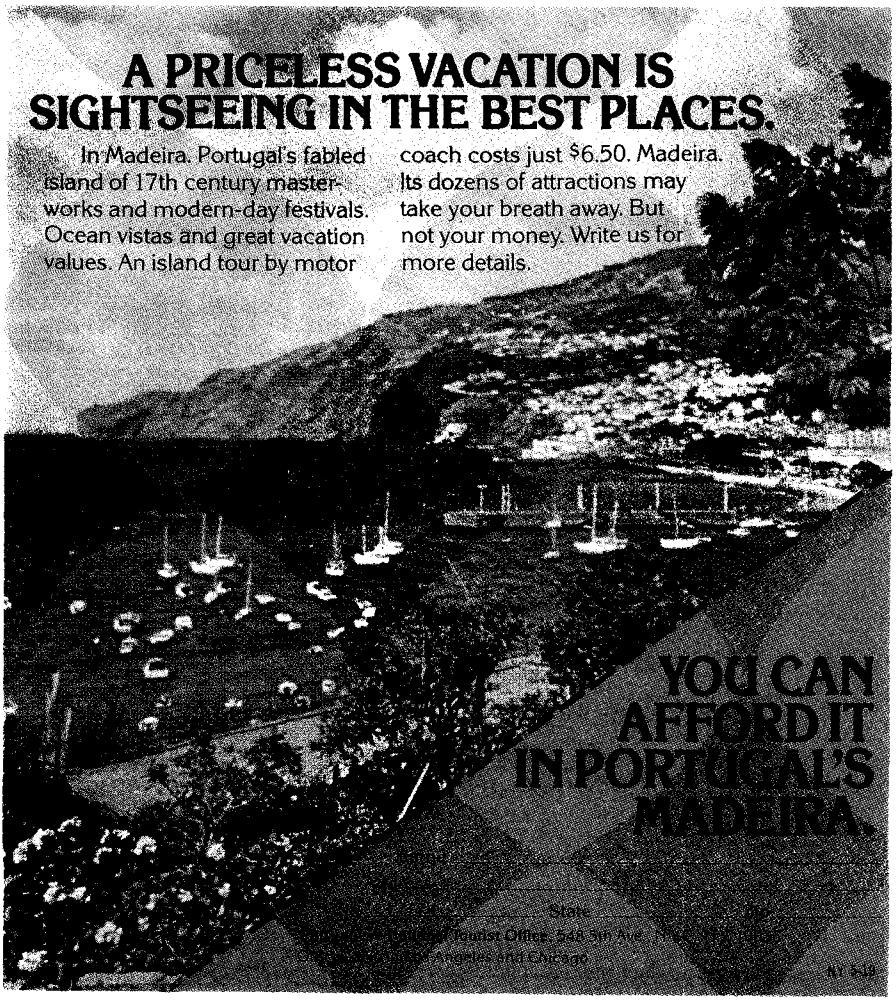

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gains the ridge only lower down. It was the east face; suddenly they found themselves standing, without any safeguard at all, some seven hundred metres above the bergschrund. No idea how they came to be on this ledge. Beside them the steep snow slopes, frozen over, interspersed with slabs of smooth slate and rivulets of melting snow. It was midday. To retrace their steps proved impossible. Once, they heard a roped party on the ridge nearby, though they could not see it—just heard voices and the ringing tone of a pick striking against rock. They did not call for help. An hour passed, and shadows began to creep across the face, though the ridge, whose projections they could see below them, was still in the sun. Later, when they started to shout, making funnels out of their hands, there was no one on the ridge—at any rate, not at this height. They had no climbing irons with them, no piton that would have enabled them to descend by rope to a strip of packed snow leading to the ridge. Both had fairly adequate footholds but hardly anything for a handhold. It was as if the face were pushing one outward. But at least there were no falling stones, so long as they kept still. It had been a mistake to venture out on the face at this point in order to avoid a tortuous climb along the ridge; all the other roped parties had kept to the ridge. What they did then, when they knew they were alone, was madness: in order to reach the strip of packed snow below, Klaus had to make do with tiny cracks in the rock; the rope, which his brother wound around his shoulders and paid out slowly, could never have held him up—they would both have fallen. And they knew it. It was a matter of only ten or twelve metres, but it lasted forever. And the question still remained whether they would be able to move on from the strip of packed snow. Twice, Klaus, with both hands in a crack, had to stretch his entire length downward, feeling for a foothold. It was now impossible to turn back; nobody could pull himself upward from that position. The strip of packed snow, narrow but not too steep, was their last hope of getting off the face. Since neither could do anything to safeguard the other, it was of course senseless to remain roped together. The packed snow on the narrow strip was obviously too thin for Klaus to anchor the ice axe, in order to secure himself, after a fashion, with a loop of the rope. It was, however, still fairly soft, though the sun had been off it for half an

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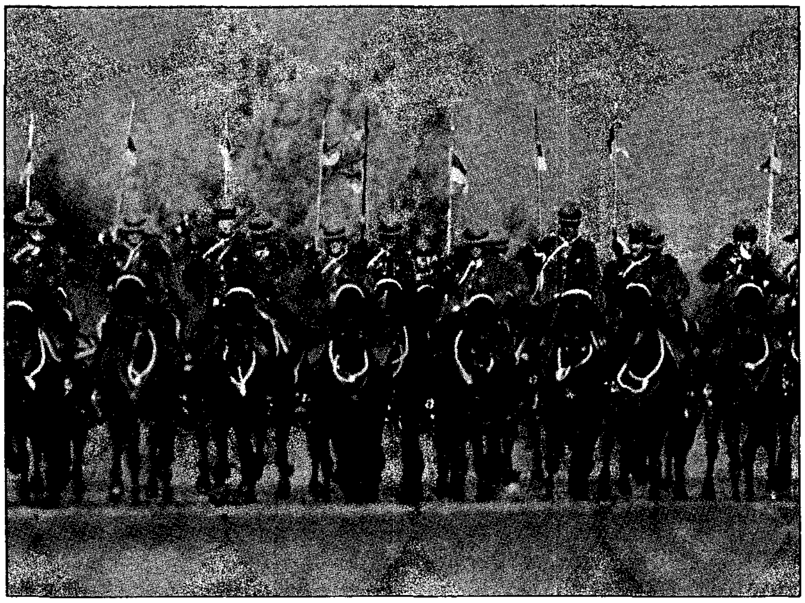

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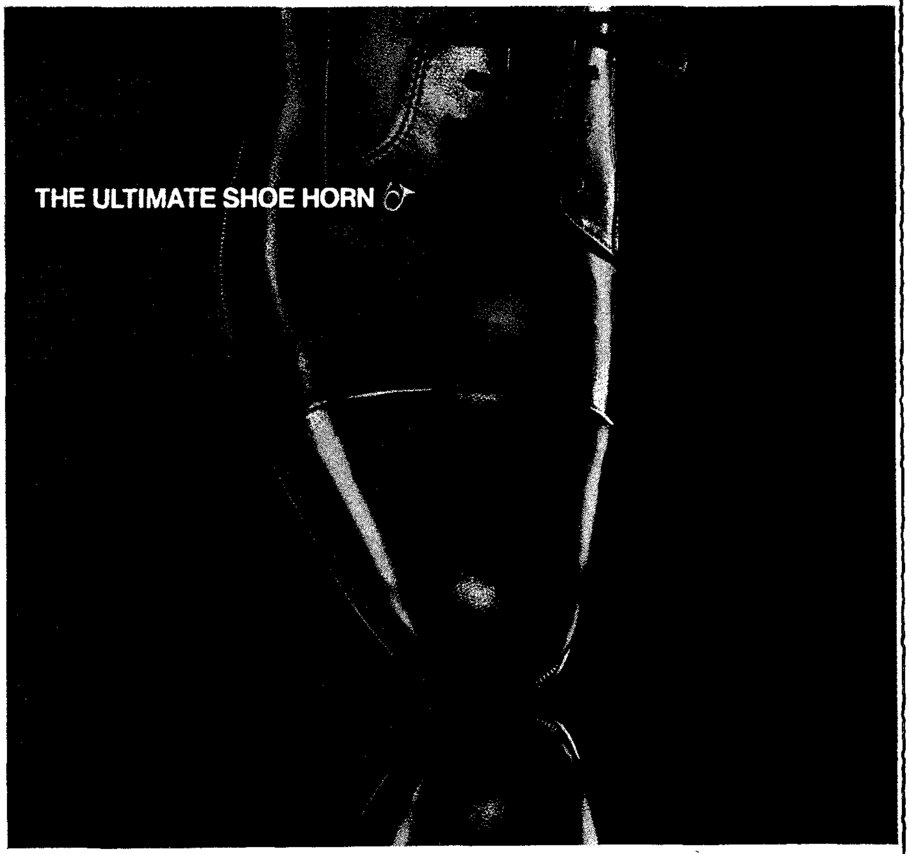

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hour; it was possible to stamp it. Klaus had given instructions that as soon as he reached firm rock again and had a reliable foothold, his younger brother should take off the rope, so that Klaus could go on. The final metres he had to negotiate solely by dangling both feet without hold. Then Klaus gave the signal. The rope fell in a curve, the end he had released twining far below, but Klaus managed to keep a grip on his end. Slowly he pulled the long rope back and looped it around his shoulders. Then he vanished from sight. His intention was to try to reach the ridge by himself, since he was the elder, and then to climb back up the ridge and lower the rope, properly secured, from above. If this did not work, Klaus said, he would make the descent by himself and fetch help, which would arrive probably sometime around midnight. Such had been the arrangement. But to stand there alone against the face, both shoes wedged in a crack, unable to move, looking down on the glacier—nobody could have held out till midnight. Even half an hour would have been too long. In the meantime it had turned cold; no wind, but the sort of cold that leads to indifference. No means of keeping in touch. Whether his brother was still trying to lower the rope from above, or whether, this attempt having failed for some reason, he was now on his way down, it was impossible to know. Once, some fragments of slate came sliding down the wall; but no rope.

That remains in his memory.

Klaus was a good brother.

And Corinne is an affectionate daughter—

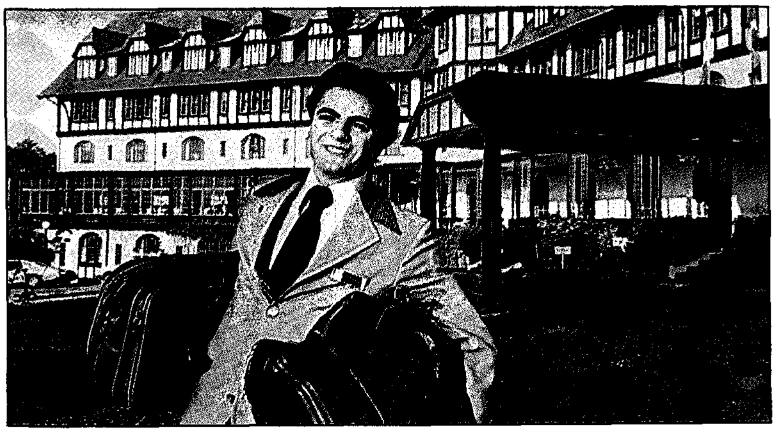
What she wants to know has nothing to do with the Matterhorn; that was fifty years ago, and Corinne is here to find out what is going on now.

There have been some landslides.

But the highway is open again—

Otherwise, Corinne would not be here.

At last the rope came sliding slowly over the rock, one arm's length after another; but it was not long enough. Fortunately, they had arranged it all; exactly five minutes later, Klaus hauled the empty rope up again, one arm's length after another, and packed snow came clattering down, fragments of



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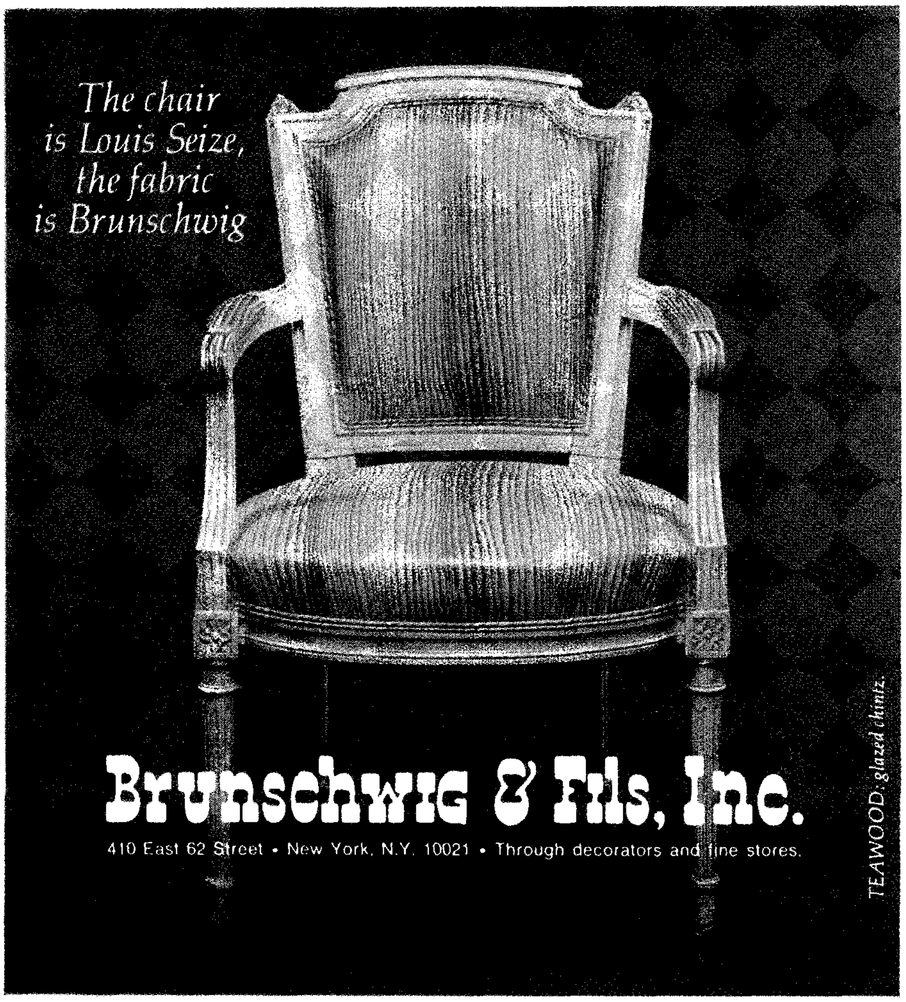

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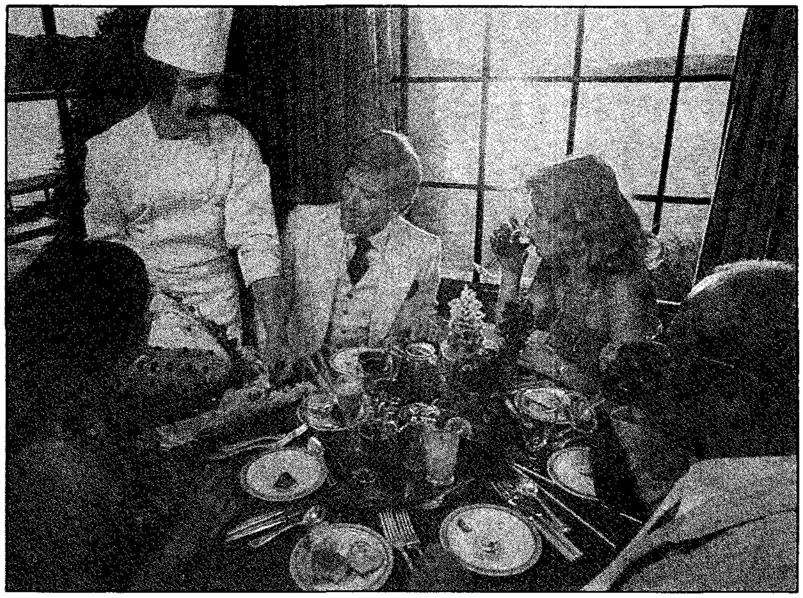

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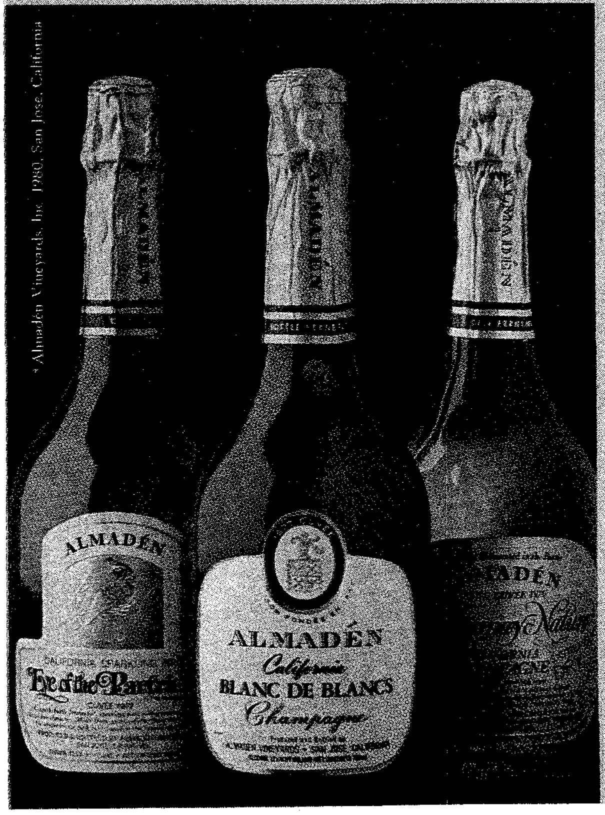

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ice, two or three stones hurtled by, bounced on the rock farther down, and vanished silently in a wide arc into the void. A quarter of an hour later the rope came down again, this time long enough, but it dangled two or three metres from the face and was difficult to get hold of; he succeeded at last with the help of his ice axe—

All that was a long time ago.

What Corinne wants to know: why the closed shutters, why all these papers on the wall, why his hat on his head?

This is today.

Obviously, the men went away. They did not break the front door down; it was not necessary, since Corinne has a key.

Why does she talk to him as if he were a child?

There would still be many things to stick to the wall if there were any point in it. The Magic Tape is useless; a puff of air as Corinne opens the shutters and the slips of paper are lying on the floor, a confused heap that makes no sense.

There is no sugar left.

Corinne does not even take off her coat before she starts making tea. His son-in-law in Basel, who always knows best, sends his regards.

There will never be a pagoda—

Geiser knows that.

But there is still some crispbread left.

A dry-stone wall has collapsed, debris among the lettuces, and the highway was blocked, but Corinne has heard that already.

There is nothing to say.

His eyelid is numb, the corner of his mouth, too; Geiser knows it, and a hat on one's head is no help for that.

Today the sun is shining.

What to do with all these bits of paper?

When Corinne brings in the tea, her eyes are moist, though she does not seem aware of it; she smiles like a hospital nurse and talks to her father as if he were a child.

The bannister without a handrail—

The books with their pages snipped—

The ants Geiser recently observed under a dripping fir tree are not concerned with what anyone might know about them; nor were the dinosaurs, which died out before a human being set eyes on them. All the papers, whether on the wall or on the carpet, can go. Who cares about the Holocene? Nature needs no names. Geiser knows that. The rocks do not need his memory.

Erosion (Lat. *erodere*=to eat away), in the broad sense the processes (water, wind, ice) by which the surface of the earth is worn away; in a narrower sense the gouging and denuding action of flowing water. The extent of erosion is dependent on the strength of the flow, the resistance of the stone, and the nature of the ground. Through deepening and widening of the original riverbed, it leads to the formation of valleys. Geological erosion, or abrasion, is, in its natural occurrence, a beneficial process, though human interference and mismanagement can lead to catastrophes, caused by disturbing the natural balance (e.g., the "dust bowl" in the western U.S.A.). Such catastrophes are brought about by the destruction of natural vegetation and overcultivation of the soil, etc.

The chestnut, a native of Asia Minor, was originally brought to Greece around 500 B.C., and to Italy slightly later. The first chestnut trees at the foot of the Alps were planted by the Romans. These trees reach a height of 20-30 metres and flourish for a period of 70-140 years. After this they usually become hollow.

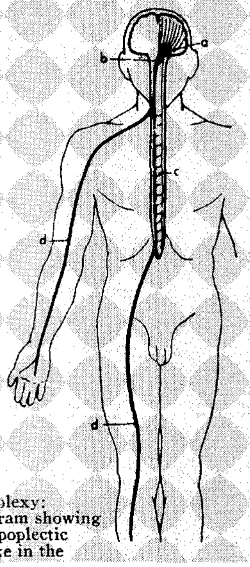
Eschatology (f. Gr. *éschatos* = last): theology of "the last things," i.e., the final fate of the individual human being and of the world.

Coherent (Lat.): remaining together, consistent. **Coherence:** the quality of remaining together; in *optics*, used to describe bundles of light having the same wavelengths and vibrations. **Coherence factor:** *psych.*, single impressions forming a configuration through spatial proximity, similarity, symmetry, etc. **Principle of coherence:** *phil.*, principle of the connection between all existing things.

Chestnut canker was first discovered in 1904 in the vicinity of New York. Six years after its initial appearance 2% of the trees had died; after 8 years the proportion rose to 95%. The disease spread to Italy after the war. In the year 1948 a similar disease appeared for the first time in Ticino (Monte Ceneri). The disease, which kills off the trees, is caused by a fungus that scientists call *Endothia parasitica*. A remedy is still being sought, but the epidemic, which is spreading as inexorably as the Black Death of the Middle Ages, is difficult to treat. Are we facing the destruction of all the chestnut woods in Ticino?

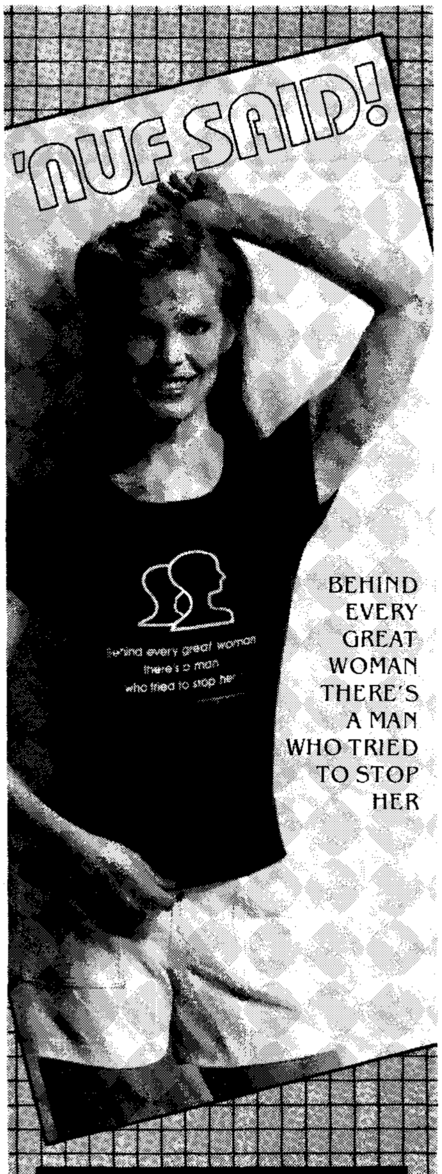
At the time of their supremacy the Romans established military colonies in these districts, too. To judge from the Roman remains discovered there, the colony at Locarno must have been one of great importance. Evidence suggests that it was settled by experienced soldiers, cohorts whose active campaigning lay behind them.

Apoplexy, known popularly as stroke, is a sudden loss of brain function, combined usually with paralysis and loss of consciousness, and often accompanied by loss of speech (*aphasia*). The usual cause is the bursting of a cerebral blood vessel due to arteriosclerosis or hypertension, and the extent of the hemorrhage may be slight, or located in parts of the brain where its presence gives rise to little disturbance. Unless the vital areas at the base of the brain have been affected, in which case death is likely to occur within a short period, a fair measure of recovery is possible. Another cause of the loss of brain function is the blocking of a cerebral blood vessel, preventing blood from reaching the brain (*embolism*). The paralysis usually affects only one side of the body (*hemiplegia*); when the hemorrhage is in the left part of the brain, the right side of the body is affected, and vice versa. The paralyzed limbs are at first slack and immobile, but eventually they pass into a spastic stage.



Apoplexy:
diagram showing
an apoplectic
stroke in the

The village stands unharmed. Above the mountains, high up in the blue sky,



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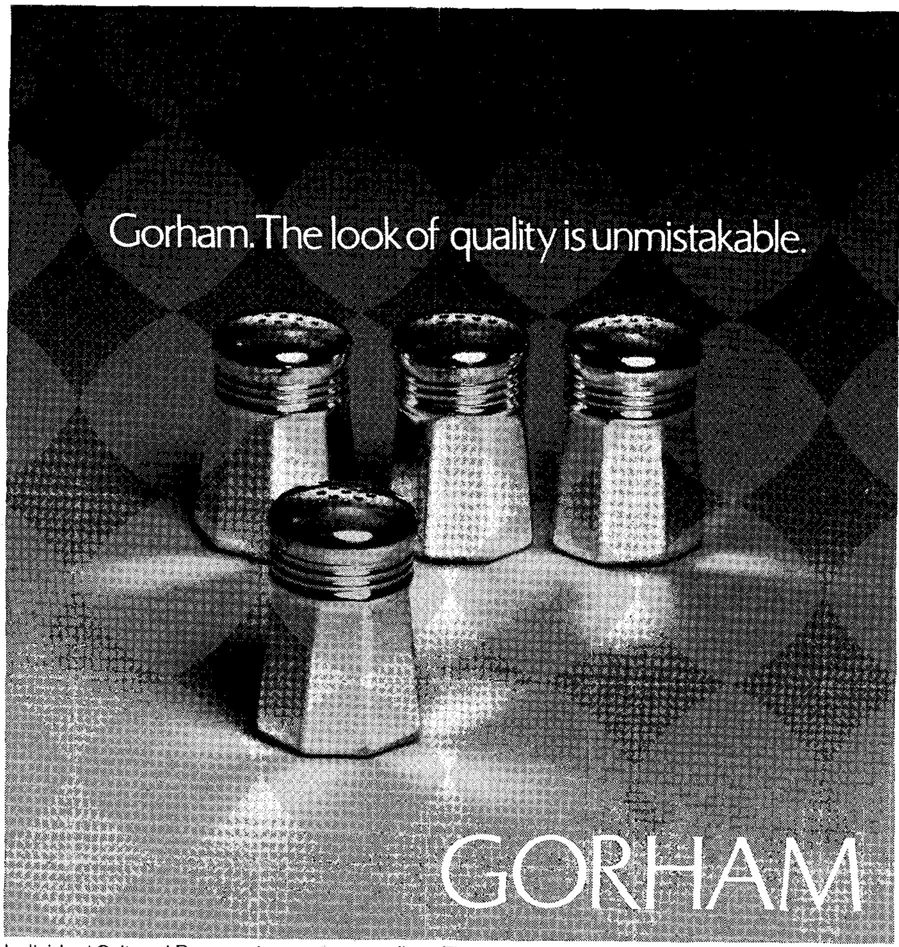
the white trails of passenger planes that cannot be heard. The scent of lavender; bees; during the day it becomes almost hot—summer as usual. The walls in the sun are swarming with lizards; they lie basking on the stone windowsills or flit silently up and down the walls of the house. They will never grow larger than lizards. Now and again one hears the sound of a power saw, the shrill whine as the saw eats into a tree trunk, and a little later, after one has heard a sudden rustling somewhere in the undergrowth and the dull thud of a felled tree, the crackle of its idling. Many chestnut trees are cankered. Figs do not ripen, but grapes do. When they are ripe, the chestnuts fall to the ground with a noise that makes one jump. All in all, a quiet valley. Now and again one hears a helicopter, and even sees it for a while; a bundle of roof beams swaying on a wire cable—here and there in the valley construction work is still going on. For half a minute its noise flickers over the village, drowning all voices, but once it has disappeared behind the woods, there is peace again. As in the Middle Ages. Minutes later it comes flickering back, this time in a narrower curve, and fetches its next load, a ton of cement. Apart from that, little happens. Twice a week the blond butcher woman drives the length of the valley, selling meat and sausages from her Volkswagen. All in all, no deserted valley; there are butterflies, there are vipers, though one seldom sees them, and, where people live, there are chickens. The church clock strikes each hour twice, in case one has neglected to count properly. In October the first snow may suddenly appear on the mountaintops; if the sun is shining, it melts within two or three days. The glaciers, which once stretched as far as Milan, are retreating. There are ravines that the sun never reaches in the winter; there one sees icicles like organ pipes. In the places the sun does reach, one can often go walking in the winter without a coat, unless it is snowing, so warm is it at midday, though the earth remains frozen. In the spring there are camellias, and in the summer one sees tents here and there, people swimming in the cold stream or lying on the sunny rocks. State and canton do everything to insure that the valley does not die; mail bus thrice daily. Panning for gold in the streams has never been worth the trouble. All in all, a green valley, wooded as in the Stone Age. There are no plans for a reservoir. In August and September, at night, there



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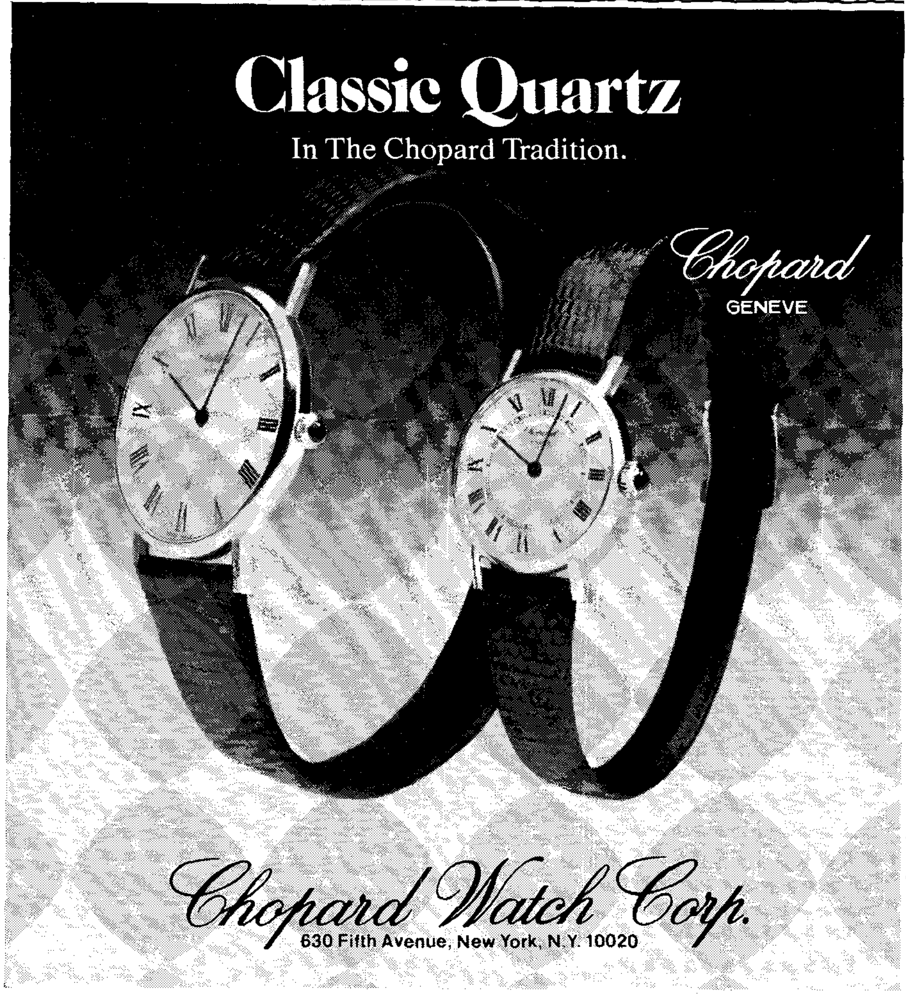

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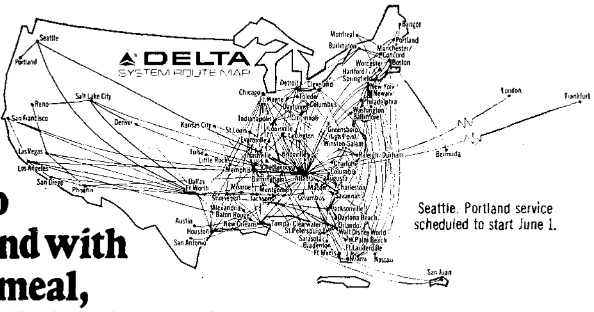
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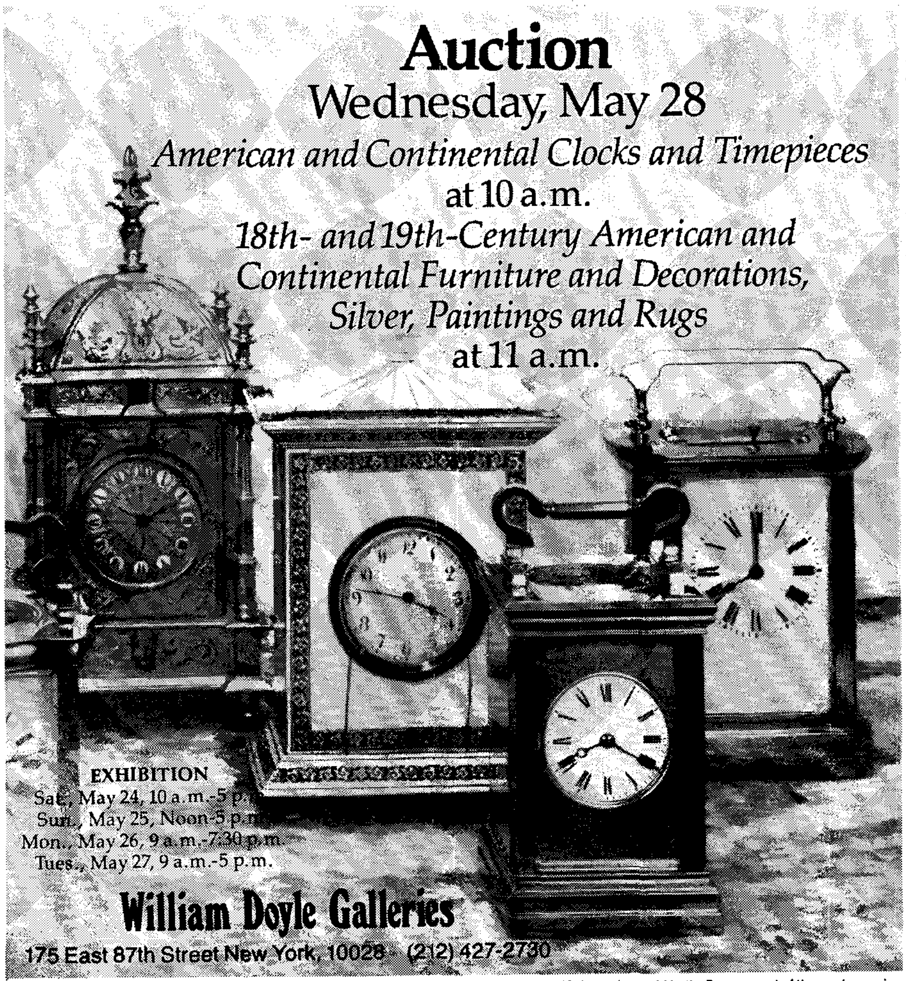

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are shooting stars to be seen, or one hears the call of a little owl.

—MAX FRISCH

(*Translated, from the German, by Geoffrey Skelton.*)

The quotations in the above story are drawn from the following sources:

Giulio Rossi and Eligio Pometta, "Geschichte des Kantons Tessin." Bern, 1944.
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J. Hardmeyer, "Locarno und Seine Täler." Zurich, 1923.
"Der Lago Maggiore und Seine Täler." Leipzig, 1910.
Der Grosse Brockhaus, sixteenth edition. Wiesbaden, 1953.
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Schweizer Lexikon in Zwei Bänden. Zurich, 1949.
Die Welt in Der Wir Leben. Zurich, 1956.
Rodney Steel, "Die Dinosaurier." Wittenberg Lutherstadt, 1970.
Konrad Bächinger, "Tessin" (Arbeitshefte für den Unterricht in Schweizer Geografie). St. Gallen, 1970.
Der Grosse Duden, Volume 5 (Fremdwörterbuch). Mannheim, 1974.

•

FARTHER AWAY

It could be early in the morning,
the light so young
you think you can see
ash rising
from the smokeless stack
of the power plant.
Or it could be five minutes
to three in the afternoon,
the sun's angle a lie,
the piazza completely deserted
because of something more
in the air than the pennants
snapping above the town hall's
intricate crenellations.
Or maybe it is still
the middle of the night,
day the effect
of some celestial accident
noiselessly taking place
on the other side
of the railroad station.
This quiet is
difficult to place.
We pause in the long shadow
of the war memorial
and wait for the sound
of our footsteps
to catch up with us.
Who would rouse
an unknown townspeople
from its sleep,
or the dead from theirs,
if he could help it?
Our train appears,
toylike, funereal,
beyond the wheatfields.
We hear its delicate whistle
farther and farther away.

—JONATHAN AARON

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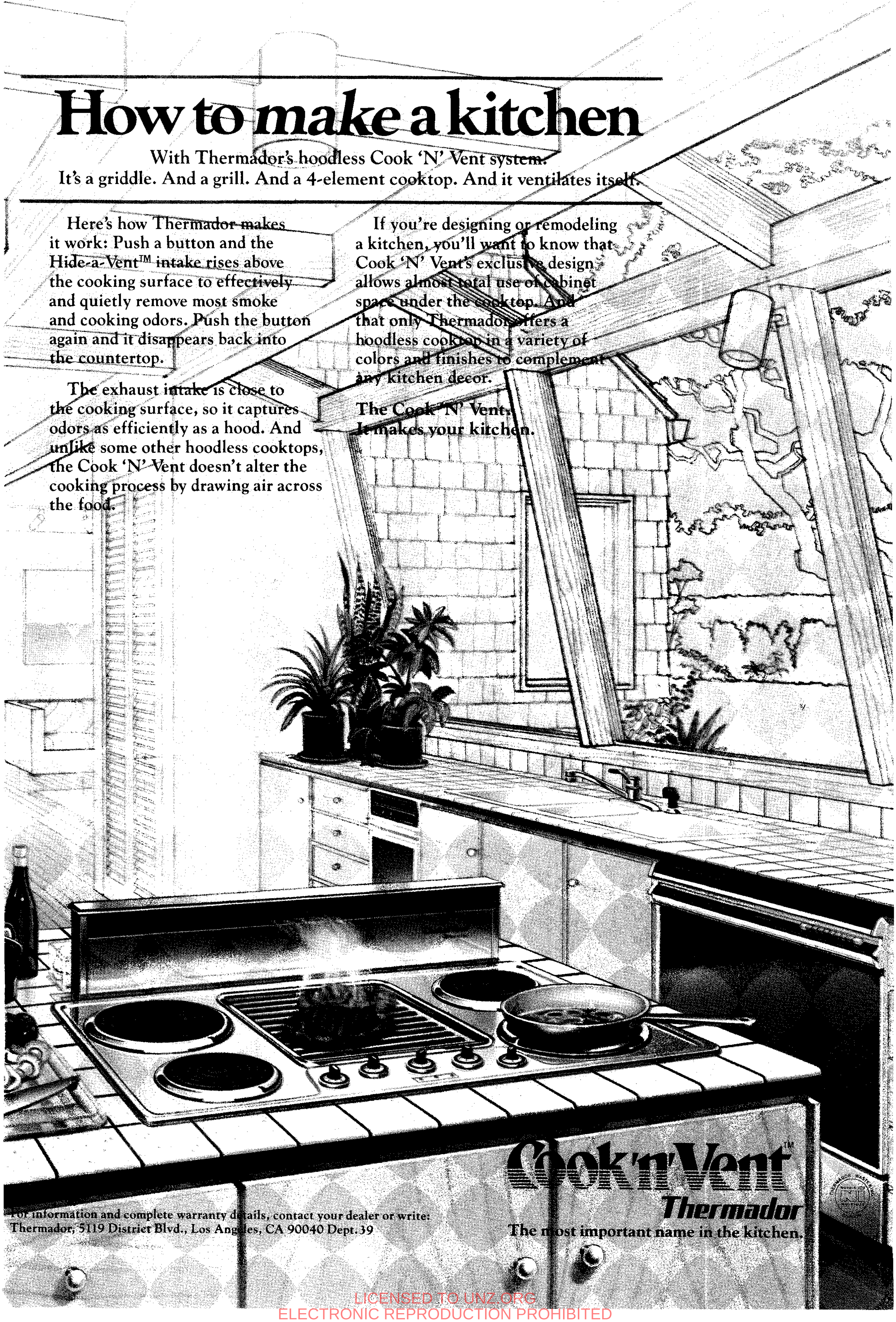

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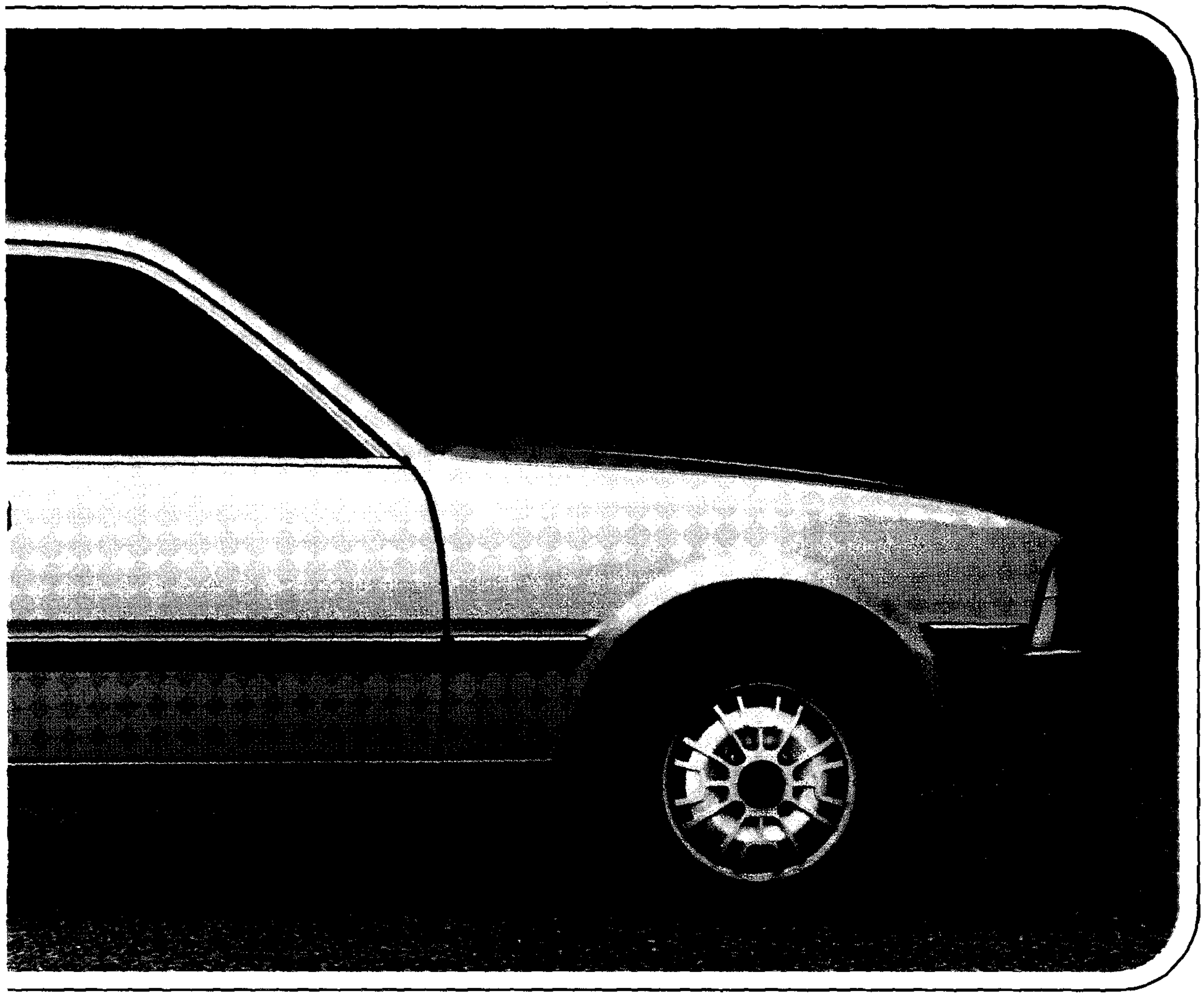

NE WITH THE TIMES

shock absorbers which soften the bumps.

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THE THEATRE

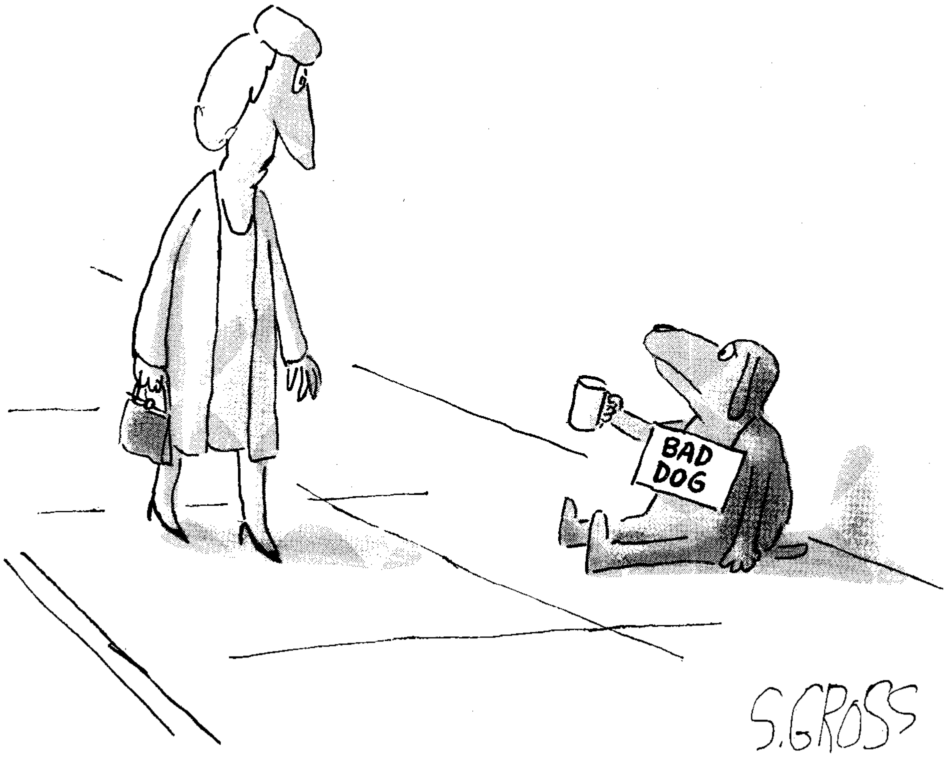
Happy Talk

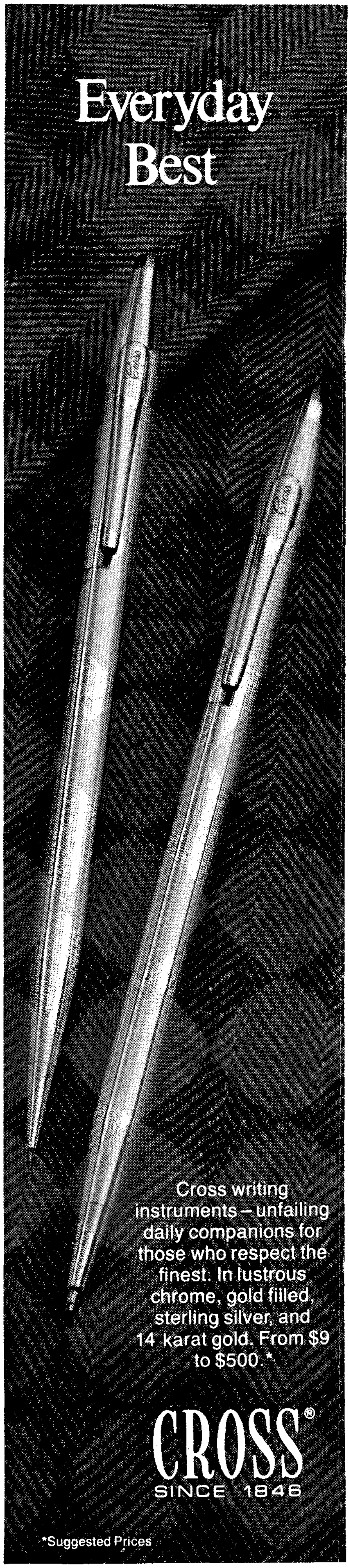
WALLACE STEVENS has defined a poem as the cry of its occasion—"It is the res itself," he says, in an echo of his early days as a lawyer, "and not about it." Newly come to the Cort after a successful run Off Broadway is a Negro Ensemble Company production of a play by Samm-Art Williams; it's called "Home," and to my ear the entire work amounts to a single, boldly modulated cry—an extended lyric, celebrating with tenderness and gusto the life of a man named Cephus Miles and, through him, the lives of all the rest of us. Cephus is a black farmer, a native of the red clay and piney woods of rural North Carolina. He feels an intimate connection with the earth under his feet, and he takes pride in the labor by means of which he causes that earth to bear fruit. Cephus is a tireless storyteller, and we soon discover that he has many grand adventures and misadventures to relate; he has tasted the nature of life in a great city up North, and he has had more than a taste of another kind of life in the South—five years' incarceration in the state prison at Raleigh. The note he strikes in his storytelling is one of eloquent jubilation; no matter how harsh the circumstances, every day of his life has been well worth the seizing.

The home that serves as the title of Mr. Williams' play is not merely a physical setting but a system of relationships. In Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man," the husband says with cynical mockery, "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in," and the wife replies softly, "I should have called it something you somehow haven't to deserve." Cephus would be on the wife's side in that exchange. Because the play is so nearly a poem, much of Cephus's life is recounted rather than enacted; three characters—Cephus himself and two women filling a variety of roles—sweep us along in a tumult of recollected activities. As Cephus, Charles Brown radiates an ebullient masculinity; the women are played by L. Scott Caldwell and Michele Shay, and they succeed in convincing us that Cephus's world is a thickly peopled one. The scenery, by Felix E. Cochren, is similarly a sort of optical illusion: an outsize armchair inside a sketchily indicated shelter, it could be a rocking chair in the dogtrot of Cephus's North Carolina farmhouse, or it could be a throne in an ancient palace in Thebes. The costumes are by Alvin B. Perry, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the direction is by Douglas Turner Ward, who I hope will someday give us a chance to see and hear *his* Cephus. For there are surely more Cephuses to come, in other productions of this play and perhaps in other plays as well. Mr. Williams has created a character who has leaped with perfect aplomb into the world of our accepted fictions. The playwright is thirty-four years old. What a début on Broadway!

"THE ROAST," lately at the Winter Garden, is a revolting play and on occasion a very funny one. It required a strong stomach to sit through, and yet I can testify that I attended a matinée at which scores of middle-aged women were laughing their heads off at jokes that would make a stevedore blanch—jokes whose scatological punch lines depended on words that I assume those women would never have heard uttered up to a few years ago, and ten or fifteen years ago would have been totally ignorant of. We have come a long way in our acceptance of street language, but whether that way is up or down is a highly individual matter; for me it is down. The plot of the play consists of little more than the putting together onstage of a couple of contemporary American commonplaces—a benefit dinner honoring someone who has devoted time and money to a worthy cause, and a stag dinner at which a prominent theatrical figure is "roasted" by his peers, the degree of affection in which he is held by them being measured by the amount of filth they succeed in heaping on him. The authors, Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall, conflated these ordinarily separate events; they are TV writers, and one suspects that all the words, thoughts, and deeds that are usually blipped out of existence on TV have lodged in their brains and festered there, seeking release.

The setting for this ugly comedy pretends to be the banquet room of the Century Park Hotel, in Beverly Hills. On the dais are a number of successful comedians. (The audience had no difficulty recognizing their counterparts in real life; the master of ceremonies was certainly intended to remind us of George Jessel, and a character called Sonny Silver bore an uncanny resemblance to Groucho Marx in extreme old age.) The sole black comedian is constantly insulted on the ground of his color, and he responds with glee on the same level of racial bigotry. No one at the roast is safe from scorn; humiliation is practiced as if it were a form of male bonding. Such suspense as the play generates lies in the answering of a single question: Will a young comedian who has long been known as a protégé of the guest of honor consent to tell the unpleasant truth about the private life of his patron, or will he consent to go along with his colleagues in a fawning succession of disreputable tributes? The





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playwrights bungled their climax, but Rob Reiner as the young clown and Peter Boyle as the guest of honor made what they could of it. Other notable performers in the cast were Joe Silver, Arny Freeman, Antonio Fargas, David Huddleston, and Reynaldo Rey. The scenery was by William Ritman, the costumes were by Alvin Colt, the lighting was by Tharon Musser, and the direction was by Carl Reiner.

“HIDE AND SEEK,” a melodrama startling only in the extent to which it contained nothing whatever that was startling, passed an uneasy week at the Belasco before expiring. Except for an occasional monosyllabic expletive, there was little in the play that would have seemed out of place at the Belasco in 1920, and the devices that were meant to make our hair stand on end were of an equal age: they included thunder and lightning, rain beating against the windows of an ancient house, lights failing at critical moments, a cellar door creaking open and slamming shut, and even a ghost whom the heroine alone was privileged to see. Elizabeth Ashley, that marvellous actress, played the heroine with great gallantry, but the cause was lost as soon as the first words of the play were spoken. The author was a Canadian named Lezley Havard. The spooky scenery was by John Lee Beatty, the lighting was by Arden Fingerhut, the costumes were by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and the direction was by Melvin Bernhardt.

NOW at Town Hall and continuing there through May 24th is a vaudeville called “Black Broadway,” which boasts an extraordinary cast: Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Adelaide Hall, Honi Coles, Edith Wilson, and Elisabeth Welch. Some of these performers were well worth hearing a long time ago—Miss Hall starred with Bojangles Robinson in “Blackbirds of 1928,” and Elisabeth Welch was singing “Love for Sale” in Cole Porter’s “The New Yorkers” in 1930—and they are well worth hearing today. Make haste! —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Bounding Brook

THERE is nothing to be added to what has already been written about Peter Brook, the English director, and about his workshops in Paris, where since 1970 just about every element of the craft of theatre has been explored and laid bare. All his technical discoveries are now on display at La Mama, in four plays of widely contrasting types, acted by a cast imported from Paris. The first of them, “L’Os,” is the most human, by which I mean that it is more immediately accessible than the others. “L’Os” is a small African play, based on a story by Birago Diop, and it is used as a curtain-raiser for “Ubu Roi.” (There is, of course, no curtain—one element of the theatre that has been left unexplored by Brook.) It tells, in a series of small scenes, the story of a contest between two old friends for the possession of a cow, and then, once the cow is slaughtered, for the possession of its largest bone to make soup. There are any number of characters—wives and relatives and villagers—and they are very well performed by the cast of eleven actors, who switch identities with barely a pause for breath. Every inch of the stage is alive every moment of the time, with choreographed movement and whatever acting is required. The acting in the leading role of Malick Bowens—himself an African, who, along with Jean-Claude Carrière, adapted the story—is especially vivid, and so is that of Yoshi Oida as his friend and antagonist.

In its junior-varsity savagery and the mindless barbarism of its action, Alfred Jarry’s political satire “Ubu Roi,” which scandalized Paris in 1896, proves an apt, even a prescient, choice for 1980. The staging is the most physical clowning imaginable, theatrically speaking, and the most resourceful; it is raucous and noisy and coarse and fast, and the actors sweat and spit and roar, simulating the roaring of war. Except for Andréas Katsulas as the regicide Ubu, and Miriam Goldschmidt as his harridan wife, every actor again switches into many roles, but the characters are clear and the acrobatics impressive. The effect is of improvisation in as highly disciplined a troupe as exists, I guess, and all the shenanigans are in the service of the story, which rips along. I ran out of steam well before Mr. Brook and his players did, but excess is part of it. The language of both these plays is French, which is interspersed with English in an entertaining fashion, sometimes in asides to the audience, like subtitles in a movie, sometimes in a kind of interlinear way, and sometimes in Franglais (“*Je suis* King of Poland”). Toshi Tsuchitori’s percussion accompaniment to “Ubu Roi” is as canny and subtle and charming as

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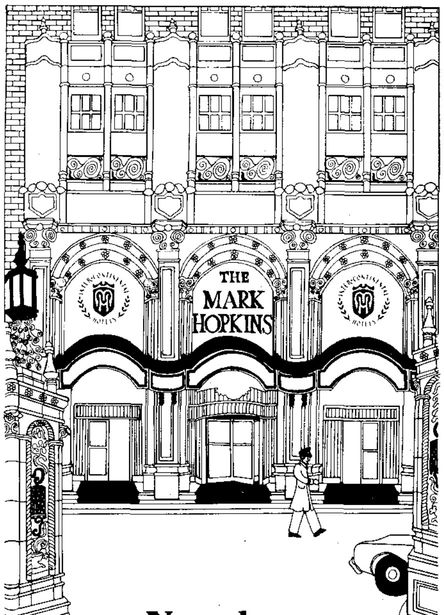

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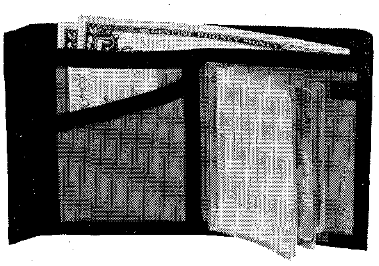

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the action is broad and ugly. The setting consists of two spools—one enormous, one small—which become, as needed, thrones and chariot wheels and tables. You may have noted that I have withheld all opinion of "Ubu." That is deliberate, for the play exists with a force that few other theatrical enterprises come anywhere near, and liking it or not liking it seems to have little to do with anything.

The Ik are a tribe of nomadic hunters in Northern Uganda who were displaced from their territory in 1946, when it was made into a National Park, and were set down, without any training in farming, in poor farming country. There many of them starved to death, and all became completely demoralized. Their story was told by an English anthropologist, Colin Turnbull, in a good book called "The Mountain People." Mr. Brook's "The Ik" is a collaboration of Denis Cannan and Colin Higgins with Mr. Turnbull. Here the language is a kind of broken English, spoken with a variety of accents, as in scene upon scene we watch the inhuman, desperate behavior of the hungry tribespeople. Mr. Katsulas plays Turnbull, and Mr. Bowens and Mr. Oida are two tribesmen who vie for his favor; everybody else is everybody else. All ends with multiple gorging of what looks like grain and with much onstage vomiting. It is needless to say at this point that every scene achieves its unbearable purpose, but I must also say that I doubt whether "The Ik" as played is any stronger than the written words on which it is based. I wish I had never seen it.

"The Conference of the Birds," which seemed a tedious mess when it was performed at the Brooklyn Academy a couple of years ago, has now been transformed into a truly enchanting show, overcoming my firm prejudice against actors' impersonating birds or animals (especially horses). It was adapted by Mr. Brook and M. Carrière from a twelfth-century Persian poem by Farid Uddin Attar, and it tells the story of how the birds of all species fly across dangerous mountains to find their king and keep up their spirits by acting out tales and legends. The movement is a kind of dance; the setting and the costumes, which were designed by Sally Jacobs, are exquisite, and although the production is primarily a visual treat, the ear is not neglected: the lines (in English) and the musical accompaniment are just as beautiful. In this semi-abstract work, the theatrical imagination of Peter Brook can be seen at its most astonishing, and again the company does him proud. The actors are not identified by role, but whoever plays the Hoopoe, the leader of the migration, is as cheering to the audience as he is to the birds.

"MASS APPEAL," by Bill C. Davis at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is essentially a dialogue, or series of dialogues, between a young seminarian and a middle-aged priest, set in the priest's office, with a few excursions to the pulpit. The priest is a good-natured, jokey soul, given to white lies and incessant nips of sparkling Burgundy, and to telling his devoted parishioners exactly what they want to hear; the seminarian, already in trouble with his monsignor for defending a couple of other seminarians, who may be homosexuals, insists upon taking his vows seriously, and thereby gets into more trouble. At the priest's request, he has come in to receive instruction in what amounts to the tricks of the trade. Some of these practice sessions are quite funny. Milo O'Shea, as the priest, handles them with just the right benign exasperation, and he has been awarded some good comic lines by Mr. Davis. Eric Roberts does well as his earnest, rebellious pupil. A light, bantering tone in dealing with serious matters is successfully maintained through the first act, but in the second, when the seminarian is expelled after confessing to his own bisexual past, and when the priest, who has fallen in love with him (although the love is never acknowledged), proves too timorous to defend him, all becomes very tearful and soggy indeed. The epilogue is an awful sermon, which should be clipped off at once. Too bad, but the evening is anything but a waste. Geraldine Fitzgerald here makes her début as a director.

—EDITH OLIVER

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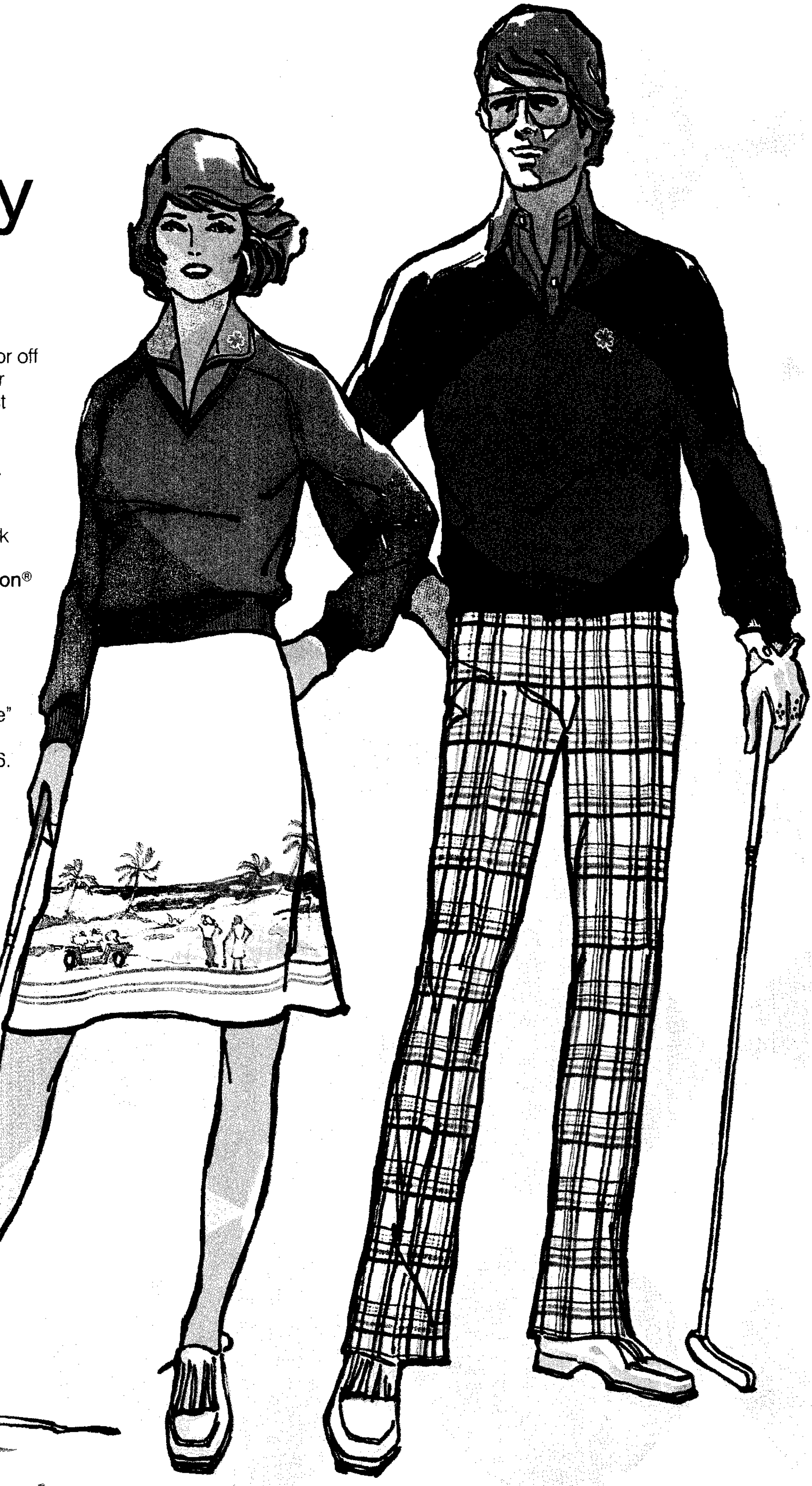

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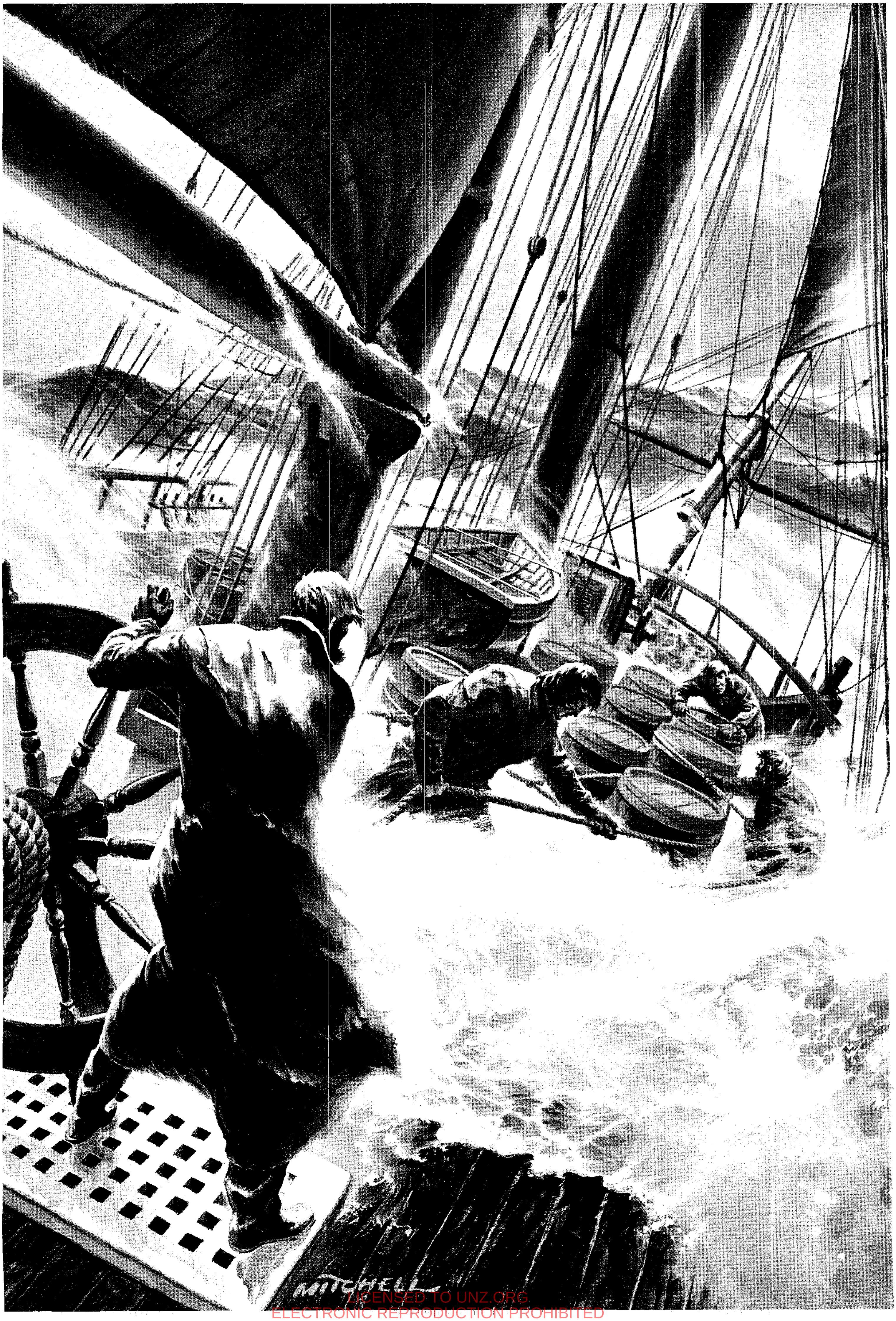
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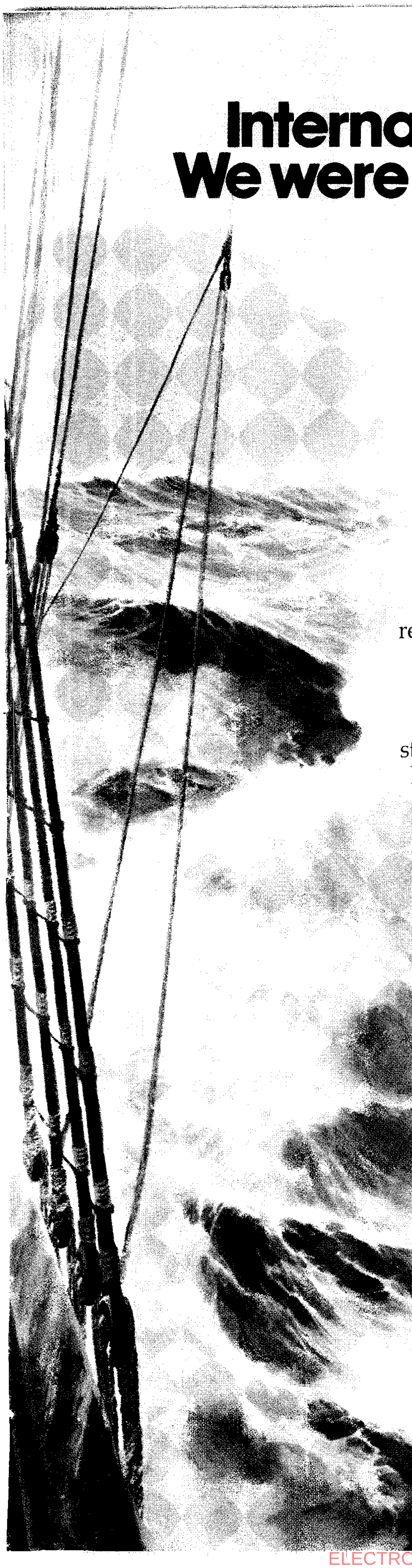

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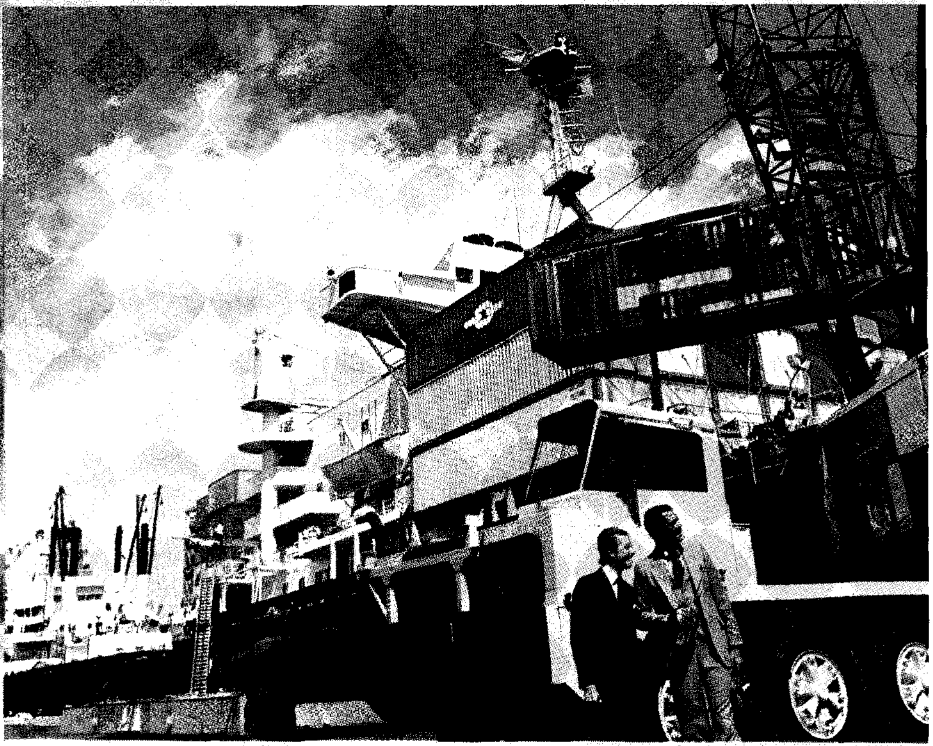

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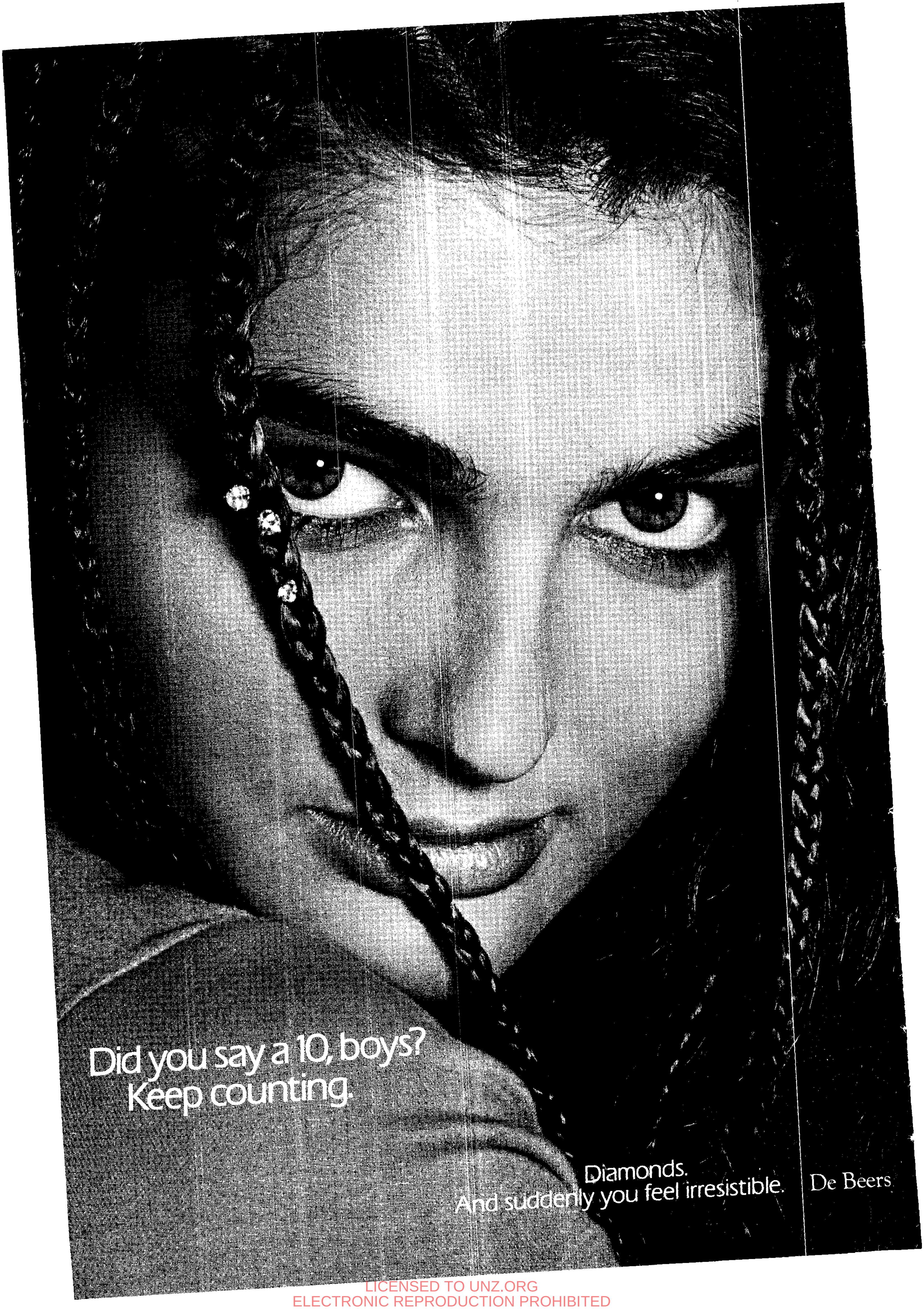
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U.S. JOURNAL: GEORGETOWN, DEL.

A STAG OYSTER EAT BELOW THE CANAL

I BECAME aware of the Georgetown Volunteer Fire Company's annual stag oyster eat and dance while reading the première issue of *Shellfish Digest*. All-male dancing under the auspices of volunteer firemen was a new subject for me altogether, but then I could say that about a lot of what was in that first issue. What I took to be the lead article discussed the Quik Pik, a machine developed by the Sea Savory Company to shake the meat out of crab bodies—a process requiring such ferocious shaking that the first models of the machine lumbered right across the floor. I can still brighten up a gray afternoon by conjuring up the picture of a couple of crab pickers being pursued by an aroused Quik Pik. The fragile-looking body of a Maryland blue crab is quite capable of withstanding the sort of treatment the Quik Pik deals out, the article reported, unless the shell is already damaged—in which case the crab flies apart as if it had exploded. ("However, these fragments can be easily discarded.") Another article had as its title a quotation that in context somehow seemed an appropriate way for a crabber to sum up his experience trying to make a living on Chesapeake Bay: "Sometimes the bear eats you, sometimes you eat the bear." I had picked up the first issue of *Shellfish Digest*—which was then called *Shellfish News* and has also appeared in the form of a newsletter called *Chowder*—while I was still under the illusion that all oyster knives were pretty much alike; none of them, after all, have any purpose beyond opening oysters. That issue, though, discussed at least sixteen different models, all of which it offered for sale. Being one of those rare publications that combine elements of the literary magazine and the mail-order catalogue, *Shellfish Digest* offers its readers the opportunity to send in for almost anything it writes about—not including the Quik Pik, which weighs fifteen thousand pounds. Someone who thought he had simply ordered a mussel cookbook by mail can pick up *Shellfish Digest* and discover that he has actually written a letter to the editor. "Enclosed—my check and order for two knives and a subscription" is not an unusual beginning for a contribution to the *Shellfish Digest* letters column, and neither is "Very interesting magazine—please do not print order blank on reverse side of drawing." (Once, as it happens, an entire issue of *Chowder* was printed on the back of a placemat.) The editor's own book "The Craft of Dismantling a Crab"—one edition of which he had the foresight to publish on stain-resistant paper—was offered for sale in that first issue, as was the clam knife described in a piece he wrote called "Editor Designs Sharp Dagger and Lives to Tell About It." The editor, Robert H. Robinson, has sold some fourteen thousand copies of "The Craft of Dismantling a Crab," which, being crustaceously ecumenical, also offers illustrated advice on dismantling clams, lobsters, mussels, oysters, and even whelks: "Discard the orange viscera (A) and the horney black operculum (B), which is like a trap door." Sales of the clam dagger, though, have been disappointing, even though it is the logical weapon to use for opening a clam by the method described in "The Craft of Dismantling a Crab." Robinson has been forced to conclude, he told me recently, that Americans may have some lingering disinclination to become involved with anything called a dagger—perhaps because it still has some association in the public mind with swift and grisly murders in the dark back streets of some Southern European seaport. We had our conversation about clam daggers while Robinson was taking me for a sightseeing tour of Georgetown—a pretty town of two thousand people which serves as the county seat of Sussex County, Delaware. I was there for the annual Georgetown Volunteer Fire Company Oyster Eat.

It was obvious from the tour that Robinson is not a one-subject writer. He finds Georgetown and surrounding Sussex County almost as worthy of attention as the Atlantic rock shrimp. Not everything in the county pleases him, of course. He grumbles when a truck passing from one Perdue chicken plant to another deposits chicken feathers that gather up against his front

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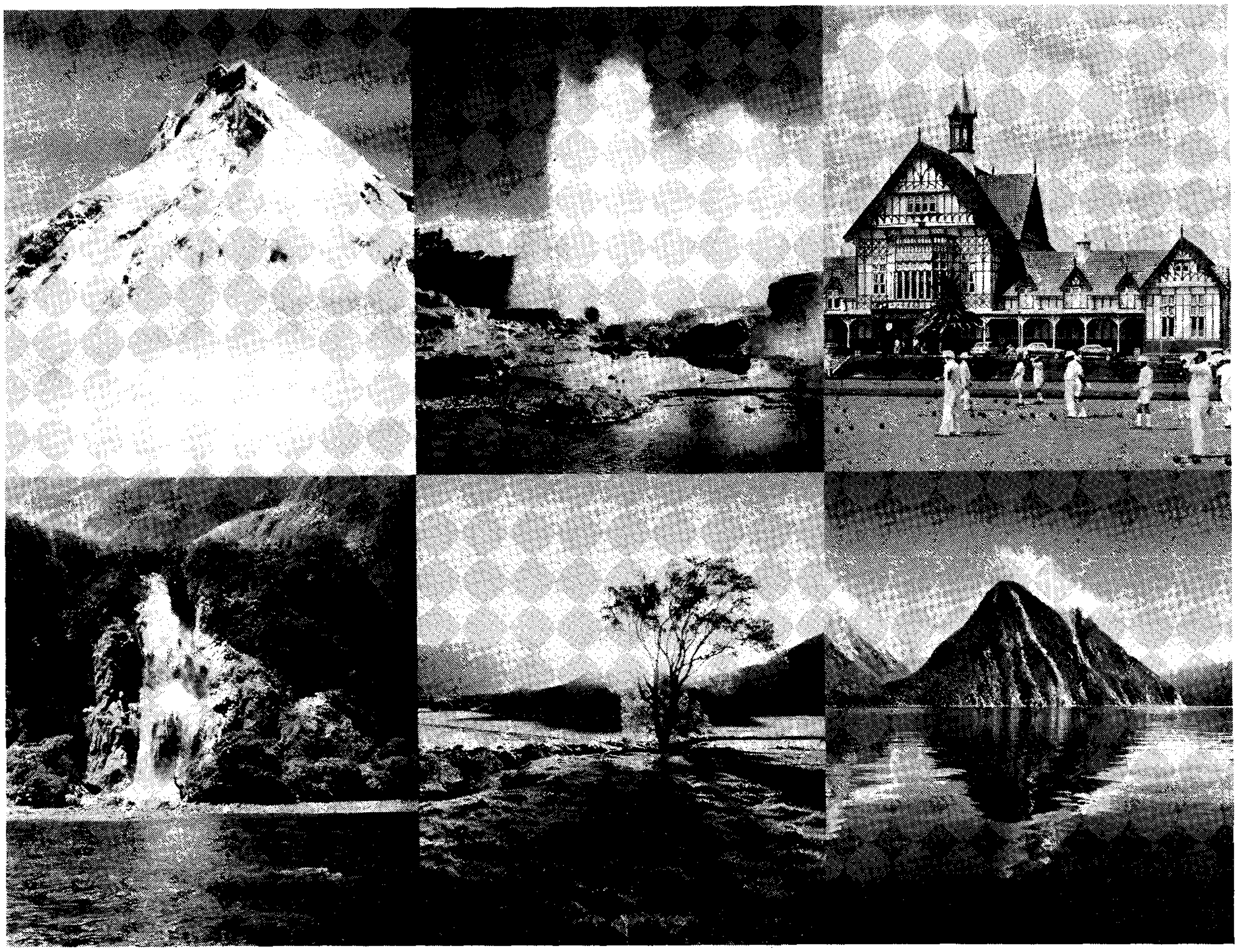
door like the driven snow. Not everything interests him. Although he runs a county weekly, which was founded by his grandfather, the weekly ration of accident stories and social news does not have a strong hold on him. All in all, though, he finds a lot to savor in his home territory. He is engaged by old churches. He likes to drive from Georgetown to Lewes or Rehoboth, on the Atlantic, to watch what is happening to the shoreline; I have heard him say, "I'm an erosion freak." In the early sixties, a few years after he got out of college, he wrote a novella—Random House combined it with two other short first novels in a volume that sold more like the clam dagger than like "The Craft of Dismantling a Crab"—but his two most recent books, aside from the crab-dismantling volume, have been a bicentennial guide to the county and a book called "Old Country Churches of Sussex County." The novella, it almost goes without saying, was set in a place a lot like Sussex County.

Sussex County is what people in Delaware sometimes call "below the canal." The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal slices right across the top of the state from east to west; most of what is urban and industrial lies above it. Wilmington is above the canal. There are people above the canal who live right next to Pennsylvania or just across the river from New Jersey. Sussex is the southernmost and most rural of the state's three counties—culturally as well as geographically as far below the canal as you can get. It is well down the peninsula that below-the-canal Delaware shares with the Eastern Shore of Maryland and an unlikely detached tail of Virginia—a peninsula that has the Atlantic Ocean on the east and not many years ago was accessible from the south and the west only by ferry. Below the canal, change comes slowly. One of the law firms in Georgetown has been renovating an old building near the courthouse for its offices, and the local legal fraternity is apparently of mixed opinion about whether the firm is taking some risk by installing a few of its lawyers on the second floor. In Sussex County, lawyers have always been on the ground floor. I was informed of this situation by Robinson's wife, Battle Robinson, a lawyer who commutes three times a week to work in the governor's office in Dover—which is one county north and the state capital, but still below the canal. "People will walk upstairs to see a dentist," she said. "But nobody's sure if they'll walk upstairs to see a law-



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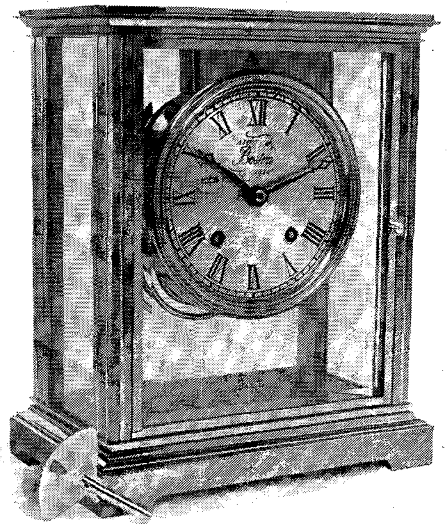

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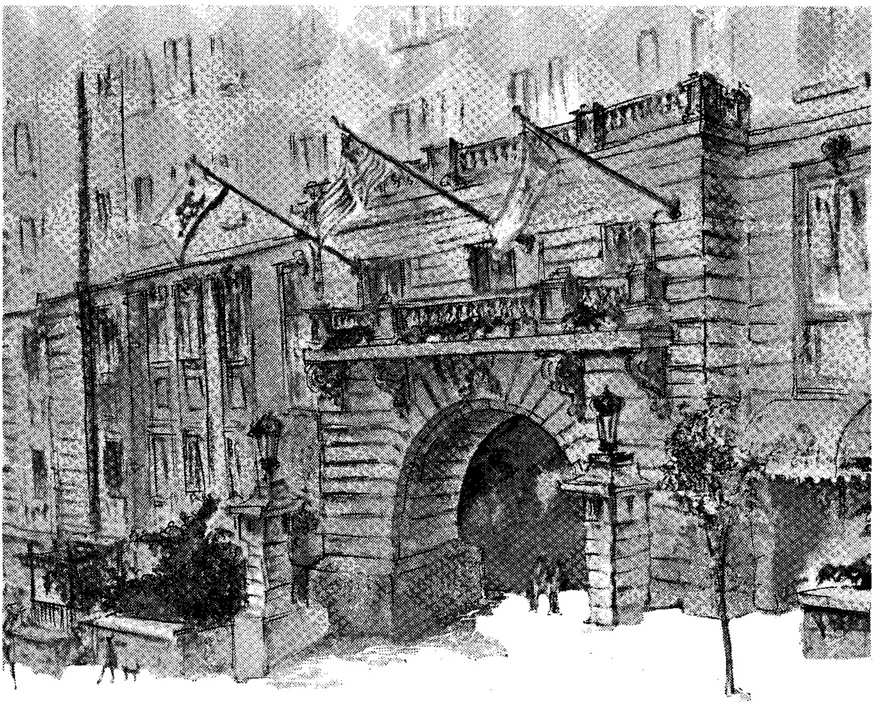

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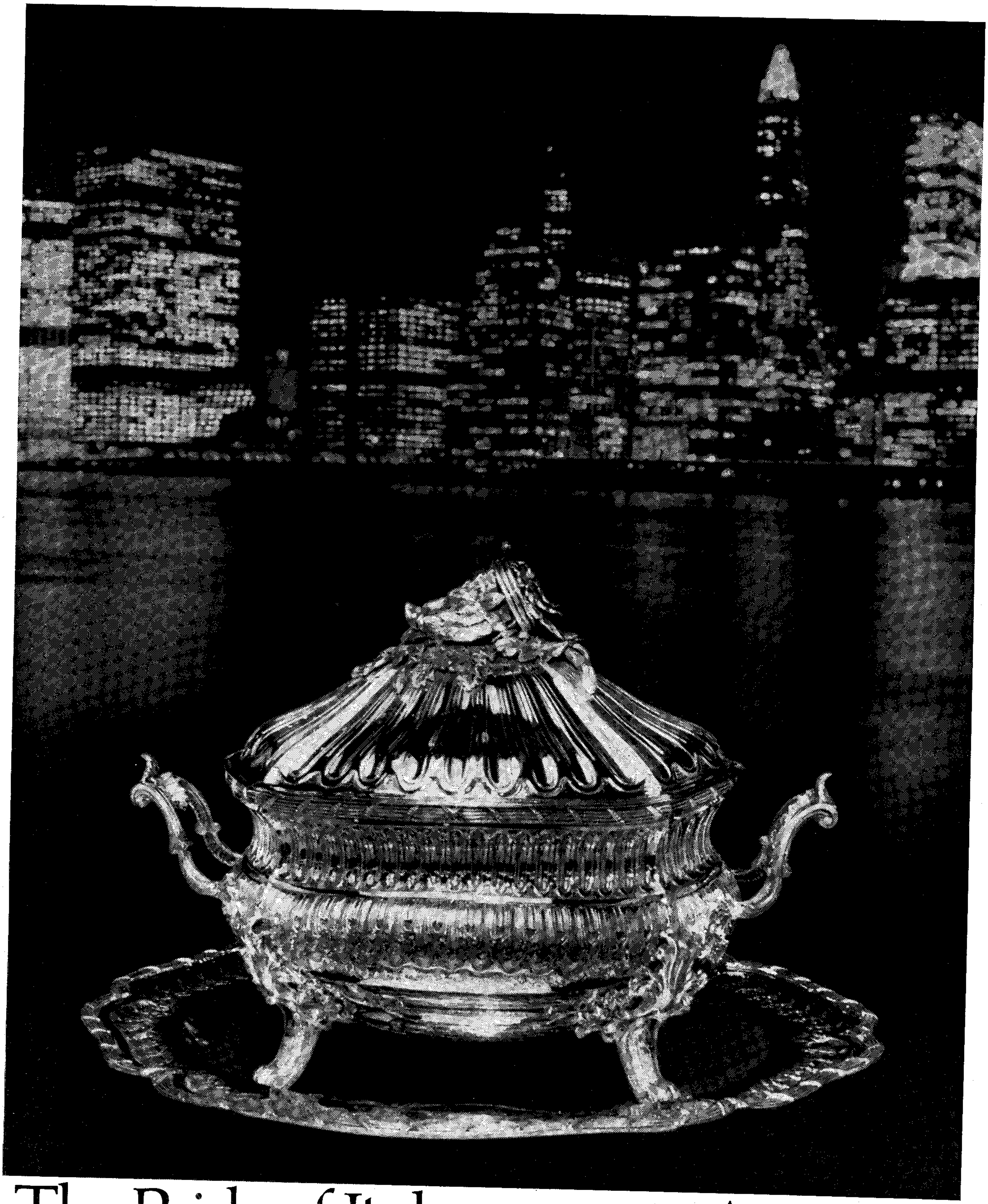
yer." On the second day after any important election, Georgetown still celebrates Return Day, as it has for at least a hundred and fifty years—bringing together the winning and losing politicians to shake hands, march together in a parade, and help consume an ox or two. For years, it was customary in some parts of Sussex County to mark the opening of the oyster season with Big Thursday celebrations, which included dancing right on the dock or on a dancing board made out of a barn door. It seems to have been a predominantly male form of dance. Describing one of the most famous dancers of the early part of the century, a county paper wrote in the thirties, "Even when he was seventy-five years old he could dance for two or three hours along with his son 'Matt' who survives him and is known throughout lower Delaware for his power of endurance on the dancing board." The Big Thursday celebrations have died, perhaps because fewer places along the Sussex County shore can count on having a celebratory sort of oyster catch these days. A man who wants to do some stomping on a board while a fiddle plays, though, can still count on one opportunity a year—the Georgetown Volunteer Fire Company Oyster Eat. For the price of admission—seven dollars this year—he also gets all the oysters and beer and egg-salad sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs he wants. And he doesn't have to worry about behaving the way his mother told him to behave when there are ladies present. The Georgetown oyster eat has held on for forty-four years, even though last year the oysters had to be hauled up from Louisiana.

GEORGETOWN, which is eighteen miles from the ocean, is not a place where everyone eats oysters routinely. There may not be such a place. Oyster eating is not geographically predictable. I recently met somebody whose eating memories of a childhood in Iowa are dominated by a barrel of oysters kept in the cellar. In New York, I know a couple of South Dakota expatriates who annually have a holiday feast of oyster stew as a reminder of their home state. I suspect that oysters are a traditional dish in parts of the upper Midwest because, compared with other seafood, they tend to keep—although I remain skeptical of an old newspaper item quoted in *Shellfish Digest* about an oyster that was eighty-six years of age when it attacked a fish dealer's tomcat. ("The octogenarian clung to the cat's tail,"



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the fish dealer was quoted as saying. "I never saw the cat or the oyster again.") They don't keep that well.

Even near the shore, there are a lot of people who won't eat oysters. Battle Robinson, who ate oyster stew as a child in the interior of North Carolina, says that she seems to meet a lot of people in Georgetown who claim some sort of allergy when the subject of oysters comes up. Oysters, like the wicked witch in some fairy tales, are ugly inside and out. On the half shell, they are eaten alive. Plenty of the regulars at the Georgetown oyster eat can't imagine why anyone would eat an oyster. According to Robinson, a notoriously gullible member of the Georgetown Fire Department who does not happen to be an oyster eater was told not long ago that a member who is widely known for his foolhardiness can, on occasion, eat an oyster through his nose. To a non-oyster eater, apparently, that did not sound much more unlikely than downing one in the conventional manner, and it is thought that the gullible fireman might have believed the story even without the deft touches of verisimilitude that went with it—that the oyster had to be small, of course, and that the eater had to leave off sauce "else he'd sneeze."

ROBINSON and I walked to the oyster eat from his house. He had furnished me with an oyster knife and an International Harvester baseball cap, in the manner of an English country gentleman handing his guest a walking stick before the evening's stroll. The oyster knife had been picked with some care in Robinson's office, where the file drawers have titles like "Crabs" or "Shrimp."

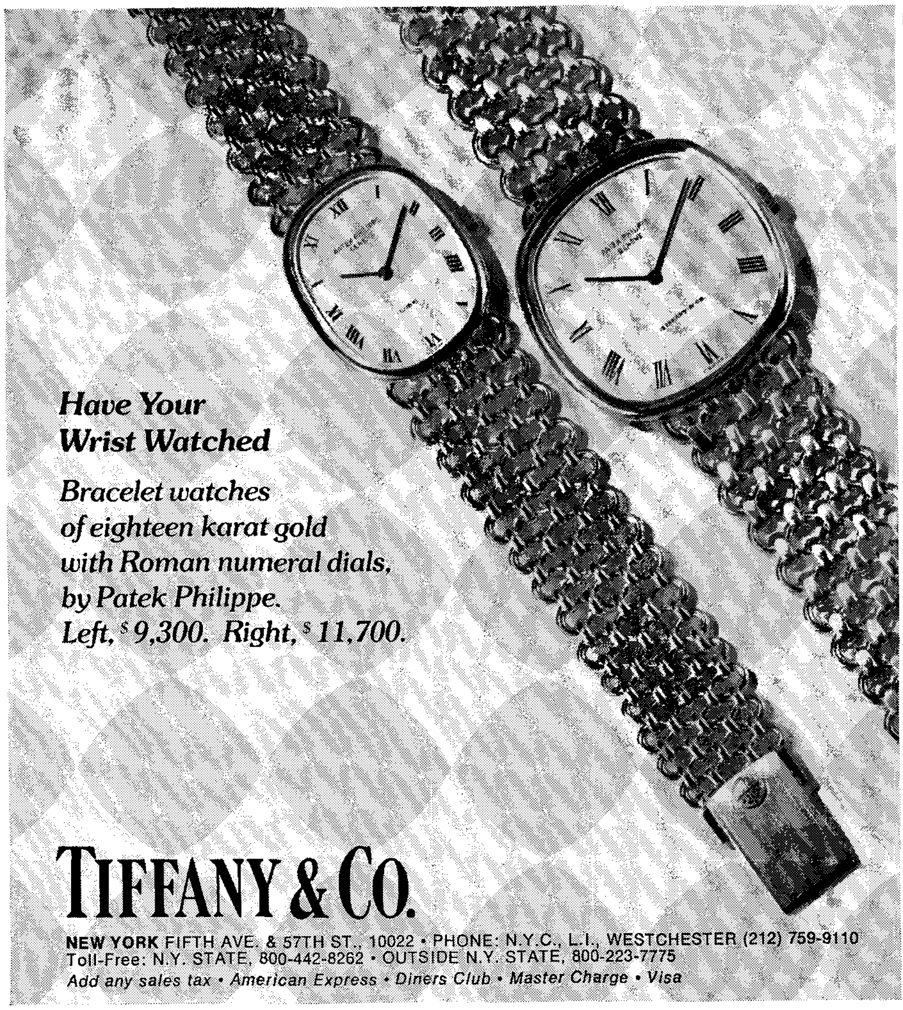
"What I would recommend is this Virginia Breaker," Robinson had said, hefting a nasty-looking little knife.

"Well," I said.

"No, this Murphy Gulf would be good," he said, putting the Breaker back and rummaging around in another box.

"The Murphy Gulf would be fine," I said, realizing that with fourteen or fifteen other oyster knives available for consideration we might never get to the oysters.

I had been impressed by the careful selection of knives, but I had not found it encouraging that just before we left for the oyster eat Battle Robinson served a full dinner. It was, in fact, a lavish dinner. The oyster eat has a reputation for raucousness, and I was getting the impression that some residents of Georgetown did not think of



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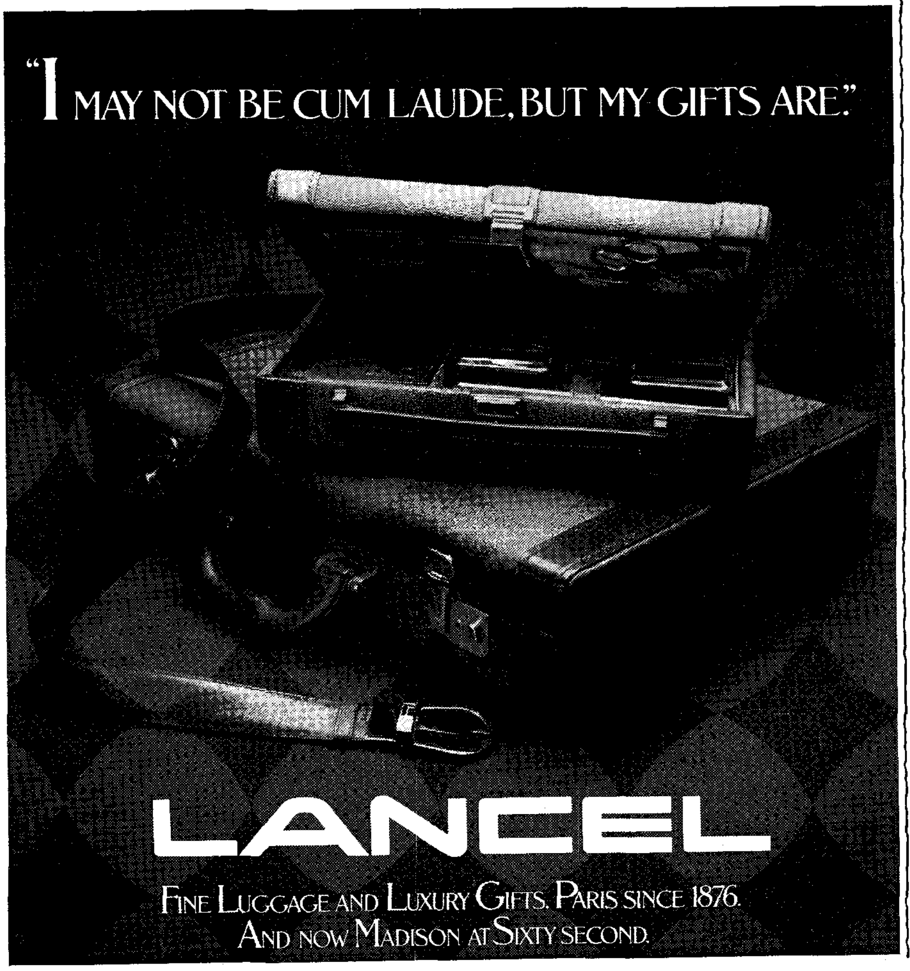

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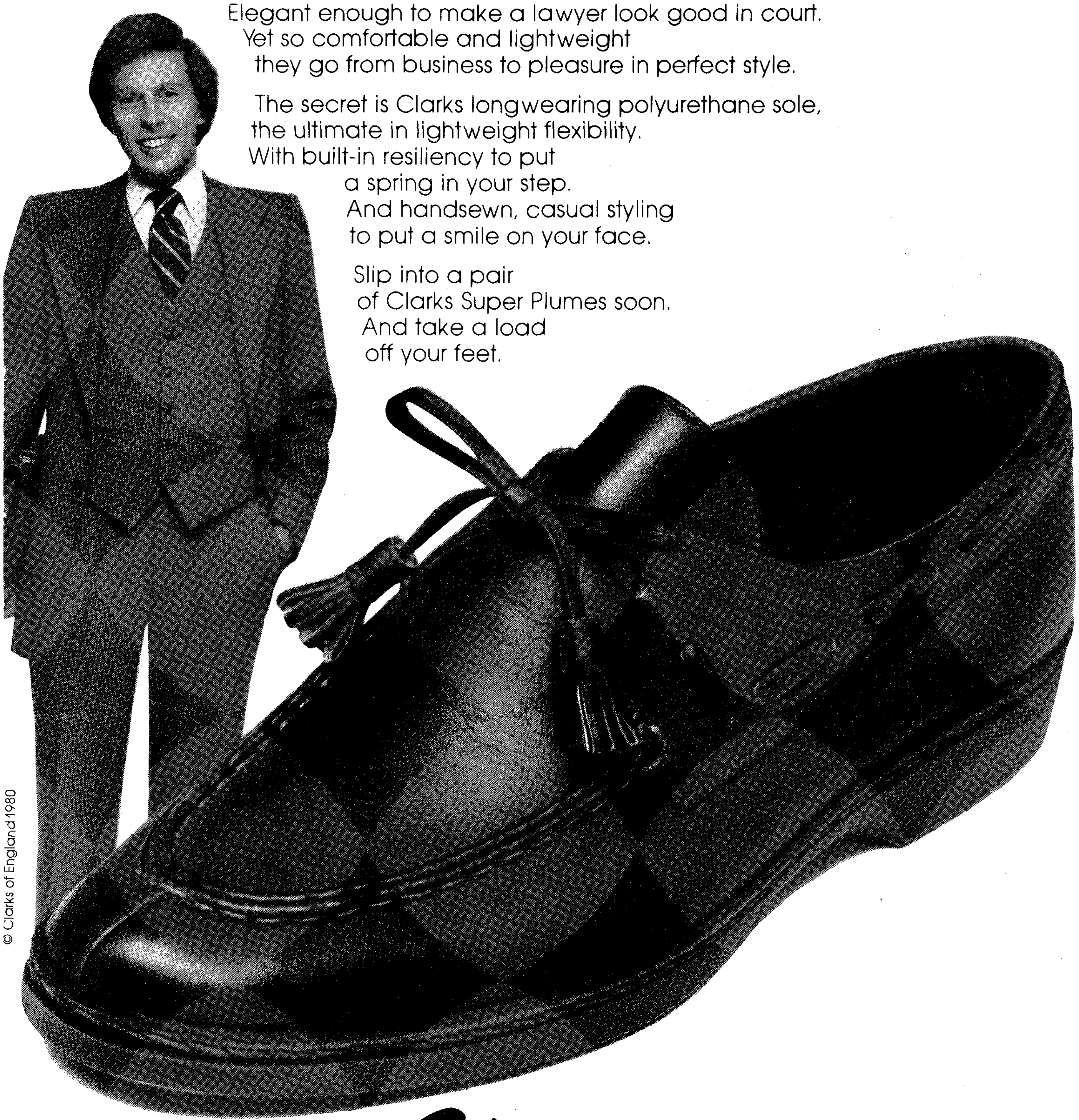

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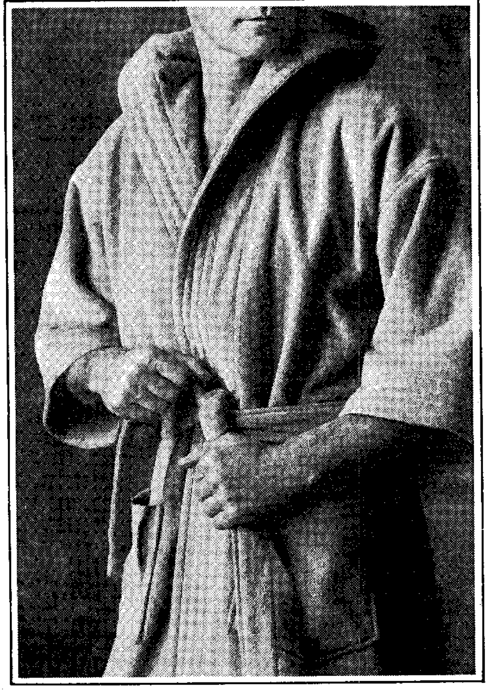

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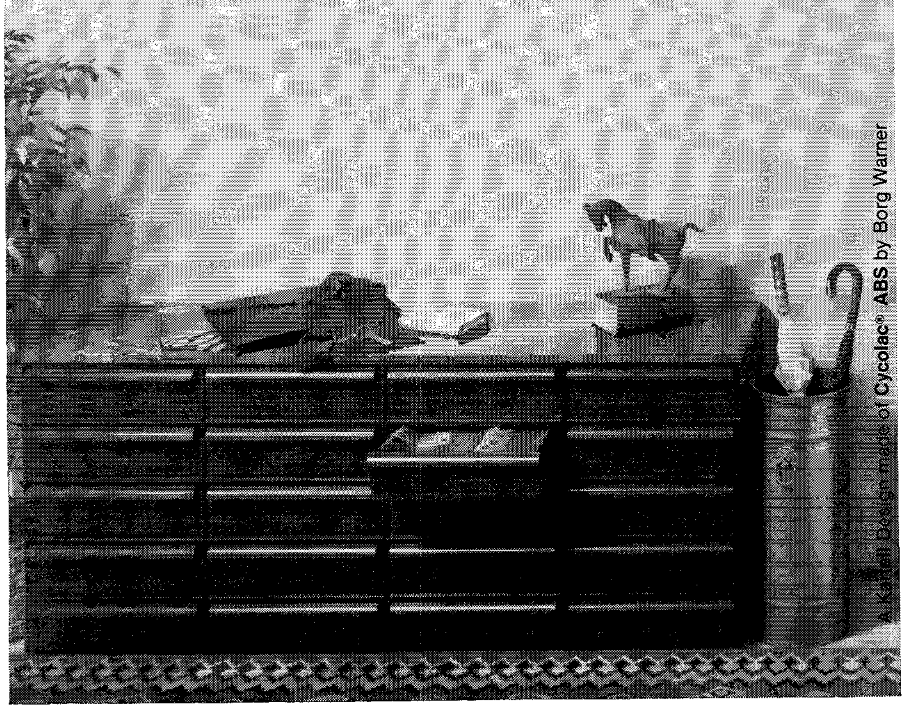

it as a serious eating event. Also, in this era of liberation and sexual equality I naturally felt a bit awkward that Robinson and I were in the position of pushing back from the table, thanking the little woman for dinner, and wandering off for a bit of jollity at the fire hall. When I mentioned this to the little woman in question, though, she seemed unconcerned—more or less as if I had taken it upon myself to apologize for the fact that males had a stranglehold on the outdoor jobs of the Sussex County Sanitation Department.

When we arrived at the fire hall—a huge one-story building constructed of cinder blocks and painted pale green—I realized that Robinson, wise in the ways of life below the canal, had given me the right costume. I have never seen a greater variety of bepatched baseball caps. Within a few minutes, I noticed caps that advertised Adams Oil Company, Hitchens Bros. Construction, Delaware Blue Hens, West Virginia University Mountaineers, Perdue, Paramount Chicken, Sussex County Country Club, Valliant Plant Food, Milford Sure-Crop Fertilizer, Magnolia Volunteer Fire Department, Joy Dog Food, Tull's Farm & Home Center, Enforce Air Shocker, and Firemen Are Always in Heat. The floor of the fire hall was instep-deep in sawdust. The fire trucks had been removed for the evening. There were a couple of trash barrels around, but I took them to be tokens. Six or eight tables had been set up for oysters steamed in the shell—tables with holes in the middle for shells and with raised central shelves for condiments. The oyster eaters, some of them with gloves and all of them with knives, stood around the tables opening or eating or awaiting new supplies. In one corner, somebody opened and served raw oysters. In another part of the hall, egg-salad sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs were being handed out. Eight hundred tickets to the oyster eat had been sold, and, to judge from the size of the crowd, not many had been sold to people who thought it might be nice to contribute even though they weren't going to be in town that evening. There were hundreds of men in the fire hall, practically none of them without a glass of beer in his hand.

In one corner, next to a bandstand where a hard-bluegrass band was playing, eight sheets of plywood had been arranged in a square to form a dance floor. Half a dozen men were stomping away, with a crowd around them furnishing encouragement with yelps and whoops. There are sometimes people at the oyster eat who become sufficiently inspired by the good fellowship and the drink at hand to make an inexpert stab at a few jig steps late in the evening (I might be put in that category myself; Robinson had the wit to stay off the boards), but most of the dancing at the oyster eat is done by a small group of people who come there to dance. The dance they do is sometimes called "flatfooting." Sometimes it resembles a jig, or what people in Tennessee call "clog dancing"—with hands in the pockets or behind the back. Sometimes it requires some serious stomping on the plywood. If the dancers didn't like the beat ("That's singin' music, that's not dancin' music"), they quit. If they did like the beat, they said something like "This is gettin' down to it" and started stomping. Some of them danced alone, but most of them faced partners. Most of them seemed to be people whose families had always danced. "The old man taught us boys. He's been flatfootin' since he was eleven or twelve years old," I was told by Lawrence Coverdale, a young machinist from Milford, who danced mainly with his brother Jim. "We were raised up on it." There aren't many flatfoot dancers left in Sussex County, but because a few families took the trouble to raise some up, a number of them are young. I suspect that the oyster eat is in no more danger of running out of dancers than it is of running out of oysters. If it does, it can just haul some up from Tennessee.

Among the rest of the crowd milling around the fire hall—farmers and politicians and car dealers and swampers and first-floor lawyers—the main activity seemed to be talking and drinking beer. In fact, late in the evening I realized that, with talking and watching the dancers and having a few beers, I had not put much time in with my Murphy Gulf. I was not surprised the next day when I heard someone at a secondhand store asked if he had been to the oyster eat and he said, "Naw, I quit drinking." Battle Robinson may be from North Carolina instead of below the canal, but she knows enough to give people dinner before they go to an oyster eat. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sound and Fury

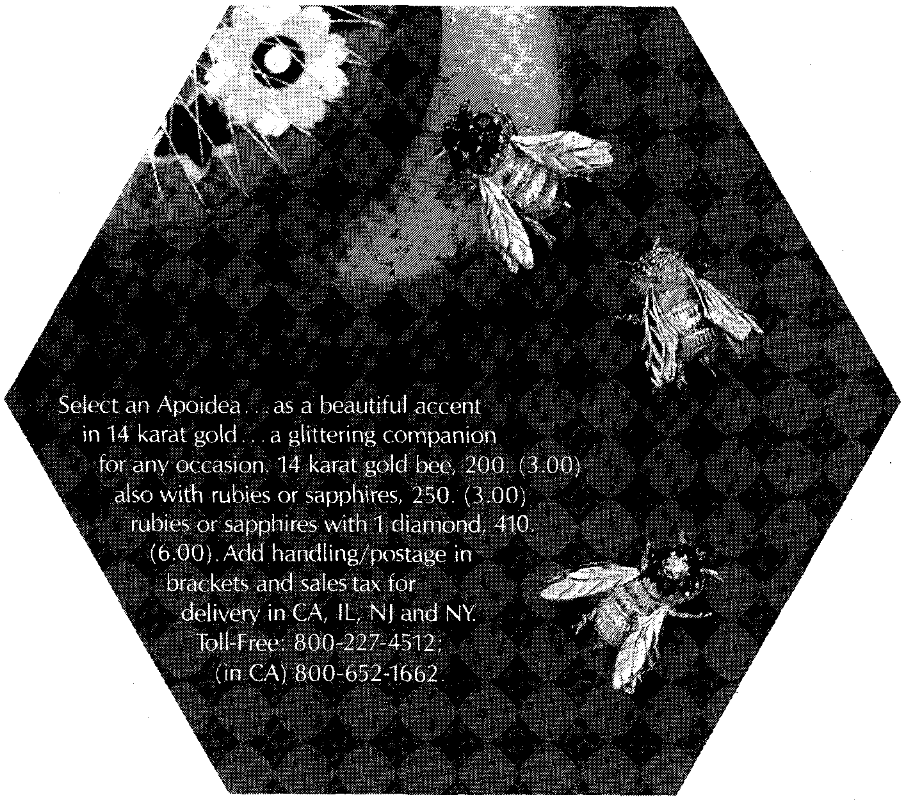
A RECENT week of music in New York included a first performance, by the Philharmonic, of a symphony by Krzysztof Penderecki; concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Georg Solti, at Carnegie Hall; the farewell appearance in the city of Eugene Ormandy as principal conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra; and a recital by Vladimir Horowitz. I mention only those concerts I heard. If critics had wings, I should also be reporting on a new string quartet by Morton Feldman, chamber music with the clarinettist Richard Stoltzman, an installment of the Beethoven cycle by the Guarneri Quartet, premières from Parnassus, half the Bach keyboard partitas, the Waverly Waits, and Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. What music festival in the world could offer all this?

Under Solti, the Chicago Symphony's playing grips the mind and chills the heart; it reveals many of our musical preoccupations of the last couple of decades. Everything is clear, controlled, and, technically, nearly perfect. The quality of individual performance is consistently high: from the first-bassoon solo in "The Rite of Spring" and the solo oboe in the "Pastoral" Symphony, through the massed precision of the cellos and basses at the start of Mahler's Second Symphony and the impeccably tidy yet rhapsodic violins of its second movement, to the irruption of finely tuned, hard-edged brass at the climaxes of the Mahler and the Stravinsky, there was nothing, it seemed, that this orchestra could not achieve. Some tiny slips and dislocations of ensemble—particularly in the "Pastoral," which opened the first concert—merely reassured us that this was an ensemble of human beings, which might experience a little difficulty settling into an unfamiliar hall.

The sound of the orchestra at full stretch—at the start of the Mahler fifth movement or at the height of pagan frenzy in the Stravinsky—is terrifying: it does not so much envelop the listener, or even overwhelm him, as hit him full in the face. Solti's every action is calculated to increase the steely impact of the ensemble. He beats time like an angry metronome, jabbing at the bar lines. With an inferior orchestra, nothing would be more likely to make the music come apart, but the Chicago players fall into place with hairbreadth precision. Solti saves expressive broadening until the last possible moment, and achieves it by leaning forward, making the sawing motion more intense, more rounded, but no freer. The effect of this is to replace the emotional life of the music with a life that is drawn mainly from the manipulation of sound. "The Rite of Spring" emerges like a gleaming, whirring, all-powerful machine, compelling our attention even when only a few cogs are turning, and irresistible when it is at the height of its complex, unrelenting motion. This score, it may be argued, needs to be distanced, eerily remote. The Solti approach reveals one facet of it—its impersonal grandeur—with unrivalled skill. But in Beethoven—and particularly in pastoral Beethoven—the method jars. Through the rippling slow movement, Solti still points and pushes, not relaxing even at the bassoon solo; only when the swinging triple-time melody is heard does he allow himself to urge the music to sing. This is typical Beethoven for the nineteen-seventies and eighties: scrubbed whiter than white, unimpregnated by country sounds and smells—a city pastoral. The Chicago method is ineffective in music that is less than first-rate, that cannot take care of itself. The evening after its Stravinsky-Beethoven program, the orchestra gave a benefit concert, for a music professorship at Yale, and began with Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony—so tidy, so fleet of foot, so sophisticated in every orchestral department that it passed in a flash. Solti had nothing particular to say about the score beyond pointing up its pertness and grace. Precision alone could here do nothing to reveal the interest of the music.

It is in the high Romantic repertoire that I feel most ambivalent about the brilliance and power of Solti's readings. Mahler's Second Symphony formed the last program of the series. It was almost miraculous to hear so much textural detail in a Mahler score, to have the orchestral balance so finely graded, and to have the whole directed so powerfully that there seemed not a slack moment in over an hour's music. In this superlative performance, each detail was re-created. The Chicago Symphony Chorus—impeccable in its hushed ensemble—the fresh, radiant soprano of Isobel Buchanan, and the glorious, rounded mezzo of Christa Ludwig increased the immediacy of the account. Yet there seemed to be a point beyond which Solti did not dare, or did not want, to go—an unwillingness to let the music speak with its full richness. This was a "Resurrection" Symphony in two dimensions rather than the three—or four—that the composer may have imagined when he wrote of its conclusion, "An overwhelming love illuminates our being. We know and are." On a technical as well as an emotional level, the attack and the scrupulous accuracy of the Chicago strings are not attuned to the amplitude and warmth of Mahler's music. For example, the Chicago players follow scrupulously the composer's glissando markings. Yet in the context of otherwise pure intonation these tasteful little swoops sound awkward. Mahler intended the glissando as a special emphasis in lines played with portamento and expressive position changes. The ornament should be part of the melodic line; Chicago makes it sound tacked on. In the wind sections of the orchestra, the situation is similar: a clean placing of each note on its beat—however skillfully and musically done—does not capture the flow, the "bending" of the line, that is the basis of early-twentieth-century orchestral style. The Chicago sound does not attempt to be historically faithful, of course; it provides a vision of Mahler for our time—a very hard, unrelenting vision. But I wonder if it has not begun to lose touch with the essence of the original.

I DID not expect to have my feelings about Solti's Mahler so quickly confirmed as they were by Eugene Ormandy's account of the First Symphony in the farewell concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall. It might seem perverse to prefer Ormandy's fundamentally comfortable, fuzzy-edged Mahler to Solti's strenuous, hard-hitting portrayal. But I found that at every point—and many details of orchestral writing in the two symphonies are similar—Ormandy and his players showed a more instinctive understanding of the notes. The glissandi of the trio in the second movement, deftly done, fell into place in a string line that was always warm, rhythmically free (beautifully but not regimentally coördinated), and expressively broad. The Philadelphia strings



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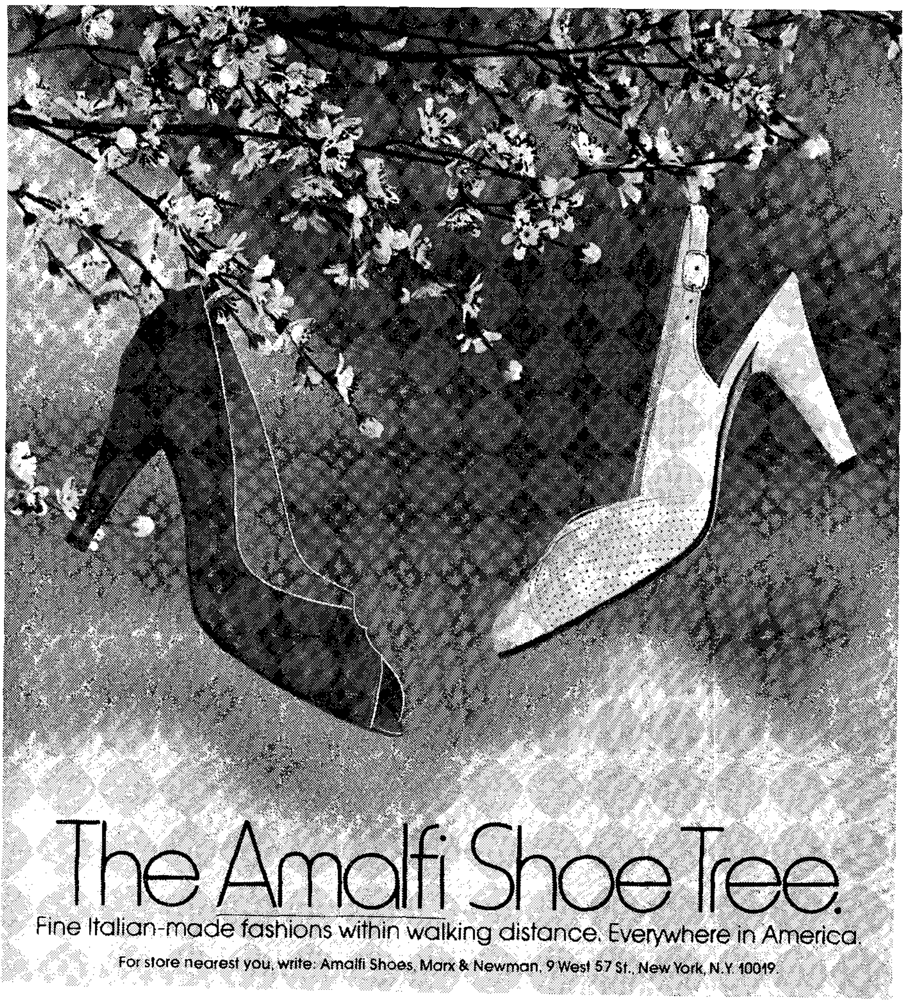

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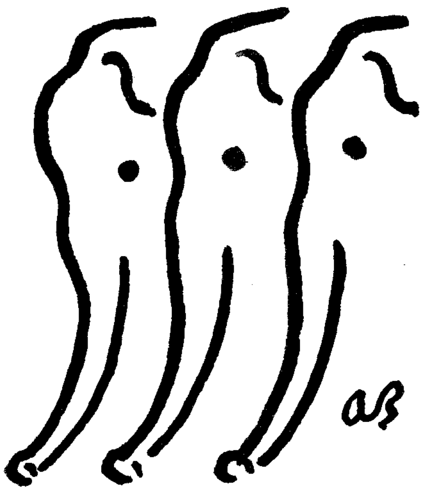
used generous portamento; in the fourth movement, just after the violins introduced the "Blumine" theme, they gently swept the interval from B-flat down to E-flat, and then from a high C up to the climax of the phrase at E-flat. The suppleness of the ensemble was used to wonderful effect by Ormandy in the Ländler movement; the timbre was never as crisp as that of Chicago, yet it was always more appealing. The double-bass sang his ominous "Frère Jacques" solo with strangely moving eloquence; a few bars later, the first oboe found a precise equivalent of the string phrasing in the lift and glide over the single interval of a fourth that is slurred in his dotted phrase. In the tumult of the finale, the horns were never as shattering, the trumpets never as strident as in the Chicago band; Ormandy molded his players' sound with a beat that was essentially circular, drawing the sound toward us. The result was a perfect pacing of that long movement and a climax that made the depths as well as the heights of Carnegie Hall resound. I cannot imagine how many times orchestra and conductor have performed this work; yet, a few insensitivities apart (an overassertive violin solo, quiet dynamics not precisely observed), this was an astonishingly fresh reading, full of a Mahlerian spirit that seemed natural and authentic.

THE Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki has—like the Chicago Symphony in its performances—provided some of the most characteristic musical sounds of the past twenty years. From the scrapings and scratchings and moanings of his vivid "Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" (1960), the work that first brought him international fame, he has gone on to explore the range of possibilities in timbral variety, controlled indeterminacy, tone clusters, and the manipulation of structural blocks of sound, using a conventional orchestra and, in some especially effective works, chorus. Few contemporary composers have written works that are more alluring to encounter on a first hearing. "Fluorescences," of 1962, "De Natura Sonoris," two essays in sound of 1966 and 1971, and the lovely "Als Jakob erwachte," of 1974, with its writing for ocarinas, have enlarged our notions of the noises orchestras can make, and have done so enjoyably. But perhaps there has come a limit to what he can do with these sounds. In his new Second Symphony, written at the request of Zubin Mehta and dedicated to him, Penderecki has moved backward with a vengeance. It was evident from the Violin Concerto written in 1976 for Isaac Stern and from the opera "Paradise Lost," premièred in Chicago in 1978, that the composer was beginning to explore a more traditional language of musical discourse, in which melody appeared and harmony owed much to the late Romantics. A Philharmonic program note said that he evolved this new style in a "desire to avoid repeating himself;" elsewhere he has written, "We can still use old forms to write new music." But I wonder if this new development is also connected with his desire to expand the scale of his compositions. The highly successful sound essays of the sixties are very short—usually seven, eight, or nine minutes. (The second "De Natura Sonoris"—also dedicated to Mehta—lasts twelve.) Penderecki was still using his adventurous—perhaps one should now say "traditional"—style when he wrote his first symphony, in 1973. That extended work, premièred in England, was an attempt to give symphonic weight and shape to the techniques of the shorter scores, and was widely regarded as unsuccessful. Perhaps, consciously or not, Penderecki has decided to respond to the challenge of writing concertos and symphonies by drawing inspiration from composers who he feels last did it successfully.

Some of the finest music of this century, as of the eighteenth century, has been profoundly old-fashioned. But the result of Penderecki's searching, if it is embodied in the Second Symphony, is no more than a characterless echo of the past. The work, in one movement, lasts about thirty minutes. We are plunged into sounds of Brucknerian grandiloquence from the brass; contrapuntal strings scurry earnestly, arguing over Lisztian thematic fragments; they are swept away by trombone and the brass again; and then



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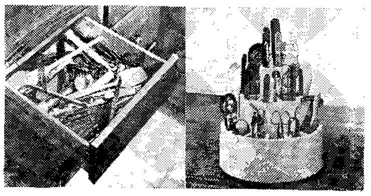

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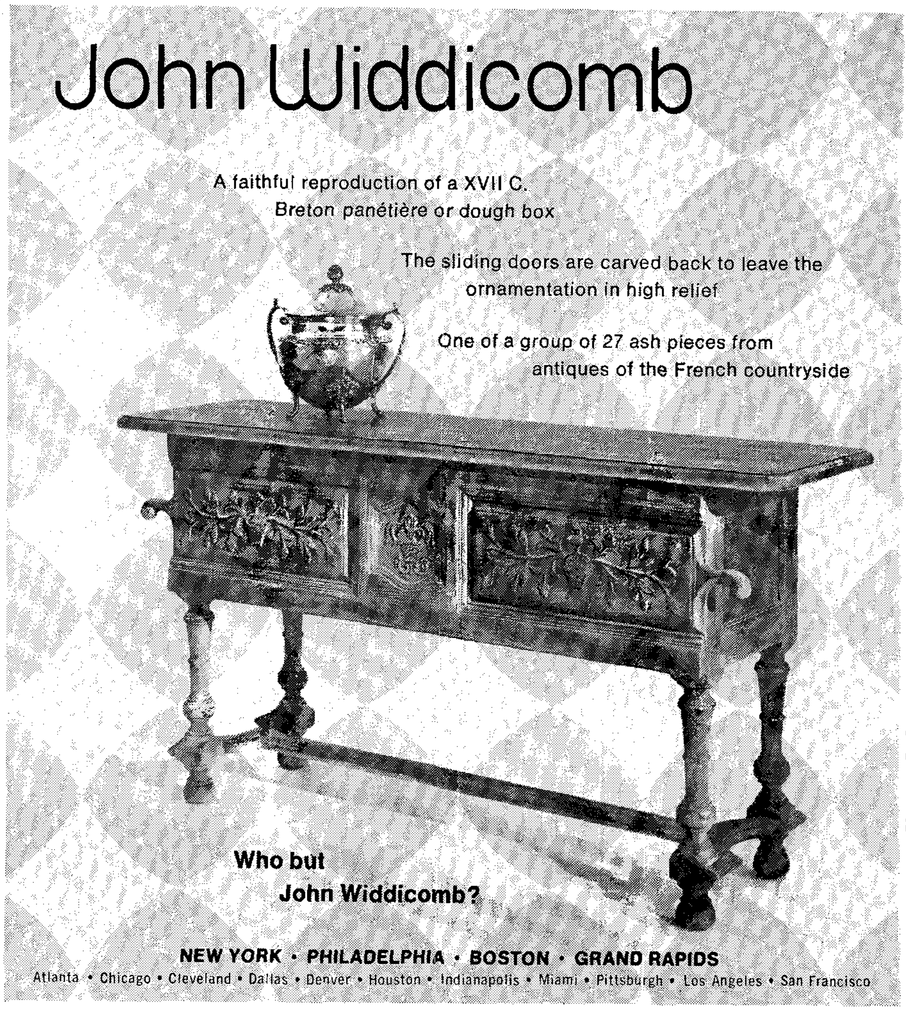
suddenly there is revealed a conventionally harmonized fragment of the carol "Silent Night," quietly shimmering like the tinsel on a Christmas card. (For this is a "Christmas Symphony," whose basic idea was conceived on Christmas Eve last year.) The carol may have a deep significance for Penderecki, but he has not revealed it in this weak and sentimental reference. At any rate, the music rushes on: we pass through Shostakovich at his noisiest, Strauss at his emptiest, bells and tremolo strings, another haze of Christmas good will, and a recapitulation of the whole ghastly first section, and finish up with a pretty, touching close. To say, as one colleague did of Penderecki's St. Luke Passion, that the work has "a powerful aroma of speciousness" would seem to me an understatement. The work did not appear difficult to play. The Philharmonic played it well, and Mr. Mehta beat time with serene confidence.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ walked onto the crowded stage of Avery Fisher Hall a few minutes after four on the afternoon of Sunday, May 4th, and moved across the platform to his piano—placed, to the benefit of the sight lines but not of the acoustics, at the right-hand side of the stage. I have not experienced a more electric sense of anticipation in an audience here all season, or such rapt concentration when the music began. To me, and perhaps to others in the audience, Horowitz was only a name, a reputation, and some unsurpassed recordings. I was not attending concerts thirty years ago, when he disappeared from the international scene; nor had I been in America to hear his recitals in the last six years. Telecasts of a recital at the White House and of a Rachmaninoff performance with the Philharmonic had only hinted at the most fascinating aspect of his playing—its extraordinary resourcefulness in finding unheard-of sounds from the piano to match his idiosyncratic treatment of rhythm and nuance. I had never previously been able to put two bits of the Horowitz reputation together: his fame as the last of the great romantics in his use of rubato, separation of the hands, impulsive phrasing; and his fame as the master of a hard, steely piano sound, which puts him at the head of a "modern" school of playing. In this recital, there were still small things that seemed inexplicable—a capricious alteration of the whole sound in the middle of a Schumann melody, an overfussy approach to the simple accompaniment of the Chopin Barcarolle.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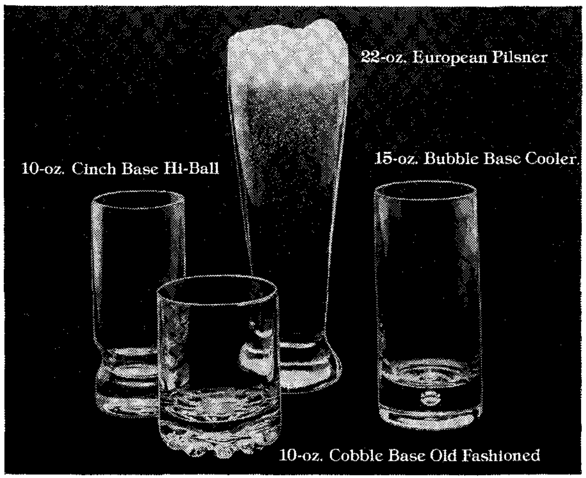
And he chose a strange framework within which to display his gifts: miniatures by Clementi, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Liszt; only one long work, Rachmaninoff's sprawling B-Flat-Minor Sonata. But his understanding and manipulation of the piano were breathtaking in the expressive weight and phrasing that he combined with sharp articulation in Mendelssohn's "Scherzo a Capriccio" and in the plunging line of Schumann's third "Nachtstück"—rhythms twisted and timbre altered so as to lead precisely to the point of climax. In the Rachmaninoff, he sounded like the Chicago and Philadelphia orchestras combined: stunningly powerful in attack and crisp in articulation, yet with constant warmth, radiant colors, and flowing phrasing. I do not think that this quirky genius could ever be my favorite pianist, but in the space of one concert he taught me more about a virtuoso's command of the keyboard than I could have learned from a dozen weightier recitals. —NICHOLAS KENYON

FURTHER EVENTS

CalSounds

THE California Institute of the Arts, known as CalArts, a school founded (in the words of its president) "with a focus on the contemporary and a commitment to the avant-garde," is housed in two large modern buildings boldly and beautifully set on a hill in the Santa Clarita Valley, north of Los Angeles. The main building contains a variety of theatres, halls, and performance spaces, formal and informal. Here in 1978 there was held a three-day spring festival of contemporary music, directed by Morton Subotnick, at which the CalArts Twentieth-Century Players and the Sonor ensemble of the University of California at San Diego played. Last spring, there was a nine-day festival: three days at CalArts, three in San Diego, and then three more at the University of Nevada in Las Vegas; the Las Vegas Chamber Players provided a third performing ensemble. But the peripatetic scheme proved unwieldy. This spring, the composers and players of CalArts, of U.C.S.D., and of the University of Nevada settled at CalArts for a busy six-day festival, with Virko Baley, Bernard Rands, Roger Reynolds, and Subotnick as artistic directors. The programs were adventurous. There were several first or West Coast-first performances. During a two-day visit, I heard five concerts.

The excellent Sequoia String Quartet, quartet-in-residence at CalArts,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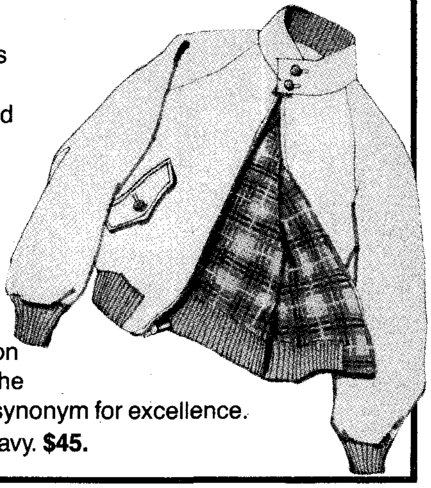

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played Schoenberg's Second Quartet, with Bethany Beardslee as soprano soloist, and continued with Mel Powell's "Little Companion Pieces" (1979), a cycle of six songs for soprano and string quartet, composed for Miss Beardslee and the Sequoia, and planned to "go along with" the Schoenberg. The songs are lyrical, gentle, varied, and attractive. Miss Beardslee is an even more captivating performer in English than in German, and the Sequoia lived up to the golden reputation it has recently been winning. The program ended with Charles Wuorinen's lively Second String Quartet, written last year. This was a midafternoon recital. There followed at once a slightly trying concert, demanding patience, as concerts at contemporary-music festivals often do. Jo Kondo's "Standing," for double-bass, tuba, and xylophone, was a relentlessly thorough study in sustained rhythms. Stephen Mosko's "Cosmology of Easy Listening" (1979), for percussion trio, offered clonks, bonks, scrapes, and small, exquisite sounds. Nils Vigeland's "Vara" (1979) was an interminable string of clichés for flute and piano. The chief interest was provided by the dexterity and electric skill of the Antenna Repairmen, a CalArts percussion trio.

More flute and piano at the evening concert: Ernst Krenek's "Flute Piece in Nine Phases" (1959), a work at once elegant and passionate, played with consummate art by the Swiss flutist Bernard Batschelet, who is spending two years with Sonor at San Diego. This Sonor concert began with William Kraft's "The Sublime and the Beautiful" (1979), a romantic piece for tenor and six players, composed with the expert ear that marks all Kraft's work. Later, there was Jacob Druckman's bright, appealing "Animus IV," for tenor, small ensemble, and tape, written, as was the Kraft, for Paul Sperry and sung by him here with intelligence and art. Robert Erickson's "Night Music for Solo Trumpet and Ensemble" (1978) is a piece in which advanced instrumental techniques, the special skills developed by Sonor, serve a romantic imagination. It brought forward a virtuoso trumpeter in Edwin Harkins. The concert reached its climax in a shattering performance of Bernard Rands' powerful cantata "Metalepsis 2," commissioned for the 1971 English Bach Festival, "a nondenominational Requiem Mass for all who suffer at the hands of tyrants." Rands is director and conductor of Sonor; Ann

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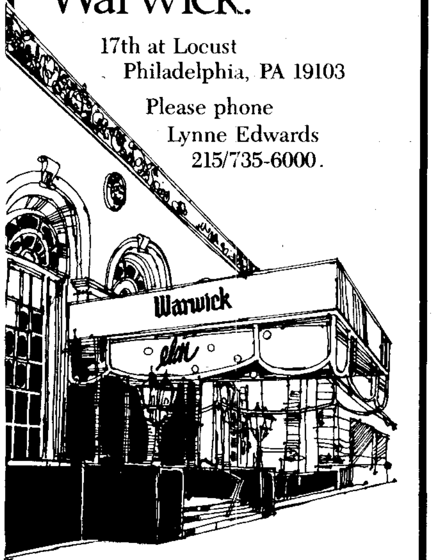

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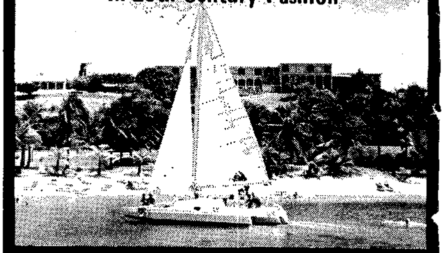

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Chase was a striking soprano soloist.

The next day, there was play: Earle Brown's "Calder Piece" (1963-66), written to be beaten out, by a percussion quartet, on and around the large Alexander Calder mobile called "Chef d'Orchestre." The piece has often been done in Europe; this was the first time the mobile had been set up and played on in America. Calder himself, Brown's program note said, was slightly disappointed after the very first performance: "I thought you were going to hit it much harder, with hammers." I, too, was slightly disappointed with the small sound of Calder's plates as here attacked. After a while, the entertainment of watching four players—the Antenna Repairmen joined by John Bergamo, head of percussion at CalArts—striking out at or pursuing the revolving arms of the mobile, beating whatever parts of it fell to hand, began to pall. The static episodes when the players retired to well-stocked batteries to be "conducted" by the mobile produced something more like music. A piece difficult to take seriously but easy to watch and enjoy.

At the last concert of the festival, the Las Vegas Chamber Players, conducted by Virko Baley, played Ralph Shapey's early Concerto for Clarinet and Chamber Group (1954), an arresting and masterly work, with a masterly soloist here in Felix Viscuglia; Baley's own "Lamentation of Adrian Leverkuehn" (1980), for tenor and nine players, an effects piece; and Leonard Rosenman's Chamber Music V (1979), which the composer described in a note as "monolithic in character" but which sounded incoherent at a first hearing. Finally, the CalArts Twentieth-Century Players, conducted by Mr. Mosko, gave an alluring account of Subotnick's "After the Butterfly," a delicate, dainty study in sonorities natural, electronic, and mixed.

Two big works brought out earlier in the festival were "Fwyynghn" (1979), a "stage piece with music and a ballet dance," created collectively by Gordon Mumma, Pauline Oliveros, Christian Sinding, Louise Frazer, Beatrice Manley, and others; and "Eclipse" (1980), for videotapes, film, seven-channel sound system, computer-synthesized materials, and computer- and analog-processed voices, for which Ed Emshwiller created the images and Roger Reynolds the score. Later, in San Diego, I had a chance to hear the score of "Eclipse" and found it an enthralling composition, very strongly built, engrossing in its

In the great untradition of Howard Miller.

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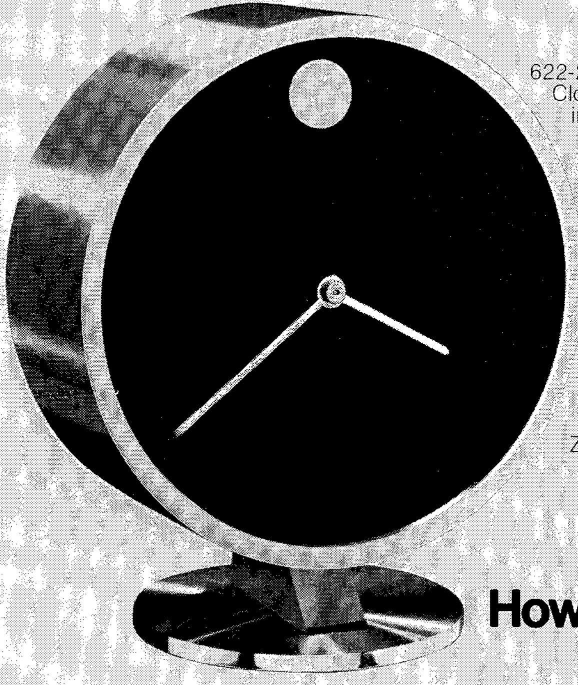

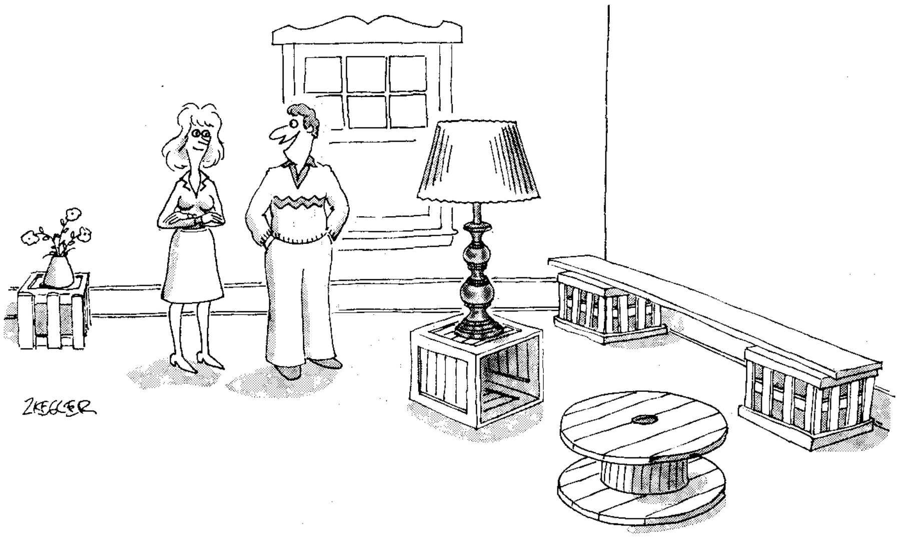

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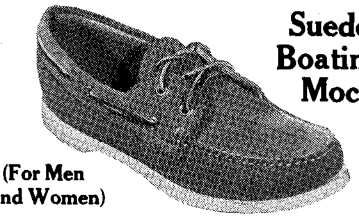

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own right. Reynolds is a composer doing new things that are beautiful, exciting, shapely, eloquent; I hope to hear the piece again and write more fully.

Most of the composers were present in person. Young composers from across the country had been invited to share in the events, the rehearsals, the related seminars and discussions. CalArts is isolated. Most visitors have to stay several miles away, well beyond walking distance. Going there is not like going to contemporary-music festivals in Warsaw, Palermo, Budapest, Glasgow, or Cheltenham. And, except for Rands' "Metalepsis 2," the music I heard seemed to be somewhat isolated, too, from social and political concerns. But there is a sense in which the CalArts Festival may well become America's Donaueschingen or Dartington: a focus for new musical ideas and techniques, a stimulus for creators, performers, and listeners. The concerts were recorded for local broadcasting. Next year, the whole festival should be broadcast nationally, day by day, as European festivals often are, so that all the country can hear, enjoy, and discuss the new music that is being made and played in the West.

—Andrew Porter

•

THE MYSTERIOUS U.P.I.

[*From the Las Vegas* (*Nev.*) *Review-Journal*]

New York (UPI)—Siki slid the plates onto the counter while Eike adjusted the yellow-tipped blue flames under the battered kettles emitting swirls of steam.

Eike picked up the pliers he uses to turn the handleless coldwater spigot off and on, and walked to the sinks in front of the small six-stool counter.

A small emergency was about to occur in the Lantern restaurant on 47th Street just off Times Square.

"Flooosh," gushed the water from the faucet into the sink, and Eike made an exclamation that told Siki something was up.

"Do shi tanda?" said Siki.

"Toma ra nain da," said Eike.

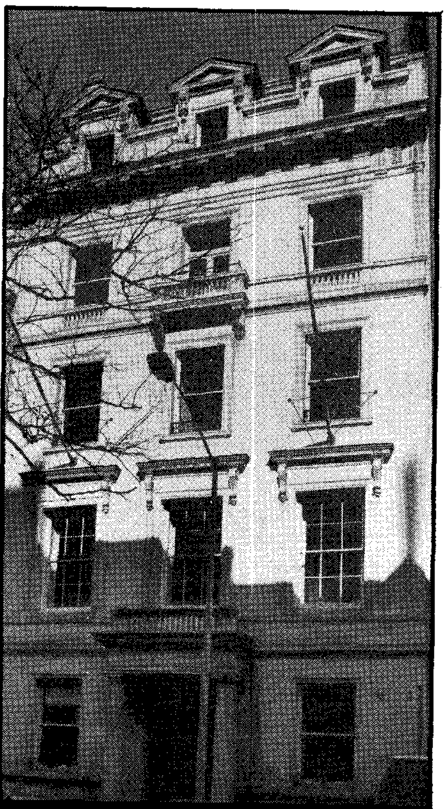
Something was up, all right. The cold water was on full-throttle and nothing Eike could do with those pliers could slow it down. The sinks—all three of them—filled, rapidly.

Eike and Siki scurried about in agitated confusion. Siki grabbed buckets and began bailing out the sinks. Eike grabbed the pliers and wrenched at the faucet.

As Eike ran out the door and splashed soapy water into the gutter, Siki pulled with his pliers at the stripped faucet.

"Hayaku, hayaku," Siki yelled at Eike, who began laughing as he ran his soapy course from sink to gutter.

Eike grew more amused, which ticked off Siki, whose sharp comments didn't seem to affect his good-natured colleague at all.



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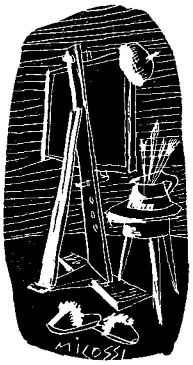
THE ART WORLD

A Thousand Flowers

A BALMY spring Saturday on Spring Street, warm sun and cool breezes, not a cloud in the sky. It is 1 P.M., a little early for the uptowners and the suburbanites, for whom SoHo and its art galleries, boutiques, restaurants, bars, and sidewalk entertainments offer the best free show in town. The show has started nevertheless. Near the corner of Spring and West Broadway, two dozen people who look like natives have paused to listen to a fiddler and a banjo player knocking out the music of the Southern Appalachians. The fiddler is young, with a chestnut mustache and beard; bright suspenders hold up his jeans, and he beats energetic time with one booted foot. The banjo player has a black beard and a black hat, and, strumming a mile a minute, he gives the impression of being motionless. The audience lolls back against the parked cars and applauds each number. The young fiddler grins and bobs his head as he thanks them. "Old instrument gettin' warmed up," he says.



Down the block on West Broadway, Ivan Karp is in the back room of his O.K. Harris Gallery, looking at slides of an artist's work. He keeps up a melodious obbligato of comment and banter which may or may not put the artist at ease. Karp, an effervescent man and the fastest talker in SoHo, claims that he looks at the work of a hundred and fifty to two hundred artists a week, without appointment. About a third of the artists he sees are fully professional, he says, and out of that number maybe twenty deserve to be shown in a New York gallery. Karp's gallery was one of the first to open in SoHo, in 1969, and it is still the largest. It has eleven thousand square feet of floor space divided into five exhibition areas; Karp puts on four one-artist shows a month—forty-one shows a year. Naturally, every artist comes to see him. He has taken on only two new artists in the last year, he says, but his expectations are forever buoyant. After all, this was how he discovered Roy Lichtenstein, back in 1961. Karp was the associate director of Leo Castelli's gallery on East Seventy-seventh Street then, and one day Lichtenstein just walked in, unannounced, with a couple of Pop Art paintings under his arm—this was before Karp or anyone else knew there would be such a thing as Pop Art. The new genius might turn up at any time. "It's what makes all this anguish and folly possible," Karp says. "We're all really looking for Jesus."

Undiscovered artists no longer live in SoHo, of course. The industrial loft buildings where button-makers and garment workers once toiled, now expensively converted to residential use, sell for upward of fifty dollars a square foot, and all sorts of people manage somehow to meet the municipal requirement that you have to be an artist to live there. But SoHo is still the nexus, the community center of the downtown art world. On Saturdays, it is a souk, a pageant. On the sidewalk in front of O.K. Harris, two young women are dancing on stilts, accompanied by a young man with a harp. The dancers are costumed in flowing silks, with flowers woven into their long, Botticelli hair. Onlookers toss coins into a battered felt hat on the sidewalk. A block north, on the other side of Spring Street, a puppeteer puts a disco-dancer puppet through her paces, to music from a transistor tape player. A woman emerges from the boutique behind him wearing a purple jumpsuit and green leather boots. Traffic, both pedestrian and automotive, is building up steadily.

"What's good?" the gallerygoers ask each other. "What have you seen?" Replies tend to be vague and noncommittal. Lots of good shows, few surprises. Pluralism reigns in the visual arts. A thousand flowers bloom, a thousand schools contend—yet everything looks just a bit familiar. Ivan Karp perceives a new wave that he calls "illusionism": dozens of young people around the country making trompe-l'oeil objects of one material (clay, for example) which look exactly as if they were made of some other material (leather, for example); painters creating the illusion of visual depth through the use of cast shadows; artists everywhere rediscovering the techniques of pre-modern art. Barbara Rose, an influential critic, teacher, and art historian, recently stirred up a lot of indignation by organizing a traveling exhibition called "American Painting: The Eighties." (It is now in Paris.) The indignation referred partly to

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Rose's seeming to preëmpt the next decade, and partly to the show's premise, which was that abstract painting has returned from the dead. To date, however, the season's most exhilarating gallery show has been last month's exhibition "Eight Painters of the 1960s," from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tremaine, at the Pace Gallery, uptown.

It is frequently observed that no major new artists emerged in America during the nineteen-seventies, and that the most impressive work today is the new work of Frank Stella, Jasper Johns, and one or two other sixties stars. Of course, the next genius may be right in front of us, working away in a manner so unfamiliar that nobody can see what he's up to. During the early sixties, a curator at the Museum of Modern Art asked me what I was up to, and expressed great surprise and disdain when I said I was writing a Profile of Robert Rauschenberg for *The New Yorker*. A number of New York artists thought this same curator was unsympathetic to their work, and they felt much happier when he moved to California. At a MOMA opening shortly before he left the Museum, he saw Stella chatting with two other painters, and paused to ask if any of them knew what time it was. "Time to go to California," said Stella.

In 1980, though, it is hard to believe that a new Stella or a new Rauschenberg could go unrecognized, even for a week. More than a hundred galleries in New York concentrate on showing contemporary work (as against a dozen or so in 1960). American colleges and universities turn out close to fifteen thousand arts graduates a year, young men and women schooled in the talismans of vanguardism and fully sympathetic to what Harold Rosenberg called "the tradition of the new." Nobody is obliged to cut off his ear in this society. Is it possible, in fact, that the practice of art today has become too easy? All those college grads know that art is whatever the artist decides to make (or not to make, if he happens to be a Conceptualist), and the key question—How Do You Know You're an Artist?—rarely gets asked. One *decides* to be an artist, acquires a B.F.A. or M.F.A. degree, and after that whatever one makes must be art. Having no dominant style to assimilate or to rebel against, the young artist confronts a limitless range of possibilities; it could also be argued that this makes the practice of art more difficult

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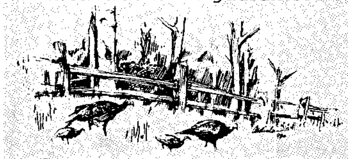

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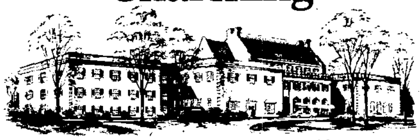

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than ever. Where originality is so highly placed, mere novelty obtrudes. Any number of budding talents appear sui generis to a fault.

In the absence of new geniuses, though, there is plenty to look at, and not only in the galleries. The mood of SoHo is easygoing and a little decadent. On a brick wall down near Laight Street somebody has written in foot-high capitals, "NEW YORK IS THE ART SACRILEGE," but who cares? The established artists dine expensively with their dealers at Da Silvano's or Ballato's, the restaurants most in favor right now. (New restaurants open all the time. "Anderson & Archer's SOHO: The Essential Guide to Art and Life in Lower Manhattan"—a well-informed paperback published by Simon & Schuster last year—listed sixty restaurants and bars in the immediate area.) At a sidewalk table in front of Ben's Gallo Nero, just south of Broome Street on West Broadway, two young men listen attentively while a young woman plays a complicated solo on a French horn. Nearby, a dancer made up to look like Charlie Chaplin performs to Chopin (on tape) while a colleague passes out leaflets advertising their dance company. Informal exhibitions of photographs, prints, drawings, collages, and even sculptures enliven the grimy exteriors of the buildings along West Broadway, a few of which still harbor industries unrelated to art. An artfully lettered sign, weathered but grammatical, reads: "Stay Sharp—Nine Out of Ten Persons Passing Here Need Something Sharpened." Venders sell hand puppets, knitted hats, herbal sachets, exotic foodstuffs. A middle-aged man stands on a tiny stool under a sign reading "Stories Poems and Other Surprises." A pretty woman with long dark hair sits on a window ledge quietly weeping. The Saturday crowd meanders up and down and spills over into the street, where traffic is at a standstill. Couples push strollers or carry their young in canvas slings. Three more purple jumpsuits are counted.

In the Holly Solomon Gallery, I bump into Letty Lou Eisenhauer, someone I haven't seen for years. Letty Lou was an active participant in the sixties art scene. The first time I saw her, she was performing in Allan Kaprow's "A Spring Happening," at the Reuben Gallery, in 1961. Kaprow liked to involve the audience physically in his happenings, and for this one we were herded into a narrow makeshift tunnel with windows of clear plastic, through which we strained to see what was go-

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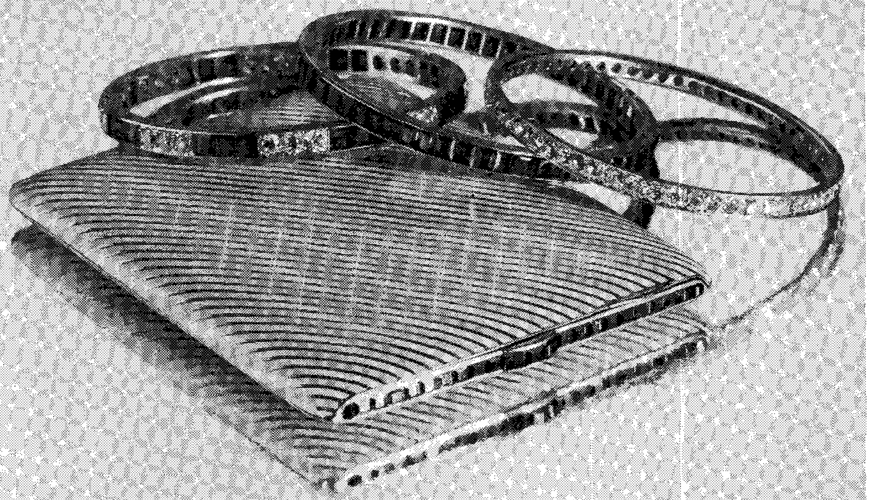

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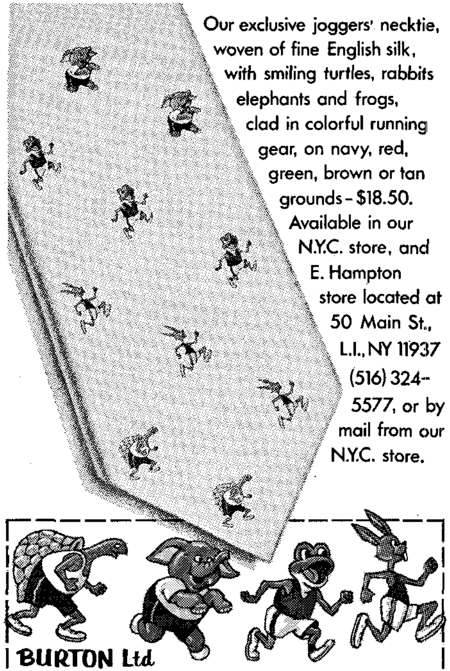

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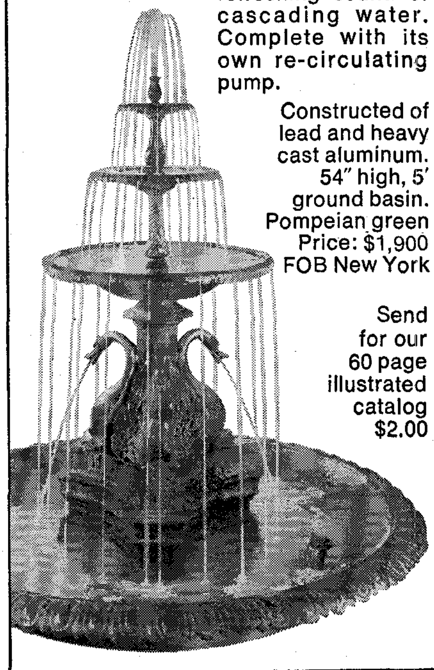

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ing on in the darkened space outside. What we saw, toward the end of the performance, was Letty Lou, in a flesh-colored body stocking, tossing bits of fresh broccoli into the beam of an erratically roving spotlight. In the seventies, Letty Lou went into arts-administration work, and I lost track of her. Now she is a psychiatric interne. "It turns out I'm very good with schizophrenics," she says, and we both laugh.

Sixties art makes SoHo possible. We are still drawing on energies generated twenty years ago, and that knowledge lends the SoHo scene its diffuse, uneasy glamour. —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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A leap—and my mind is whole.
—*Osip Mandelstam.*

How dank and sweet that ground
by the River Kama
rushing up to meet you.
This was change at last,
from horizontal to vertical.
Not the trains rushing
through stations that were
strange to you, nor faces
that looked at you once
and then turned away.
They were turned away for
reasons they could not
understand, but you did.
The few still coming
toward you left their scars.
It was those who could not
face you who brought your
pain. At what cost you
broke through the fog around
them, and called their names,
and counted their children
in their eyes, and saw their
summer houses, turned
black and gray by winter
rain, whose caretakers had
stopped coming every day. . . .

The rails that were your only
links with the twelve forbidden
cities broke your faith in the
thawing landscape beneath you.
Your sorrows were frozen by
abuse, you were never warm,
always afraid. You were a
country guest in a cold house
waking from nightmares to a
strange windowsill in spring—
the soft ground, the empty
space. Like a weary
animal that knew
the earth was turning from
it, you looked hard both ways,
then dived into the waves.

—GREG SIMON

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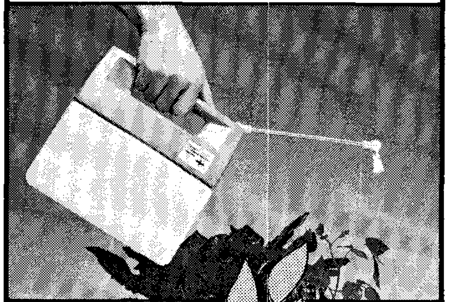

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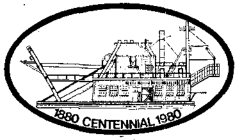

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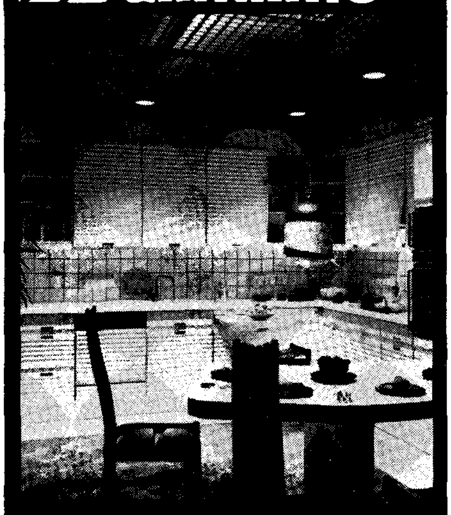
DANCING

"Le Sacre" Without Ceremony

WHEN Paul Taylor was working on "Scudorama" in 1963, he used a record of "Le Sacre du Printemps" as a rehearsal score; new music was composed in time for the première. A few weeks ago, at the City Center, he presented his production of "Le Sacre" and had the hit of the dance season. Although Taylor is the logical choreographer for this mighty music, he has turned out a completely unpredictable piece of work. Instead of the orchestral version of the score, he has staged the two-piano reduction that Stravinsky made for Nijinsky's use in rehearsing the original choreography. If Taylor's "Sacre," which he calls "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)," has any resemblance to "Scudorama," I missed it. And I wouldn't have looked for derivations from Nijinsky's ballet, but those flattened, two-dimensional body positions, angled limbs, and parallel feet are immediately apparent in Taylor's choreography. Taylor may be commemorating a rehearsal period in the life of two companies—his own and the Ballets Russes. When the curtain rises, to an unfamiliar tinkle of familiar notes, a dance company is onstage warming up. This turns into a formal rehearsal, and then into a frame for the action, which has nothing to do either with Stravinsky's scenario or with any "Sacre" scenario ever devised. Instead of tribal rituals and human sacrifices (which Taylor had given us in "Runes"), we see a farce composed of scenes from crime melodramas of the silent-movie era. The characters include a private dick in Harold Lloyd spectacles, a mother, a kidnapped child, and a slew of Oriental villains. The melodrama may be the ballet the company is rehearsing or it may represent something going on backstage or it may be simple parallel action; the way the scenes are intercut with the rehearsal makes any interpretation possible. Taylor's associative links seem random—*are* random—but he never loses the audience. All the pieces are designed to fit together in a jigsaw-like pattern, and the pattern, no matter how tenuously matched, is unbreakable. The jigsaw shapes seem hewn out of the dancers' bodies. There are opaque moments here and there, but even as we flounder we feel the tug of stylistic consistency.

The integrity of this "Sacre" is a Taylor miracle. A past-master at building multilevel allusive structures, Taylor knows that you can swing from branch to branch as long as it is the same tree. In his "Sacre," the Nijinsky references are reinforced by their implicit Taylorishness; they look so ingrown that we can choose to see them as products of Taylor's long association with the painter Alex Katz. Katz's forays into two-dimensional "depth" have been represented on Taylor's stage in such pieces as "Private Domain" and "Diggity." Taylor as a dance-maker shares some of Katz's major concerns; he's very nearly Katz's dance double. But when he's expressing those concerns, as in "Le Sacre" or in another new piece closely related to it, called "Profiles," Katz is not the designer; there's no need for him. John Rawlings' designs for "Le Sacre" are in a starkly cinematic palette of black, white, and gray with one or two splashes of red. Linear motifs—Art Deco circles and grilles—indicate a bedroom or a bar or a jail. The pulp Expressionism of the costumes and décor, the "screenplay" plot, and the dance style seem to blend in one great crashing image. The blunt, thick bodies cringe and lurch, hurtle and bound, all in one piece, dense with impacted energy. These loaded silhouettes with their pump-handle arms and swivelling heads are, perhaps, Taylor's comment on the "perverse" inventions of Nijinsky; he shows us how vivid a dance shape can be made by reducing the body's options for extension and directing its energy toward rather than away from the core. As with all theories of polar opposition, this anti-classicism makes a classical statement—it gives us the irreducible essence of expression. And to a master of classical style like Taylor (I intend the primary meaning of the term, not the secondary, academic meaning, which refers to ballet) the reductions and simplifications and limitations are so many opportunities for virtuosity.

But Taylor's "Sacre" is also a comedy, and Taylor's comic sense is not really located in his cartoon-classical body shapes. "Profiles" uses the same shapes and many of the same movements that make up "Le Sacre," but it is a grave, lyrical essay with no plot. What makes "Le Sacre" a comedy is



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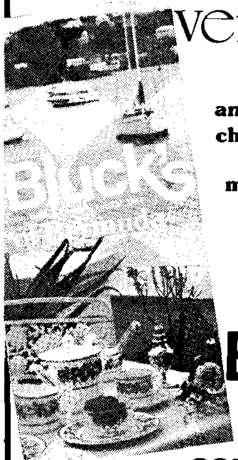

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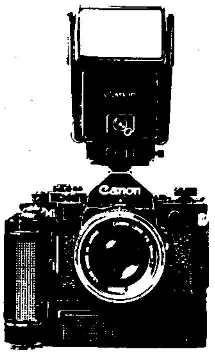
the music. By stripping the score of its orchestration, Stravinsky exposed its pistons and gears, and it's this mechanistic aspect of the music that Taylor responds to. He hears the ticktock ostinato that winds up those massive charging rhythms—hears it as the music of automatons chugging to their doom in a deterministic universe. He can even risk a certain amount of overdeterminism: the baby, who is thrown around like the baby in a Punch-and-Judy show, expires along with the rest of the cast, stabbed reflexively by the last man to die in a climactic piling up of corpses. Taylor isn't funny at the music's expense; he works *with* the music and is twice as funny in his straight-faced way as a consciously irreverent parodist would have been. Maybe Taylor himself got wound up in the coils of the music; there's an inevitability, a rightness, about this "Sacre" that seems to issue from a musical mind of the purest sort. By the time we come to the Dance of the Chosen Maiden—the peak moment in the original production—we have so completely forgotten the music's historic connections that we're jolted when Taylor reminds us of them. He has Ruth Andrien launch herself into the dance the minute her baby dies, and it's a real twister, filled with irregular phrases none of which accord with the music's irregularity and all of which must be attacked at the highest energy level. Andrien dances in a delirium of precision—between the bar lines, so to speak—and maintains unwavering rhythmic accuracy: a marvellous performance.

Along with the pleasure of musical transparency that this "Sacre" gives us, there is the pleasure of diagrammatic visualization, which leads the eye through the thickets of the scenario. Some of these visual clues are identifiable Taylor fantasies, but most of them are imponderable in origin. Wherefore these "Chinese" configurations in the choreography, and how could Taylor have known they'd make perfect sense to us? Taylor takes us back beyond the silent films to the primitive superstitious imagery that those films tapped. Along with Warner Oland and Anna May Wong and the tong wars in the streets, he gives us a kind of fiercely grinning terroristic "Orientalism" in the very physique of his dances. Those are jigsaw ideograms that pass before us. The omnipresent impassive rehearsal mistress played by Bettie de Jong in cossack dress is *quite obviously a fate figure who* fits into the Ballets Russes picture. But she also reminds us of Big Bertha,



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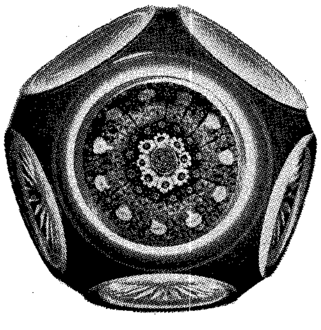

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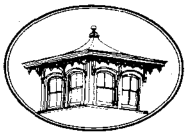

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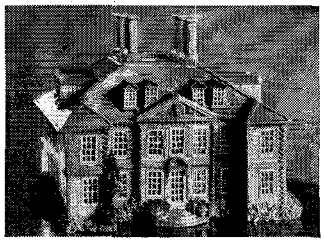

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the malevolent life-size music-box doll Taylor created for de Jong in 1970. "Big Bertha" was revived this season with de Jong as pitilessly terrifying as ever, and with Thomas Evert giving a powerful, harrowing performance in Taylor's old role as her chief victim. One might compile a sizable list of Taylor works under the heading "Motiveless Malignity;" it is one of his favorite themes. "Le Sacre" would be on the list, and not merely on the strength of the de Jong character. (Curiously, de Jong is the only mechanical figure in "Big Bertha" and the only nonmechanical one in "Le Sacre.") Unlike "Big Bertha" or "Nightshade" or "Dust," "Le Sacre" is too cheerful, too impersonally efficient to be disturbing. It is a work that sweeps us deep into Taylor's world and honors its preceptors at the same time: Nijinsky, Martha Graham (who once danced the Chosen Maiden in choreography by Massine), and, not least of all, Stravinsky. It is very likely the best "Sacre" we shall ever see, and we can only regret that the composer is not here to see it, too. Of the many fine dancers in the full-company cast, I must mention, besides Miss de Jong and Miss Andrien, Christopher Gillis as the clockwork detective, Elie Chaib as the gangleader, Monica Morris as his moll, and Lila York as a slow-witted gunsel.

IN 1959, Martha Graham and George Balanchine joined forces to produce "Episodes," an hour-long ballet to the complete orchestral works of Anton von Webern. There was no attempt to agree on subject matter or treatment. Working independently and for the most part with their own dancers, each choreographer did something typical: Graham a meditation on Mary Queen of Scots and Balanchine a suite of dances barren of dramatic or emotional implication. The Balanchine suite has remained in the repertory of the New York City Ballet with the exception of one of its segments, a solo created for Paul Taylor, then one of Graham's dancers. Graham's contribution, which she also calls "Episodes," was retired until last year, when, as a gesture to the London audience, it was revived for her company's season at Covent Garden. "Episodes" comes from a period—a year after "Clytemnestra"—when Graham could still work magic as a performer and as a choreographer. She brought her hypnotic presence to the part of Mary, commanding the stage as Mary surrogates filled in the dancing with male figures from Mary's past, the Earl of

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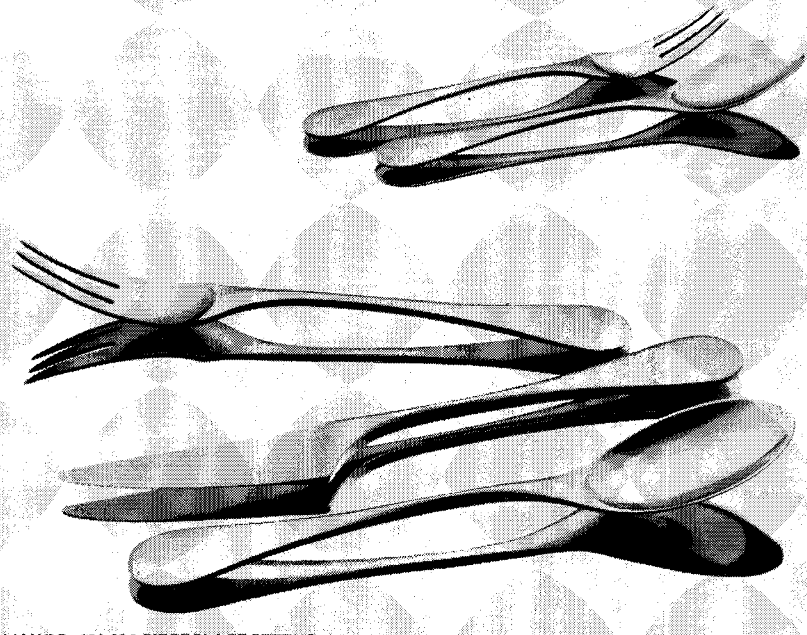

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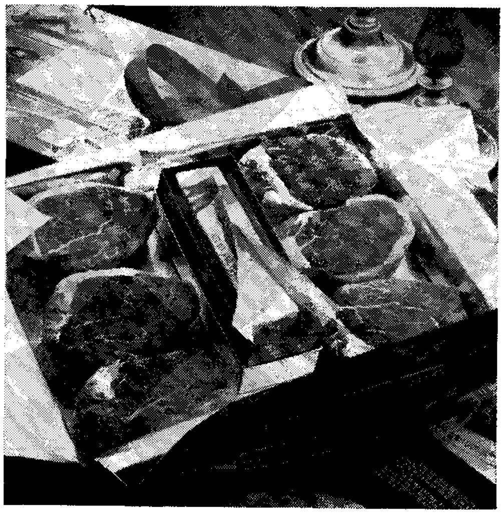

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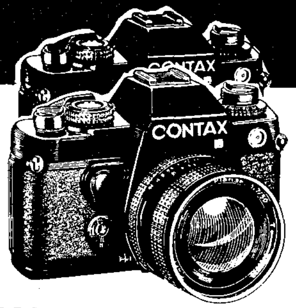

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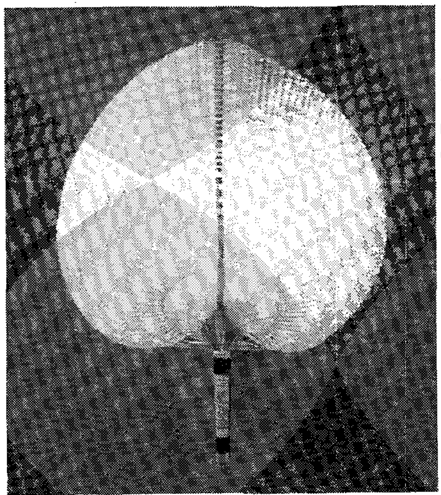

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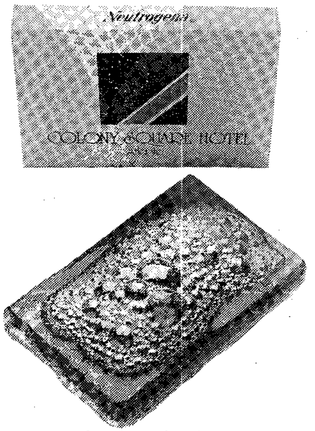
Bothwell conspicuous among them. The role of Elizabeth, taken by Sallie Wilson, of Balanchine's company, was a distant counterweight to the role of Mary, with moderate amounts of dancing and extended passages of hieratic mime. In her stiff brocade gown, Elizabeth sat or stood, a majestic pawn of the state. The climax of the piece came when Mary and Elizabeth faced each other across the stage in a game of tennis. Each moved but slightly; as stroke followed minimal stroke, the space between the two queens became a battleground where the Four Marys writhed with their partners in the contest for power.

The 1979 staging, which was seen this spring during the Graham company's season at the Met, is a very different affair. The roles of Mary and Elizabeth (now taken by Susan McLain and Peggy Lyman) have been equalized and sentimentalized. Mary is now pathetic rather than tragic, a Catholic martyr toward whom Graham angles the audience's sympathy. (In her own performance, Graham was a complex Mary, indecisive and weak as well as noble and wronged.) Elizabeth has become a straightforward villain, sweeping down from her perch (the set is a replica of David Hays' wooden bridge and pedestals) with huge, predatory strides and taking over the stage in a hammy solo. The part of Bothwell is also less imaginatively written than it was, and the physical differences between Tim Wengerd and the role's originator, Bertram Ross, don't seem to have been adequately allowed for. Wengerd looked lost. (Bothwell's predatoriness and slinkiness appear to have been transferred to Elizabeth.) The Four Marys have merged with a background chorus; the male consorts whom Graham designated as the courtiers Riccio, Darnley, and Chastelard have disappeared. The fateful game of tennis has been moved to an earlier point in the music (Six Pieces, Opus 6), so it no longer takes place to the spaced gong strokes. And it has been vulgarly rechoreographed. The two queens play with a rope between them, and they swing their racquets and stomp their feet like impatient contenders in a Virginia Slims tournament. There is no struggling ensemble in their midst. Later, the rope is used to bind Mary's wrists; Susan McLain, who has a lovely soft presence, makes a fine effect of this. What twenty years before was an ironic and subtle discourse on the structure of power has become a schoolgirl's gloss on that dream queen Mary.



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Year by year, the Graham repertory loses veracity, and not all of the loss can be attributed to time's erosion. If Graham were not consciously and willingly working below herself, she'd be as pathetic as Mary. But the company's current revivals and attempts at new works have a solidity of craftsmanship that suggests she knows what she's doing and is doing it from pure practical necessity. Strictly speaking, there are no new works. Everything new is old in spirit and ages old in form. But premières are good for business. The revivals are at the mercy of young uncomprehending dancers (this season's crop is especially green), and the coaching of the Graham staff does not seem to be of the best. It is easy to see why Graham prefers recensions to revivals. If she gives up too much of what makes a work revivable in the first place, the reason may be in the condition of the old works that have been barely, creakingly maintained in repertory. Even the older dancers are unable to give us more than a fleeting impression of the Graham performances that made these works viable. This was, after all, a most personal repertory, and its creator now seems concerned to eliminate from it all traces of her own personal gesture and quality of vision. Playing at the Met puts the company at a further disadvantage; the place has prestige, but it dwarfs the repertory. Graham is not indifferent to the problem. Whenever new works or revivals are produced at the Met, they have been, if nothing else, in proper scale. "Judith," one of the season's new-old works, remounts Noguchi's scenery in amplified form. Judith and Holofernes move between sculptural islands occupying themselves with costume changes in distractingly elegant fabrics by Halston. The new "Episodes" begins with a formal procession of courtiers to the sound of a bagpipe; it goes on too long, but it fills the stage.

Graham's recension of her past has alienated that portion of her public which is just now preparing her place in history. Dance scholars are refused permission to see her historic rehearsal films; choreographers who wish to stage her work for their own companies are rebuffed. Graham choreography was missing from the historical survey of modern dance which was presented recently by the Utah Repertory Dance Theatre here in New York; not even classroom exercises were permitted. (Ludicrous of the Graham organization, which is booked into the Met, to be taking fright from a tiny university-based company play-

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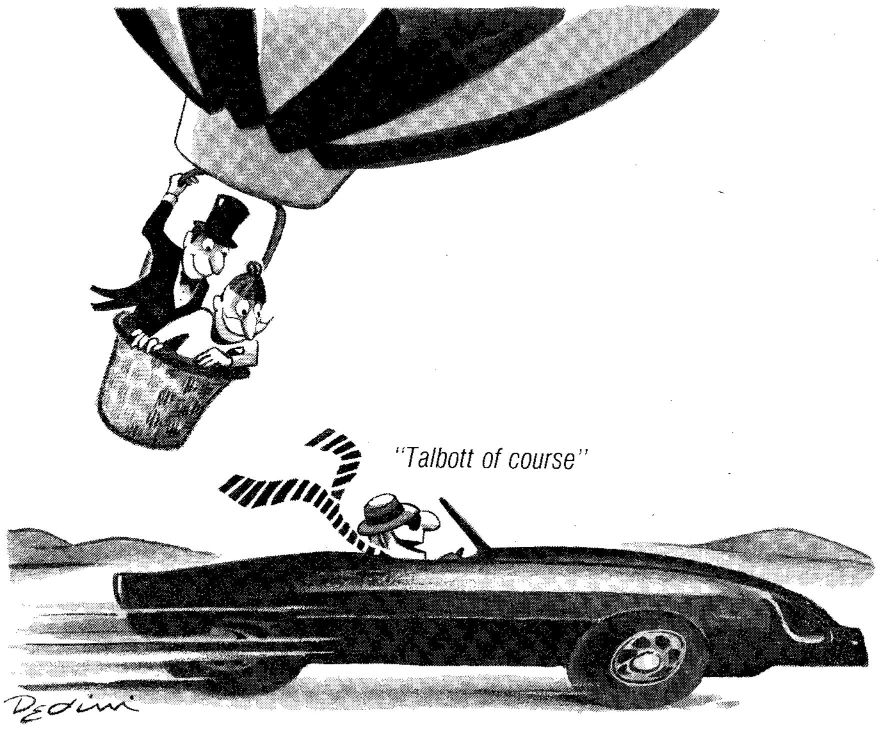

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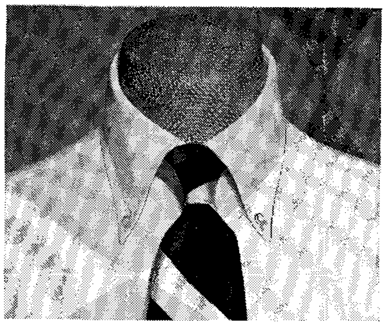

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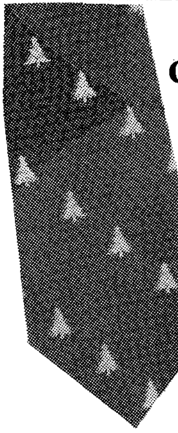

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ing at the Theatre of the Riverside Church.) Graham's dance style has been long out of fashion, but now even Graham the institution is out. The younger members of the dance community don't like Halston or Nureyev or Liza Minnelli; they don't accept the new works, and since Graham herself is careless of history, they aren't lured by the publicity's use of the word "legend." Meanwhile, the audience that comes to the Met gives every work careful inspection and decides to believe in what it sees. That the repertory is old-fashioned may be for this audience a virtue. But along with the literary plots and their high moral tone, along with the classiness of the occasion and the big-name supporting cast, this public gets what Graham is still offering as the one sure token of her formerly abundant gifts—her knowledge of theatre and of choreography as a discipline. To those who say that "under the circumstances" they'd rather not go—even for the first time—it might be said that under the circumstances is the way things are done in the theatre. To see the Graham operation today is to see it instructively in extremis. No matter how abortive the project or dismaying the performance, one can sense control and refinement in the sheer process of installation. The new "Episodes," to my mind gratingly inadequate, is (apart from that bagpipe procession) still what engineers would call a sweet job. Like a wise counsellor, Graham speaks to us through her understanding of craft. No one who claims an interest in dance should miss that.

Balanchine's "Episodes" used to follow immediately after the Graham company had taken its bows. At the New York City Ballet this season, I noticed that the opening dance, with its ensemble of four couples drawn up in a tight formal rank, was a mirror image of the Four Marys and their partners. The courtly "Renaissance" choreography could have been Balanchine establishing conscious links to Graham's theme. Balanchine's own theme, which is the danceability or undanceability of Webern's music, was more distinctly pronounced in its day than it ever has been since. "Episodes" endures rather less as a classic than as a commemoration of a phase in the company's development. At the moment, it is being worthily performed by an almost-all-new cast, and the orchestra is playing the microscopic scores with unusual clarity. And Allegra Kent, alone of the original cast, is there to reincarnate the ballet's most persuasive image. —ARLENE CROCE

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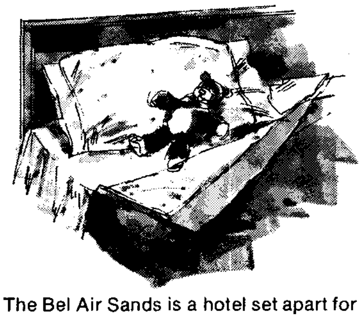

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THE James boys—Jesse and Frank. The Younger gang. The Northfield Raid. Pinkertons and posses. The clop of hooves and the creak of leather. Country dances to fiddles and guitars. A bloody ambush. A gambling house, with dark-red and deep-blue chips thrown down on a baize cloth; whores at the bar; smoke and laughter. A man sings "Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds, I know you of old; you rob my pore pockets of silver and gold." A line of horsemen, wearing small Stetsons or soft derbies, with long cavalry coats hanging down their horses' flanks—horsemen against the sky. A little thick-stacked railroad train hooting across the prairie, with an outlaw running forward along the roof of one of the cars; he crouches and leaps to the next car. . . .

We have seen and heard all this a hundred times, but "The Long Riders," which was directed by Walter Hill and written by James and Stacy Keach (with William Bryden and Steven Smith), manages to make it fresh and alive again—in some stretches singing this heroic folk romance as well as it has ever been done before. It is a satisfying, beautifully paced, and intelligently worked-out retelling of a classic American and movie-Western theme, and it excites in the way that movies used to when we were younger and less wary about such openhearted commercial film fare. The picture is notable for its actors' strong performances, and it should be said at once that a quirk of its casting—the employment of four sets of famous or near-famous actor brothers to play four sets of famous outlaw brothers—is effective and absorbing. One resists this a little at the beginning, when there is the distracting business of sorting out all the names and faces—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers, who rode with the Jameses; Dennis and Randy Quaid as the Miller brothers, Ed and Clell; and Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking, smiling, ferret-eyed Charlie and Bob Ford—but the publicity angle behind this casting is quickly forgotten. All these men have strong, vivid features, and the relatives look interestingly different and the same, the way brothers do. We watch them with intensity and soon perceive that their group effort has brought an energy and enthusiasm to their performances which deepen the picture wonderfully. It's almost unfair to single out any of them, but James Keach, who has a bigger part here than his more illustrious and more spectacularly handsome brother Stacy, does very well with it; his Jesse James matures and grows sadder and quieter as the story moves along. David Carradine is attractive and ominous as the long-haired, slow-moving, dirty-looking Cole Younger, and Randy Quaid (he was the sailor Meadows in "The Last Detail") is the fat-faced, scary Clell Miller, a loutish back-country killer.

One of the assets of "The Long Riders" is that it doesn't try for anything especially new or difficult. There is no psychological poking at these familiar figures, and no evident wish to tell this old tale in a hyped-up, distorting manner. Without any real attempt at social realism, the picture shows us the links with the vanquished Confederate Army which held these proud, bad Missouri neighbors together after that war had been lost, and there is an easy, funny sense of the excitement and boyish hooliganism that went into the gang's early bank jobs and train robberies—populist crimes in that time and that part of the country. A stagecoach is held up—we can hardly believe that this hoary business is going to catch hold of us once again, but it does—and when the strongbox is thrown down and rifled, the outlaws pause to shake hands with one of the passengers from the coach, because he had "fought for the Stars and Bars with Shelby." The ties between the brothers are strong, and when hard times come, the families pull together. The Pinkertons kill an innocent Younger, a cousin of the robbers, and then accidentally do away with a dim-witted teen-age James half brother. They are avenged, and the time of funerals begins. A long line of women in black and of armed men trails up a beautiful green hillside to the little country cemetery where the James boy is to be buried. Watching, we wonder again how it can be done anew and done so well, and the same feeling comes to us during a stirring, beautiful wedding dance: a dark hall filled with swirling, flushed-faced couples dancing to the country band—guitars and fiddles and rattling spoons—and, later on, a man and then a woman leaping into the circle to stamp and shine as clog dancers. The picture is visually striking (the production designer is Jack T. Collis, and the sensual, deep-toned camerawork is by Ric Waite), and the proper look and feel of things (and the music, too: old country themes and some new ones, arranged and composed by Ry Cooder, the guitarist and singer) involve us strongly even in the movie's lesser scenes. Jesse walks out with his sharp-faced, strong-minded lady friend, Zee (Savannah Smith), and we notice his blue, buttoned-up, collarless shirt, his black galluses and

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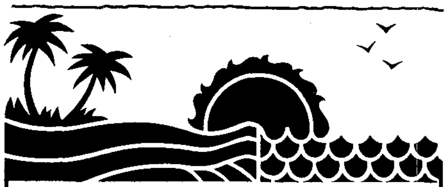

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black hat, and her long white dress—slowly moving colors against a grassy-green hillside. The country is surprising for a Western—rolling Ozarkish woodlands (most of the picture was actually shot in Georgia), with heavy big trees and sun-heated small meadows.

"The Long Riders" slips a bit in its later, grimmer action scenes. A frightful knife fight between Cole Younger and Belle Starr's half-Indian husband, Sam, is carried on too long, and the execution-style shooting of two Pinkertons is done in a heavily theatrical manner, with horsemen looming up out of a fog. During the final shootout, at Northfield, Minnesota, the gang is blown to pieces in a horrifically bloody fashion, and it's done in the exaggerated slow-motion style—splintering blood and glass, blood-spouting bullet wounds—that we remember from "Bonnie and Clyde" and too many other movies. The problem, of course, is that shootings are undramatically swift and numbing when done at full camera speed, so when a whole picture must lead up to this kind of violent dissolution, it's hard for a director to let go of it all in a minute or two. But something new must be found; this device is used up, and we have stopped paying attention. This time, the soundtrack is slowed down along with the camera, so the neighing of terrified horses and the groans of wounded men turn into obscene screeches and howlings—a brilliant, harsh touch that seems wrong for this particular picture.

It doesn't much matter that "The Long Riders" works less well at its peaks than anywhere else, because this picture will be remembered for its texture and pace and its own flavor. The casting and performances are right at every level, with fine supporting work by Fran Ryan, as the stone-faced mother of the James brothers; James Whitmore, Jr., as Mr. Rixley, the inexorably pursuing chief Pinkerton; and Pamela Reed, as the tight-featured, libidinous prostitute Belle Starr, who speaks in a wonderfully pursy Midwestern accent. "You ought t' try gettin' murried," she says to Cole Younger at one point. "It might improve y'r kurrcter." Stitchwork matters in a good quilt or sampler, and, almost without noticing, we are pleased and rewarded again and again by the small touches in "The Long Riders"—the sounds of locusts and crickets that we pick up for an instant when a posse stops outside the James farm by night; some larghetto guitar strains

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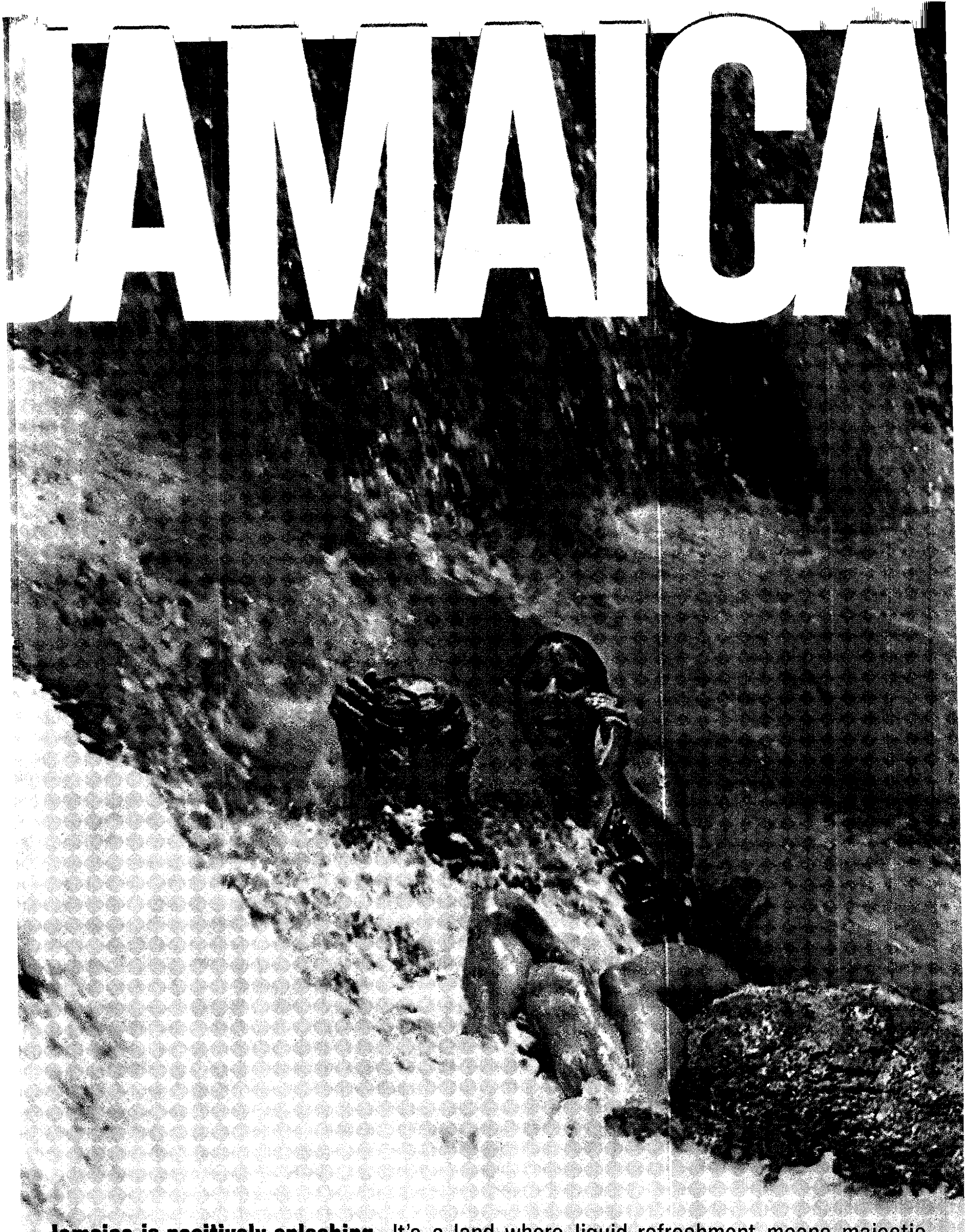

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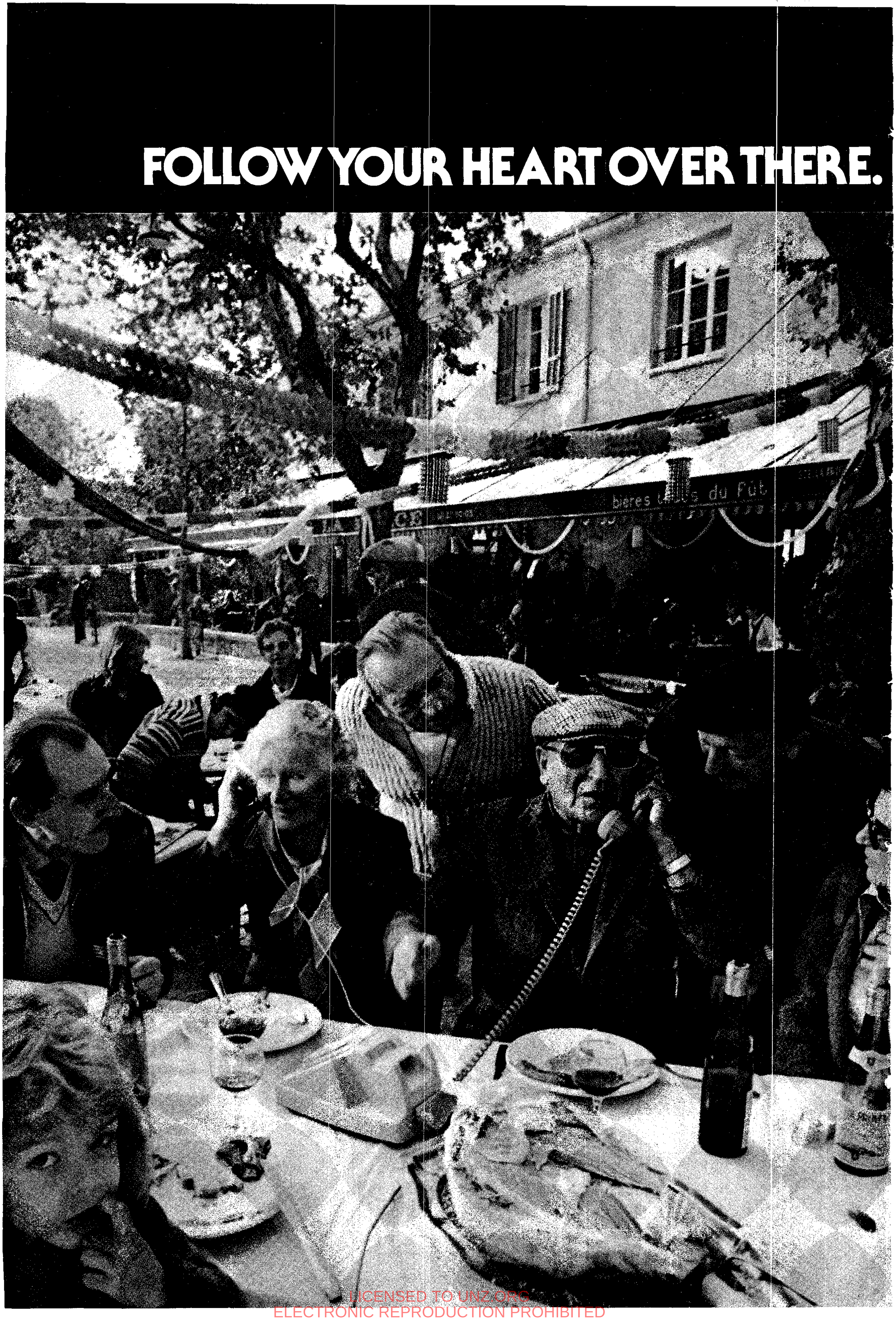
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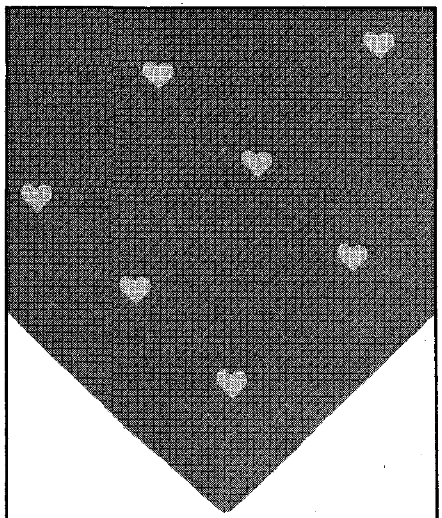
Bell System

as the outlaws say goodbye to their wives and whores before going off on another raid; the mixture of anxiety and resignation and boredom on the faces of the Jameses and the Youngers as they ride the slow, rattling little train up to Minnesota for their mistaken last adventure. Walter Hill, who previously was the co-author and director of the highly styled, comic-book-tough urban odyssey "The Warriors," has now given us (with help all along the way from James and Stacy Keach) a quieter but perhaps more stirring kind of action film, whose strong character testifies to his confident mastery of every element of professional filmmaking. It's an American beauty.

Sir Alfred Hitchcock died in the same week in which the most recent film version of John Buchan's "The 39 Steps" opened in New York—a sad coincidence that deepened my wish, conceived during a screening of the new work a few days earlier, not to compare this third version with his own classic first, out of respect. Such baroque restraint is impossible, of course, but I should say at once that making references to Hitchcock's classic thriller in order to elucidate the latest production seems like quoting from Vergil in order to say something about a comic-book version of the Aeneid. Hitchcock's movie, starring Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll (at her most beautiful), was made for Gaumont British in 1935, and it went on to become his first international hit. A second screen adaptation, directed by Ralph Thomas and with Kenneth More in the Richard Hannay role, came along in 1959, and it remains safely the second best; this flight of "Steps" descends very rapidly indeed. The new movie, a British-made venture directed by Don Sharp, still concerns the same innocent bystander, Hannay, who is accidentally snared in some complex international skulduggery—assassinations of statesmen, secret treaties ("Karolides can hold the Balkans together"), and so forth—on the eve of a European war, and who is, furthermore, on the run from the police, having been unjustly accused of a murder. Hitchcock, of course, made free with the text of the novel in his script, and in the present version screenwriter Michael Robson has come up with his own alterations and inventions, which is certainly his privilege. What one misses so badly in this reading is not some deleted character or bit of business (the road-mender chapter from the book, say, or the Mr. Memory episode from the Hitchcock text) but any patiently built, consistent sense of danger and dire possibility. Clarity of tone, of course, was Hitchcock's forte, and one need think back only to Robert Donat alone on the Scottish moors—alone except for that dotlike, thinly whining, hovering distant airplane, and then the distant but approaching solitary car, and then the distant but approaching line of police beaters—to recall the unique feeling of intermixed calm and fright, the perfect sense of something unknown and deadly being very close at hand, which the great director imposed on these scenes. They served to isolate Richard Hannay like a small animal caught in the open, and to establish him as a hero worth our most anxious attention: a man utterly alone against a powerful but almost invisible net of enemies.

The limp new thriller begins quickly with its own action and misdeeds—a cabinet minister stabbed in a London fog, another cabinet minister cut down by a sniper—but this is a routine, TV-adventure brand of violence, and the picture's blundering demystification is furthered when Hannay (Robert Powell) is captured early on by a pair of villainous Prussian agents (Ronald Pickup and Donald Pickering) and their traitorous spy leader (the long-faced David Warner, who keeps clapping on disguises without ever altering his harmless basset-hound looks). Soon the new Hannay is out on the moors, too, but we get no sense of what kind of country or what kind of trouble he's in. The plane appears, but it is seen up close, to the accompaniment of loud, thumping music, heralding danger (later on, it attacks him, like that crop-dusting plane in Hitchcock's very different sort of thriller "North by Northwest"), and a moment later Hannay is in thick pine woods (where *are* we?), where the Prussians appear, in caped overcoats, and fire at him with high-powered rifles but kill a gamekeeper instead. The danger in this adventure is always *at hand*—people firing off guns or bursting into a house to overpower everyone in it, somebody blowing somebody else away—and only the speeding up of the successive loud episodes gives them an illusion of interest. The picture then slows almost to a dead halt for its stiff, ridiculously convoluted conclusion, which requires Hannay to dangle from the minute hand of Big Ben in an attempt to stop its works (can clocks be stopped that way?), which have been wired to set off an infernal device downstairs in Parliament, where the Greek Prime



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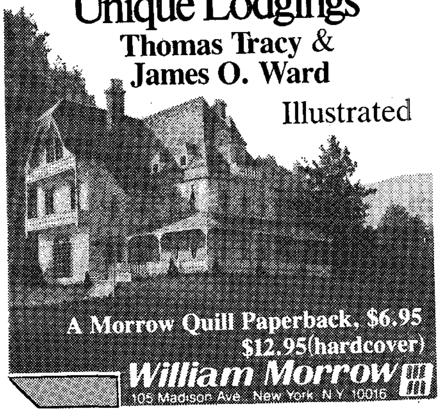

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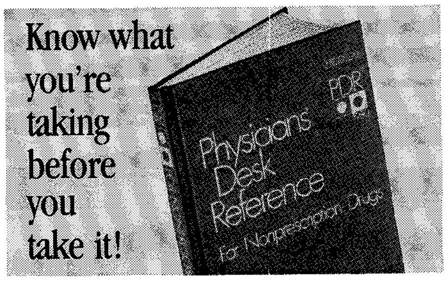
Minister is about to address the House. Any sense of impending cordite smell or landmark smithereens is blunted for us by the absence of even one camera shot of the M.P.s gathering round the Speaker's Chair, and by our blurry wonderings about why the efficient Prussians, in a country where every greengrocer owns a reliable, handy-sized timepiece, should have chosen the largest and least likely one of them all to accomplish their purpose. Robert Powell makes a skinny, actorish-looking Hannay, with curly black (possibly blow-dried) hair and a knifelike face; he lacks even the minimal charm necessary to carry off the familiar scene in which Hannay must extemporize a political speech in favor of a local Liberal candidate, and he is further handicapped by some grotesque dialogue. (Approaching the young woman who is to become the love interest this time around, he murmurs, "You look . . . breathtaking.") The picture wastes its handsome period settings and vehicles (the time of the story has been returned to 1914, as it was in the book; Hitchcock's "Steps" was contemporary with its own nervous times, which were pre-Second World War), and also lost along the way are the talents of Eric Porter, who plays a police officer, and John Mills, who is a dedicated but soon dead counterspy. Only a few glimpses of Mills' anguished, fear-stricken face, seen in closeup under a floppy black hat, remind us of our fondness for Buchan's manly, evergreen adventure tale and the memories we had—and still have, all intact—of its thrilling and elegant film exemplar.

BRIAN DE PALMA, who directed (among other movies) the hyperbolic, crudely vigorous "Greetings" and "Sisters" (a movie about Siamese twins) and went on to make the startling and effective horror hit "Carrie," attended Sarah Lawrence College as a graduate student and taught at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop. He has employed a good many of his students there as assistant screenwriters, technicians, producers, and extras in his new picture, "Home Movies," which was shot on and about the Sarah Lawrence campus. A fatal air of insideyness and glorified amateurism infects the project, which is a low comedy about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking. Almost everyone in the picture is making a movie or is about to appear in one. The teen-age hero, Denis Byrd (Keith Gordon), wants to sneak some footage of his philandering doctor-father (Vincent Gardenia) fooling around with a



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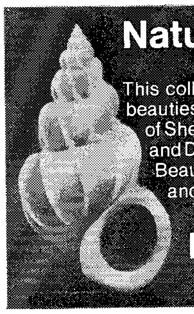

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nurse; an ancient grandmother wants to make an elaborate movie about an upcoming family wedding; and the picture itself sometimes appears to be part of film sequences being explicated to a class by Kirk Douglas, who hams embarrassingly as an egocentric teacher at "Now College." The youthfully experimental and extemporaneous circumstances under which "Home Movies" was to be made must have convinced someone (perhaps Mr. De Palma) that it would be appropriate to make it a farce—a very bad decision indeed, because convincingly zany, knockabout comedy is one of the most difficult of all forms, requiring a sharp script, first-class acting, and rigorous cutting and pacing. None of these are in evidence in this picture, which counts heavily on its self-congratulatory amateurism and gawky charm to carry it past a great many rough places. The comedy does not rise much above the level of a whiny, whey-faced mother (Mary Davenport) who fakes suicide by scattering pills about and has her stomach pumped for her pains (we also see her wearing a mudpack), or a heroine (Nancy Allen) who says of her fiancé (a dumb pure-food and pure-life zealot who teaches "Spartanetic Philosophy" to his cretinous followers), "James has such a strong jaw. He really knows how to masticate." Almost the only redeeming work in this miserable affair is the modest, straightforward performance of Keith Gordon as the teen-age would-be Coppola (or De Palma), notably in a scene in which we see him smiling idiotically up into his own camera and floodlamps (he is shooting a picture of his own life) as he gets into bed, saying, "This is me, getting into bed." A brief, promisingly foolish business about a domineering and prurient ventriloquist's dummy (a rabbit) is thrown away, either by carelessness or (as I suspect) by willful sloppiness. "Home Movies" will probably cause many a giggle among the film cognoscenti in its audiences (who may outnumber the rest of us), but I wonder how many of them will smile about it afterward, when they're alone. The movie is too small and messy to qualify as a disaster. It's like a slice of pizza dropped on the floor: you wish it hadn't happened.

—ROGER ANGELL

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BOOKS

The Gift of Tongues

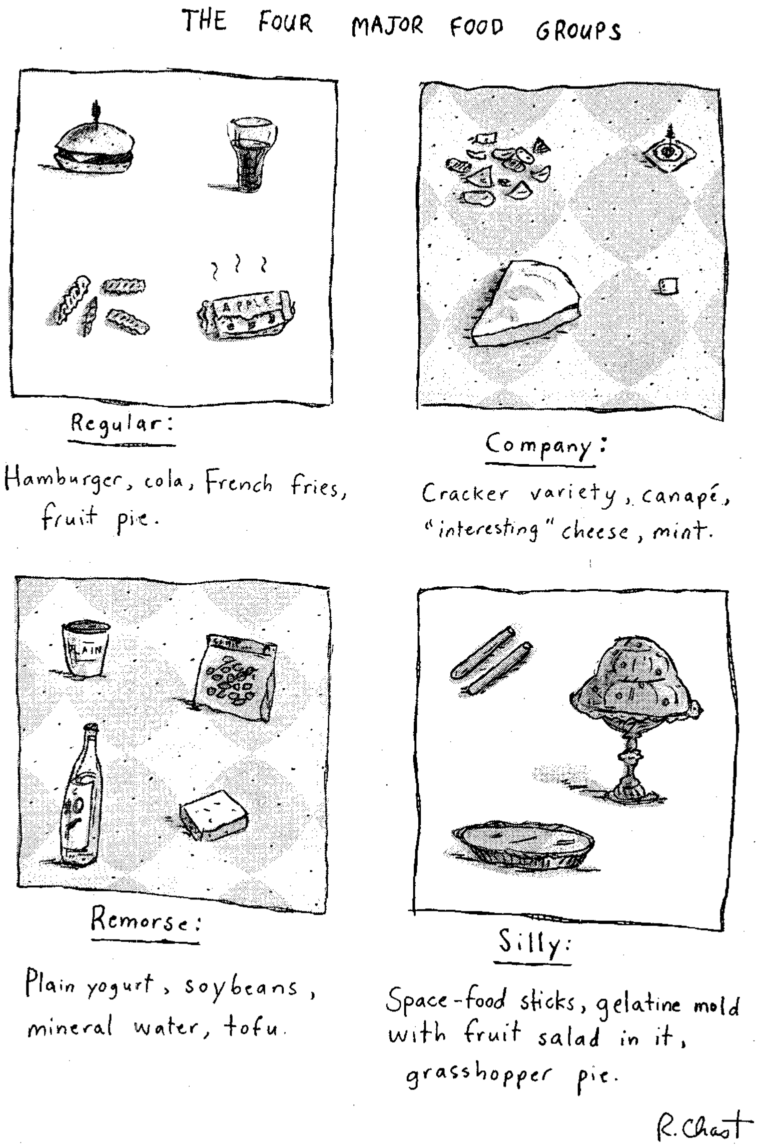
ELIAS CANETTI has been known to remark that of the "numerous" Canettis who once resided in the old Bulgarian city of Adrianople he is the sole survivor. Holocaust and exile have done for the rest. Canetti advances this claim with a certain grim gusto. It suggests the wild hazards of his own fate and the stoic force that gives to his writings their compelling edge. Canetti wrote his masterpiece in his twenties. Published in German in 1935, "Die Blendung" ("The Blinding") vanished from circulation as Nazi censorship swung into action. Canetti had found refuge in London; his magnetic yet shadowy person can be made out in Iris Murdoch's early fiction. It was in London that Veronica Wedgwood, on her way to eminence as a historian, produced a brilliant translation of Canetti's novel. Entitled "Auto-da-Fé," the book led a subterranean but vivid existence. It sprang into its own after the war, achieved international fame, and came home in triumph to its original tongue.

Nothing in its author's destiny or in that of the book would have surprised its "hero," the world-famous Sinologist Professor Kien, or the chess-champion hunchback, Fischer, whom Kien encounters on his descent into madness and self-immolation. Kien is a total hermit dwelling in the crab shell of his incomparable library. He acknowledges no reality outside that of the Chinese characters, brushstrokes on ancient silk, whose silent wings span the vulgar abyss of time and of man's trivial concerns. Wonder of wonders: a housekeeper appears, noiseless, seemingly devoted to each book, to each scroll and evanescent watercolor. One day, Kien catches sight of the humble creature bent over a book, seeking light for her supine soul. They wed, for how else is a man to make certain that his library will always be dusted, that the sparse meals that his flesh, absurdly, requires will always be nudged through his door on their trolley and at the precisely determined hour? Within minutes of marriage, the dragon wakes. Kien's existence turns into a hell of sexual exactions. A voice like a chain saw tears into his skull. Monetary demands begin to strip him to the bone. The unspeakable harridan is preparing to sell this or that "useless" item from the library in order to satisfy her libidinous demands for furniture, for ornate skirts. Kien flees, carrying with him a few books. At the end, he finds his only possible homecoming: in the fire that will consume him and his library, that will unite his last cry of immaculate pain with the mandarin masters of silence.

"Auto-da-Fé" remains a classic study of the violence subtly but steadily present in abstract thought, of the pathological element in pure scholarship. The holocaust to come somehow cast its hungry shadow on the entire fable. But to have written a work of genius when one was very young and seen it take on the monumentality of a classic ("Die Blendung" has bred a host of academic dissertations) is an ambiguous prize. Nothing that Elias Canetti has written or published since quite matches the demonic authority of his first book. Indeed, rumors of a second novel that crop up recurrently around Zurich and London (his two bases) seem only to underline the formidable apartness of "Auto-da-Fé."

Not that Canetti's subsequent writings are negligible. Far from it. One of his philosophical plays, a fantasy about a society in which every individual carries, in a sealed capsule strung about his neck, the precise, immutable date of his death, is memorable. Though very uneven, "Crowds and Power," Canetti's study of mass behavior and of the politics of numbers, in both the social and the symbolic sense, contains masterly observations. He has written poignantly on Kafka—notably on Kafka's self-lacerating letters to and relationship with Felice Bauer. He has published vignettes of North Africa and personal reflections in the wry, patrician vein of an eighteenth-century man of letters. But the novel continues to tower among the collected works, many of which are now being bravely brought out in English under the Continuum imprint. And it is, inevitably, with thoughts of "Auto-da-Fé" that one prizes the seventh volume to appear in this series, "The Tongue Set Free: Remembrance of a European Childhood" (Continuum; $12.95; translated from the German by Joachim Neugroschel).

The very opening of the book—a two-year-old's nightmare vision of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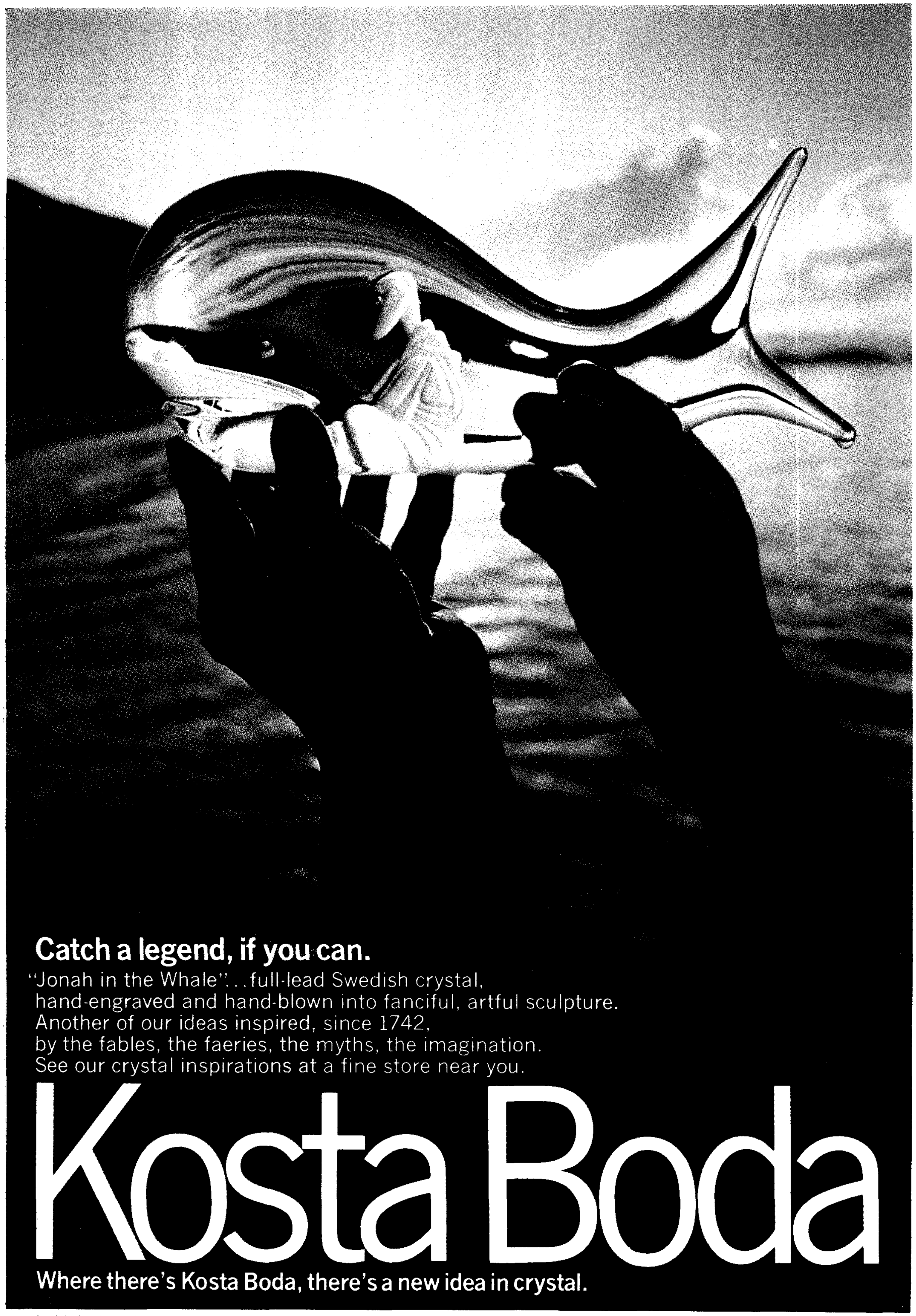

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Bob Fluor spends half his time jetting around the world to Fluor Corp. construction projects from Australia to Venezuela. The biggest? A $5-billion gas-treatment complex in Saudi Arabia.

When Westinghouse decided to realign its overseas operations, John Marous and his study team were given ninety days to come up with a new approach to foreign markets. Now he's the company's president-international, with a goal of 35 percent of sales from abroad by 1984.

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A lot of foreign companies are making more on their investment in the U.S. than they could at home. The Japanese especially, Fortune noted, often bring along their own management style and executives. Here's part of Mitsui's top U.S. team.

Wickes Corp., under E. L. McNeely, ignored traditional marketing guidelines and invaded Europe with American-style home-improvement supermarkets. Result? "One of the most successful retailing ventures ever launched overseas by a U.S. company," wrote Fortune.

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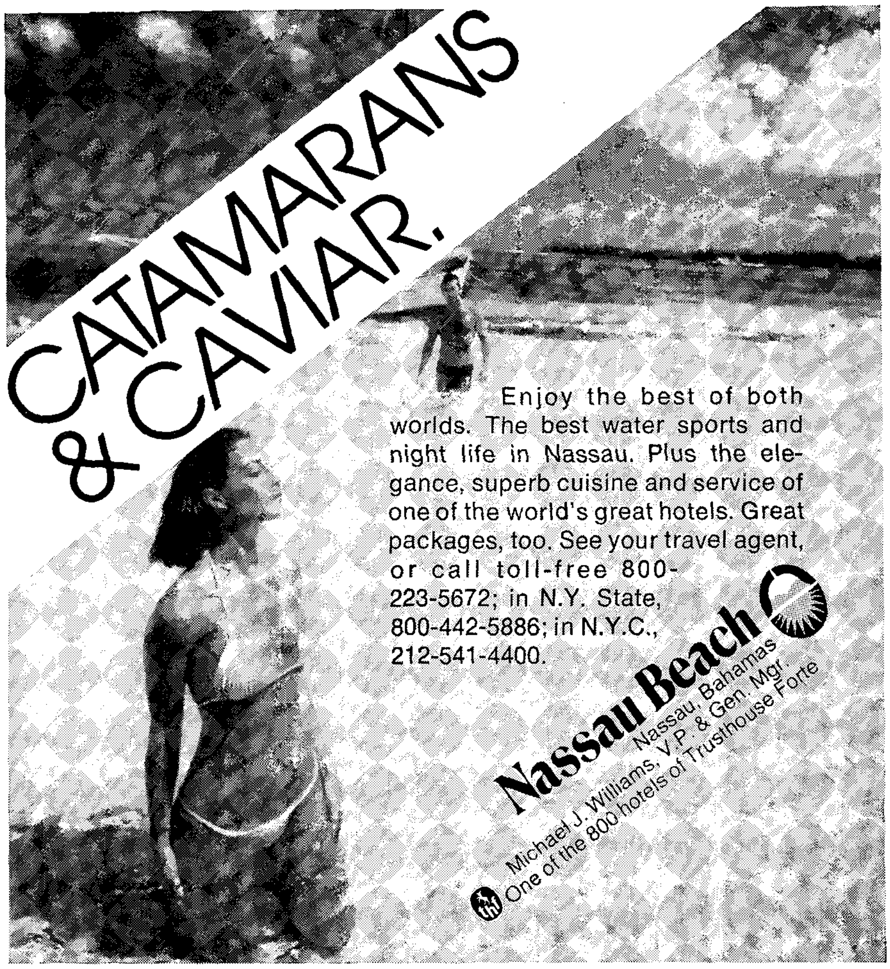
blood-redness and of a mysteriously friendly assailant's threat to cut out the child's tongue—crystallizes Canetti's gift for thoughtful terror. Several "tongues" wagged, like ambiguous fairies, over the child's cradle: Ladino, the old Spanish vernacular spoken in the Jewish communities of Salonika and Bulgaria; Bulgarian, as used by the housemaids and peasant girls; German, spoken by Canetti's parents to signal their advance into the emancipated, secular sphere of Central European society; soon French and English. A dual strength grew in the child's sensibility: that of inward translation, of moving at great depth between different tongues and the orders of consciousness which they embody, and, on the other hand, the drive to be absolute master of one of these languages (German), to achieve in it a style of uncompromising purity superior even to that of the native speaker. It is this drive, characteristic of the unhoused, uprooted nature of the twentieth century, which relates Canetti to Beckett, with his mastery of French, and to Nabokov, with his virtuosity in Anglo-American. It is also this elected purity which makes Canetti awkward to translate. Mr. Neugroschel's efforts are real, but they plod behind the pace of Canetti's prose; they fail to convey the tensed elegance, at once sinuous and lapidary, of a style that, time and again, challenges the German of Kleist, that high master of menace and concision of the early nineteenth century. And language is the constant center of this memoir: "Seven or eight different tongues were spoken in our city alone, everyone understood something of each language. . . . Each person counted up the languages he knew; it was important to master several, knowing them could save one's own life or the lives of other people."

Languages lift one out of the patriarchal Balkan morass and carry one to liberal, mercantile Manchester. Just in time for that memorable day on which governesses and housemaids wept because a swift liner had run into an iceberg somewhere in the mysterious Atlantic and gone down, band playing, its captain, as an English seaman must, calmly waiting for death on his bridge. Educative catastrophes were, indeed, the rule of the day. For not long after the Titanic affair Miss Lancashire assembled her pupils in her school on Barlowmore Road to tell them of the splendid death, so English and exemplary, of Captain Scott and his true paladins in the white wastes of Antarctica. But soon sorrow struck



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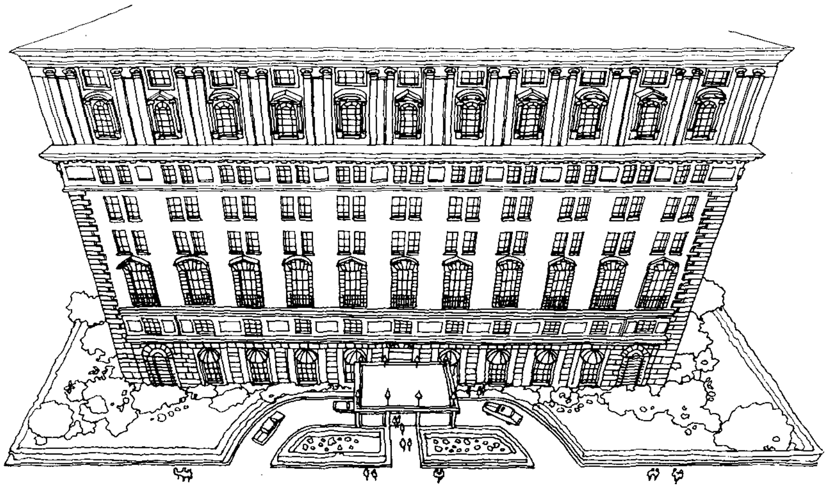

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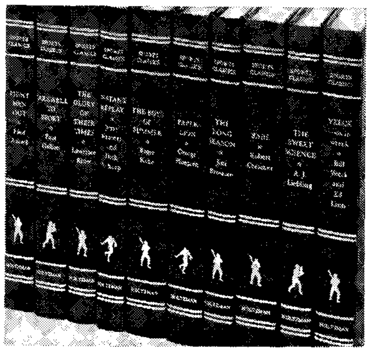

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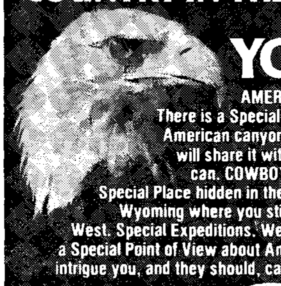

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nearer home. Canetti's youthful father died of an enigmatic, lightning illness. Had Grandfather's enormous curse, flung at his son when the latter chose to leave Bulgaria, done its fatal work?

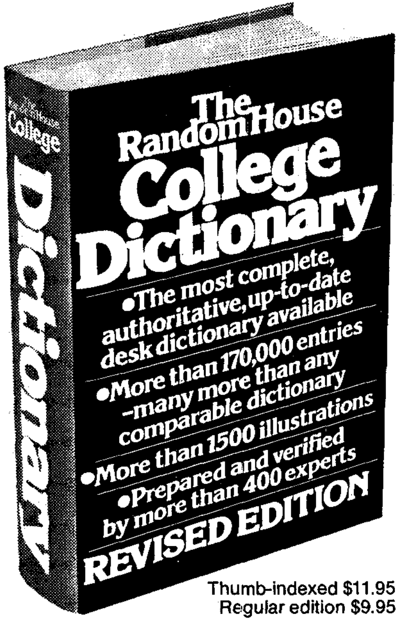
In May, 1913, the bereaved family headed back to the Continent. Now, with a view to attending a Vienna school, young Elias had to become fluent in German. The fact that he had to do so in Lausanne, a stopover on the slow peregrination back to Central Europe, added to the psychological complication and coercion of the process. Canetti's description forms one of the pivotal moments in the book. He and his mother "sat at the big table in the dining room," and, he continues:

> She sat around the corner to my left and held the textbook in such a way that I couldn't look in. She always kept it far from me. "You don't need it," she said. "You can't understand it yet anyway." But despite this explanation, I felt she was withholding the book like a secret. She read a German sentence to me and had me repeat it. Disliking my accent, she made me repeat the sentence several times, until it struck her as tolerable. But this didn't occur often, for she derided me for my accent, and since I couldn't stand her derision for anything in the world, I made an effort and soon pronounced the sentence correctly. Only then did she tell me what the sentence meant in English. But this she never repeated. I had to note it instantly and for all time.

A passage to be photocopied, I think, for all our high-school teachers of language. For thus did Canetti, his anxious eye sometimes straying to the white sails on Lake Geneva as they drifted beyond the form of his mother's implacable presence, acquire, and "for all time," his dominion over German.

The four cities of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries from which the literature of ghostly memoir has drawn most heavily are Paris, Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburg. It was in Vienna, in the years from 1913 to 1916, at the twilight hour of imperial collapse, that Canetti discovered the poetry and the music, the baroque urbanity and the mythological motifs that were to dominate his later work. Principally, he opened his sensibility to Ulysses and Medea—to the lone wanderer and the female devourer who will turn up, in varied masks, in his novel and plays. The constricting yet somehow indefinable pressures of a world war in the process of being lost blended uncannily with young Elias Canetti's discovery of sex and with his growing awareness, decisive for "Auto-da-Fé," of the threads of cruelty, of irrational fury, which run through his eros. A suitor with a pitch-

THE Smart GIFT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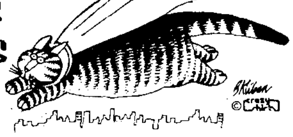

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black beard and dulcet manners hovers on the edge of Mother's life. He follows the family on holiday. The child explodes with fear and the blackmail of the heart. He sees the suitor turn tail. Mother stays his, his alone. And the boy gyrates in a dance of triumph, of hysterical relief, of the kind we shall find again in the great novel.

It was in Zurich, to which the household transferred in 1916, that Canetti came of age. A city cool and secret, its stony discretion softened by the voices of bells and of the quick waters that pass through it; a city seminal in modernity for its invention of Dada, for its harboring of Lenin, of Joyce, of Thomas Mann. It is never easy for an American reader to gauge the extent to which European secondary schooling hammers one's inner being into lasting shape—the degree to which European adulthood is, or was until recently, a more or less prolonged epilogue to the drama of the *Gymnasium*, the *lycée*, or the English public school. Sixty years after the event, Canetti's teachers are utterly present to him. The thorough training they gave him in Greek history and Latin, his dawning sense of their inadequacies in respect to modern literature continue to be the live source of his consciousness. The gratitude he feels toward his masters "keeps growing from year to year." He caught from them the virus of thought.

On social and political matters school was also educative. In 1919, ugly gusts of anti-Semitism poisoned the classroom. A boy named Dreyfus (what else!) threatened suicide. Canetti marshalled help; he bearded the chill blandness of Swiss educational bureaucracy in its very den. The school director acted, and the nastiness died down. But the lesson had marked Canetti's view of reality. Woodrow Wilson was bustling about Paris saving humanity. But who would save the Jews? Did the Canettis of the world—in Adrianople or in Vienna, in Prague or in Warsaw—not see what lay ahead?

The book ends, as adolescence must, in anger. Often ill, almost hysterically frightened of her son's scholarly and literary leanings, Canetti's mother rounds on him. The knowledge that mesmerizes his imagination is "dead knowledge." The career he dreams of is nothing but a path to bohemian dissipation and financial ruin. Elias is reenacting the injustice, the essential frivolity, of his father's early death. Mother and son claw at each other in one of those duets of torn love which will recur often in Canetti's fiction and drama, and which will give him his close

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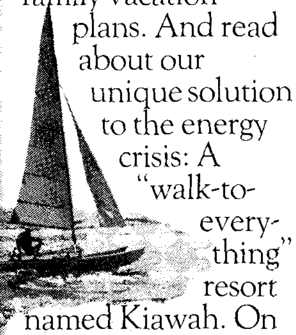

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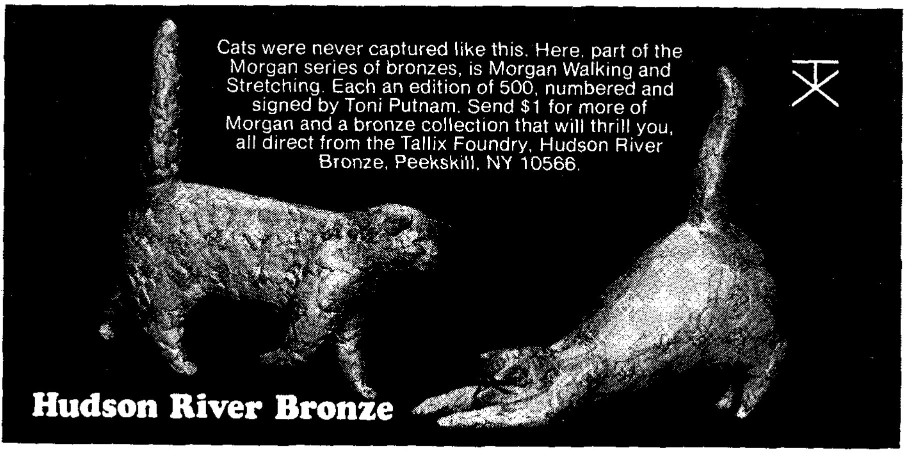

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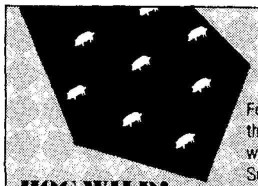

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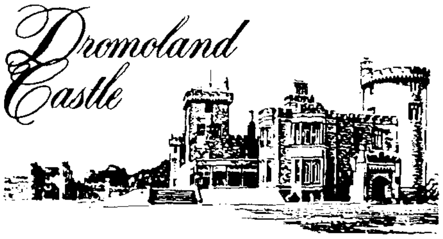

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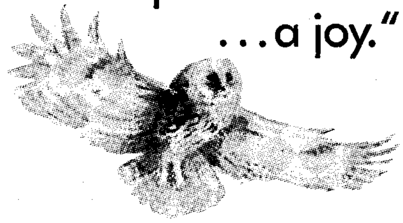

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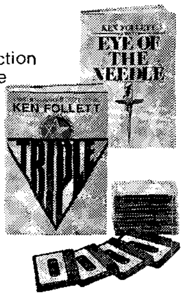

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understanding of Kafka. But freedom, as Canetti has harvested it from his passionate study of Greek thought and of Swiss history, has become inalienable. The mountains draw the young man's ambitious solitude. The tongue his mother taught him with such tyrannical devotion now breaks free.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOOK OF JAMAICA, by Russell Banks (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). A novelist and professor from New England is awarded a grant to study the Maroons of Jamaica, descendants of escaped African slaves who waged guerrilla wars against the British during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The hero is a thoughtful and imaginative man, and he finds himself at first in an uncomfortable bind: ashamed of his apparent kinship with the wealthy white landowners and businessmen on the island, who expect him to join in their racist small talk, yet barred—by his skin, his accent, and his analytical frame of mind—from sharing in the lives of the Maroons. With time, he learns to change his way of thinking, manages to win the Maroons' confidence, and organizes a summit meeting of two mutually distrustful clans in the island's interior, but the result is disastrous for one and all. This is a curious tale, never dull, often funny, and only occasionally overearnest; numerous episodes prove Mr. Banks to be competent both as a novelist and as a guide, including a spirited rendition of the Maroons' scrambled mythology, which confuses Queen Elizabeth with Julius Caesar, and Christopher Columbus with Robinson Crusoe.

GENERAL

THE RETURN OF EVA PERÓN, WITH THE KILLINGS IN TRINIDAD, by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf; $10). Mr. Naipaul is unarguably the most brilliant interpreter in English (perhaps in any language) of the maelstrom of the Third World, and in this collection of journalistic pieces—the precursors of novels already published or in prospect—he is at his bleakest best. They are based on visits he made between 1972 and 1975, and the countries under scrutiny are Trinidad, Zaire, and Argentina, with a glimpse across the river at Uruguay. "The Killings in

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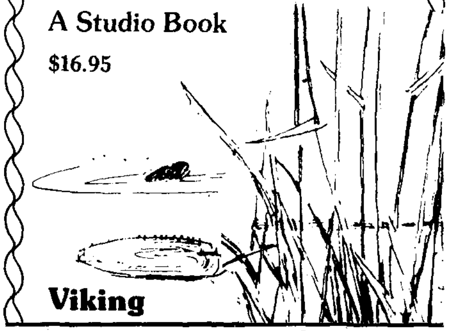

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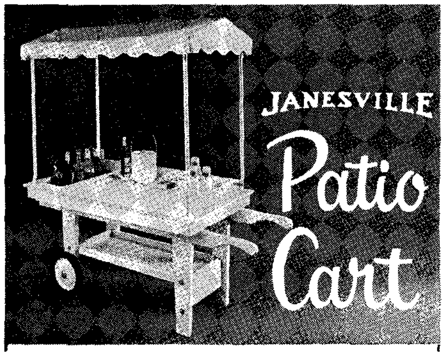

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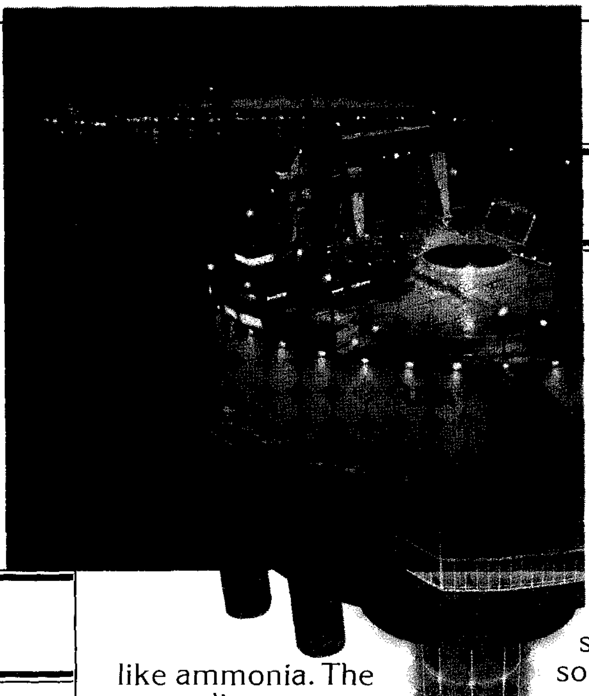

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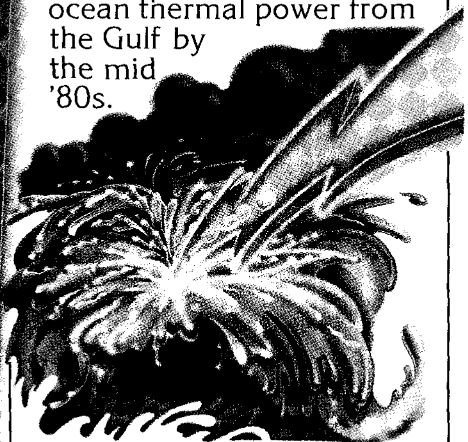

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Trinidad" stands somewhat apart from the other essays, being a depiction of a nation largely by analogy: an account of the counterfeit revolutionary Michael X (né Michael de Freitas), half black and half Portuguese, who conned the white liberals of England and the United States into contributing to his establishment of Black Power in a nation already equipped with a wholly black government. It is a painfully telling contemporary parable. Mr. Naipaul's more direct examinations are thematically linked by the colonial past of the countries and their failure to achieve anything more than a facsimile entity. We are shown an Argentina vandalized by inflation, corruption, and the illusion of being European; we are shown a Zaire vandalized by Europhobia, corruption, and the cult of the self-deified Mobutu; we are shown a Uruguay vandalized by an artificially imposed welfare state, corruption, and apathy. Included for good measure in "The Return of Eva Perón" is a bijou portrait of Borges that presents him vividly as man and artist, and also as victim himself of the Argentine myth of glorious past and Europeanness. Mr. Naipaul's vision is frightening. He sees his Third World countries (and, not inconceivably, others) as edifices composed entirely of "nothing but words," dominated by "the politics of plunder," and deadlocked in a culture of imitation.

HE MEDIEVAL UNDERWORLD, by Andrew McCall (Hamish Hamilton/David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vermont; $22). The denizens of the underworld in the European Middle Ages included heretics, Jews, lepers, madmen, thieves, murderers, beggars, homosexuals, whores, witches, the deformed, and outlaws—the last being criminals denied the protection of the law, and thus people against whom any man could raise his hand with legal impunity. On his painstaking way to depicting the lot of these several sorts of undesirables, Mr. McCall, an English historian, traces, with an amplitude of illustrative anecdote, the evolution of medieval society, emphasizing the fusion of Roman law, barbarian tribal custom, and Church restriction that molded modern jurisprudence; the varied experiments in determining guilt or innocence (trial by ordeal, by duel, by torture); and the equally varied experiments in punishment, deterrence,

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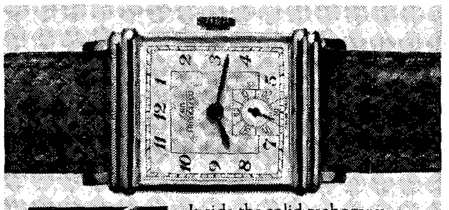

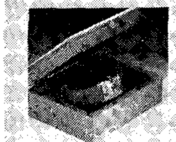

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and (Christian) rehabilitation. It is interesting to learn that imprisonment dates only from the thirteenth century, and that capital punishment superseded the imposition of fines in cases of rape and homicide. (One of capital punishment's early advocates, the Merovingian King Childebert, put the argument most succinctly in the year 596: "He who knows how to kill should learn to die.") This is an engrossing and appalling book, and it clearly reveals that the rigidly structured society of the Christian Ideal was at least as disordered as our own. Many illustrations.

STONES OF SILENCE: JOURNEYS IN THE HIMALAYA, by George B. Schaller (Viking; $15.95). Dr. Schaller, director of conservation for the New York Zoological Society, is a field biologist of international eminence, and in this book (his eighth) he describes his recent sorties into eleven different but equally remote and hazardous sites in the mountain wilderness of Pakistan, India, and Nepal in the course of studying wildlife and searching out areas that might be suitable for nature preserves. The wild animals he sought to study included the snow leopard, the wolf, the red fox, and the several indigenous varieties of wild sheep and goats—especially the last. "Poets may praise the deer and the nightingale," he declares. "I celebrate the wild goat." He is, however, alert and sensitive to all wildlife: "This day I spot a Tibetan hare beneath a shrub, brown and gray, drawn into itself with ears flattened against its woolly skull, its life devoted to remaining cryptic." "Stones of Silence" (the title suggests the future of the Himalaya if the present destruction of its fields and forests continues) is a very considerable book—high adventure, absorbing science, observation of a hapless native people. It might be added that Dr. Schaller was accompanied on part of one of his Nepalese expeditions by Peter Matthiessen, and a comparison of his account of the experience with Mr. Matthiessen's ("The Snow Leopard") provides a most interesting counterpoint: the one responsive but objective, the other subjective and meditative. Illustrated by many useful maps, drawings by Jean Pruchnik, and color photographs by the author.

ELLI: COMING OF AGE IN THE HOLOCAUST, by Livia E. Bitton Jackson (Times Books; $10.95). In the summer of 1944, after three months

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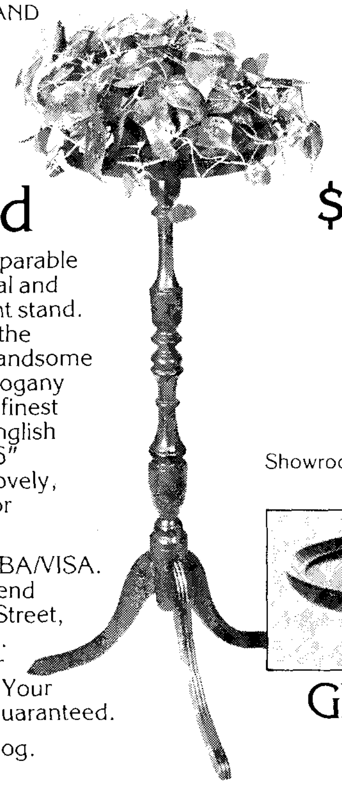
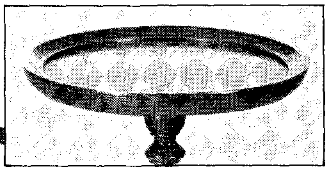
in Auschwitz and Plaszow, the author (thirteen years old; spared from the general extermination of all inmates who were under sixteen and over forty-five because of her blond braids and blue eyes) and her mother were among five hundred women transported to work in an aircraft factory in Augsburg. The German Army personnel on hand to receive them were certain that there had been some mistake; they could not believe that these apparitions—shaved skulls, shrivelled breasts, skin covered with sores and blisters, shrouded in gray rags—were female human beings. A few months later, mother and daughter were sent to Dachau, and several weeks after that they were crammed into stifling boxcars and shipped east, as the Allies drew near. Eventually, they were freed by American troops. "*Wir haben es nicht gewusst*"—"We knew nothing about it"—the German civilians in a nearby village muttered when they saw them, and one woman shrieked upon learning that the creature before her was not sixty-two but fourteen. The horrors recorded in these memoirs are surely among the most appalling that have come to light. Dr. Jackson, a professor of Judaic studies, moved from Germany to New York in 1951, and from New York to Israel in 1977.

HE SEARCH FOR SOLUTIONS, by Horace Freeland Judson, with an introduction by Lewis Thomas, M.D. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95). In this handsomely presented book, Mr. Judson takes a sort of whirlwind tour through the sciences and their methods. The result is interesting, if erratic. One of the lessons we learn is that science without theoretical preconceptions is just about impossible: an investigator who enters his laboratory with his mind a total blank is very likely to emerge in the same condition. Mr. Judson takes his examples from all disciplines but seems more at home with biologists than with their more abstract brethren in physics and mathematics. The great virtue of his book is that it will give its readers a taste for the subject, and maybe an inclination to dig deeper.

OTE: "The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity," by Richard J. Barnet, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($12.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Jane Kramer's "Unsettling Europe," a collection

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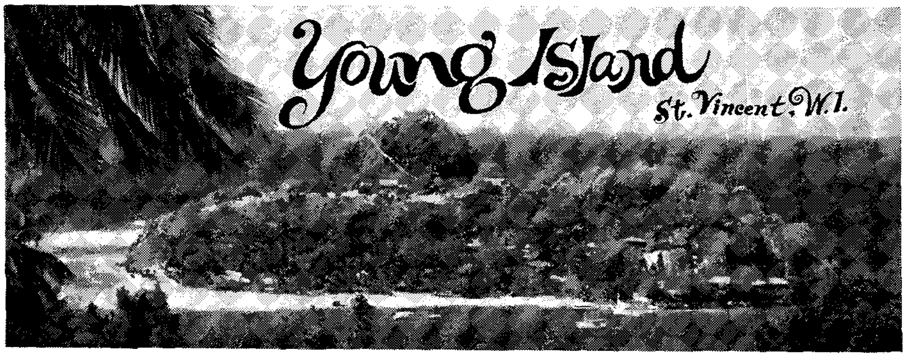

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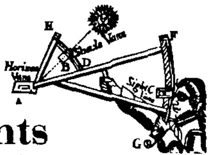

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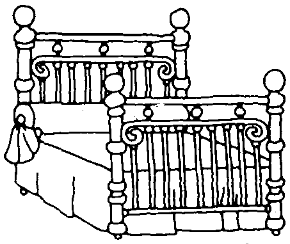

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of four Profiles of migrant workers, refugees, and other representatives of a new social class emerging on the Continent, has been published by Random House ($9.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages. . . . "Moments with Chaplin," by Lillian Ross, a portrait with many photographs, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($8.95). All the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHIP HAND, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; $9.95). Readers of Mr. Francis's "Odds Against" will remember how its hero, a steeplechase jockey named Sid Halley, through injury and assault lost his left hand, and in this latest racecourse entertainment Halley, now a private investigator, finds himself threatened with the loss of his remaining hand if he persists in investigating the criminal manipulations of a big-time bookie. The result is something more than a high-level thriller. The thrills are here, but there is also an interesting examination of the debilitating power of fear.

MAIGRET'S RIVAL, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Helen Thomson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). As a favor to a friend in the Police Judiciaire, Superintendent Maigret journeys down to the backwater village of Saint-Aubin to look unofficially into the matter of a farmer accused by local gossip of the death of a young dairyman. This is vintage (1943) Maigret, which means that it holds pleasures beyond the presence of the great man, his usually original ideas of justice, and the solution of the case at hand. The pleasures here are the depiction (offhand but telling) of the village and its preoccupation with lineage, the interrelationships that render one man acceptable and another not, the pride of family that stands above all else. There is also plenty of bad weather, an abundance of good provincial cooking, and all the drink you could ask for.

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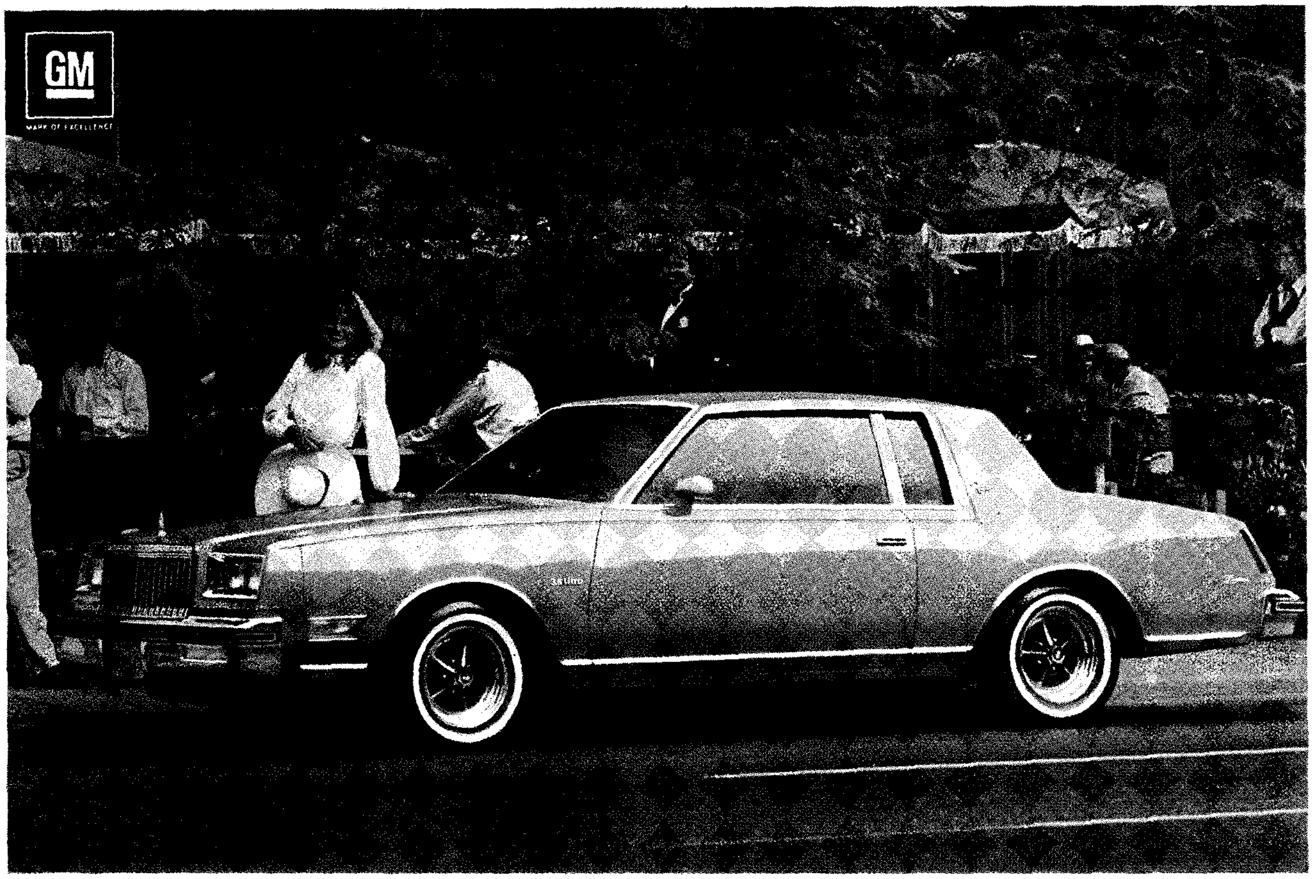

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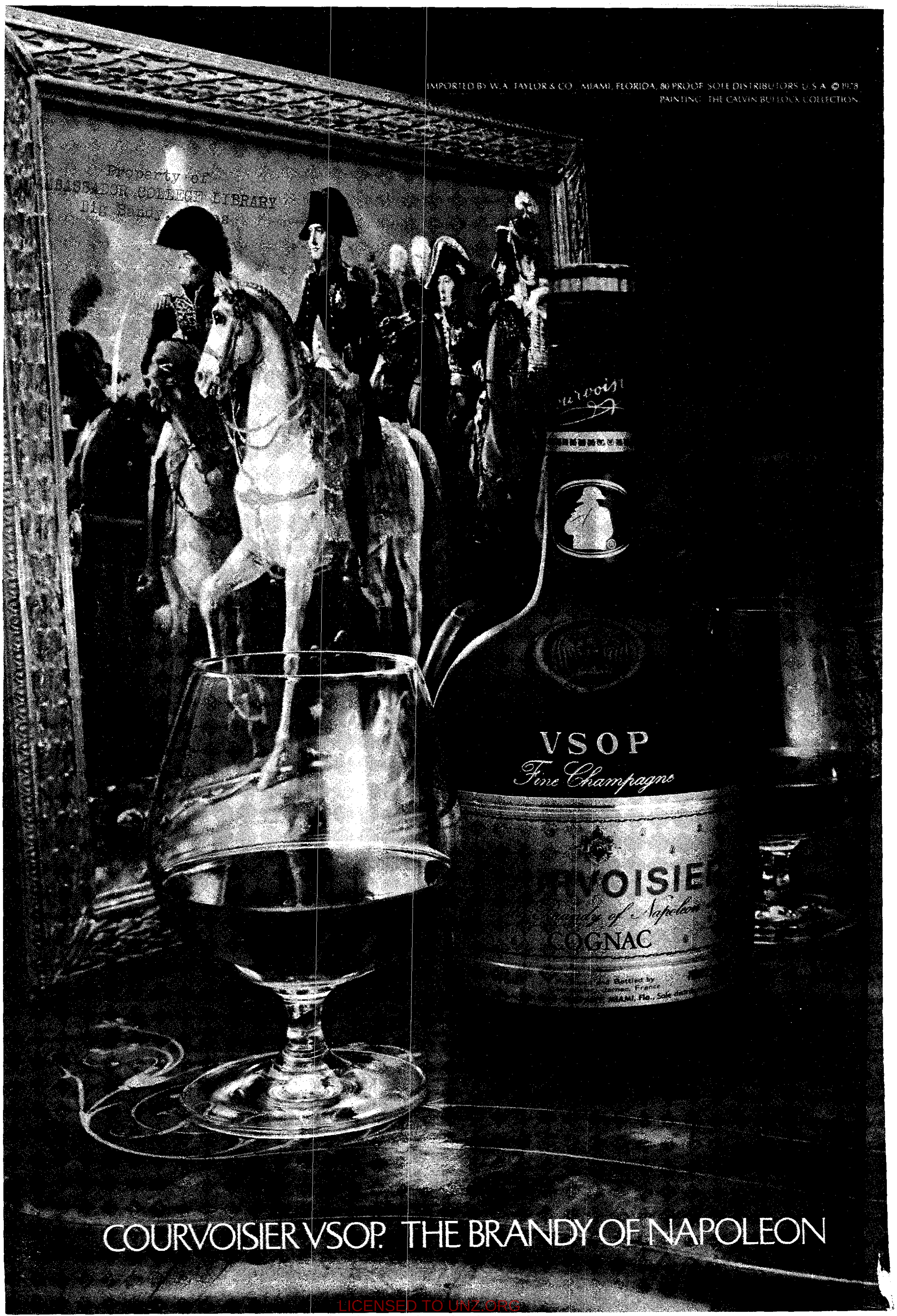
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